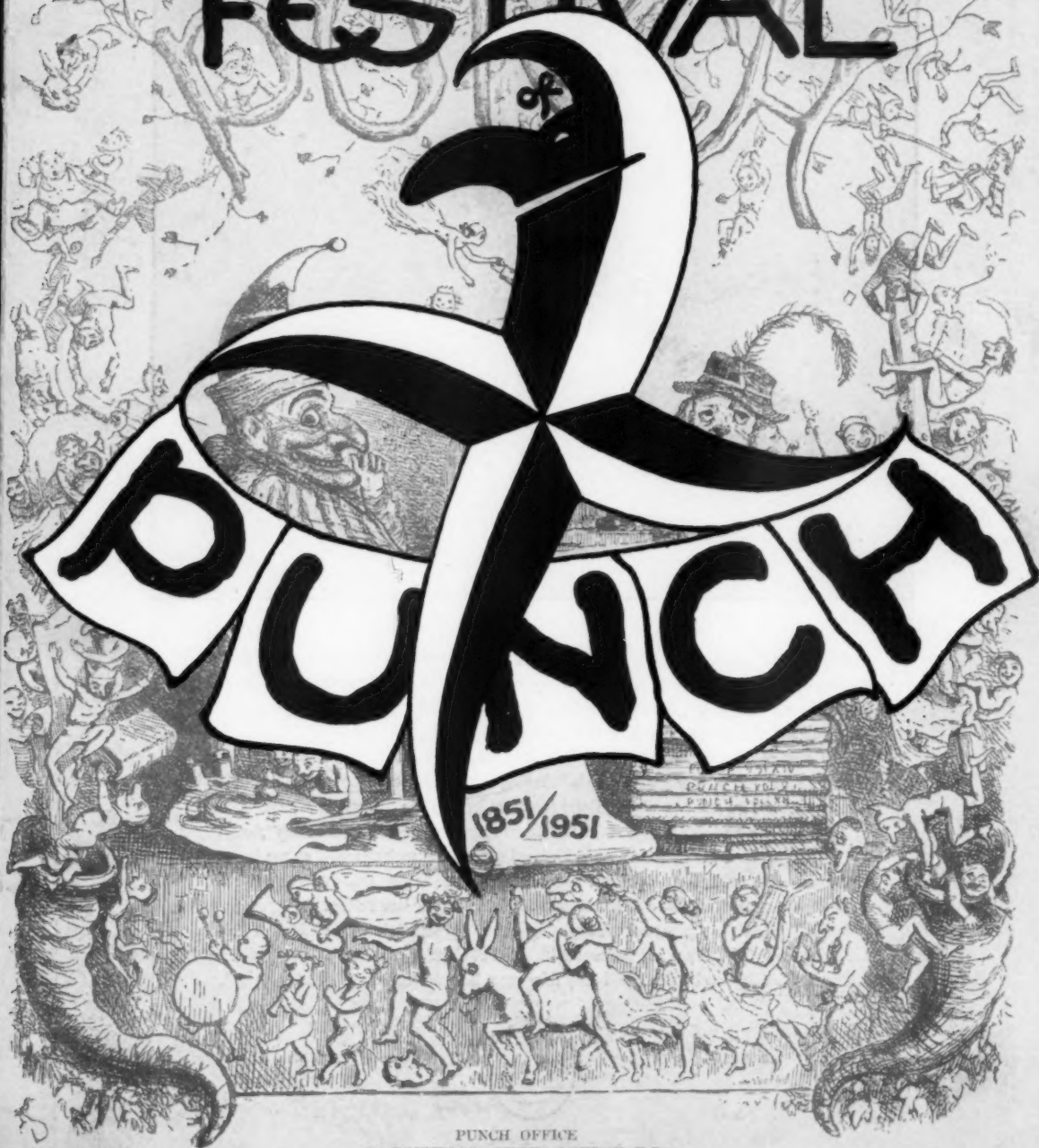


# The FESTIVAL



PUNCH OFFICE  
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

## WHITBREAD'S ENGLAND



**THE AGE OF HOGARTH.** The middle of the eighteenth century is approaching and the second George is seated firmly on the throne. It is the age of Pope and Dr. Johnson; Reynolds and Hogarth; Handel and Garrick; of the coffee houses of St. James's and Pall Mall and the pleasure gardens at Vauxhall and Ranelagh.

The Metropolis still retains something of the air of a country town (the fields are not yet very far away) with real dairymaids bringing the milk to your doorstep. The cobbled streets present a perpetual pageant. Fop jostles tradesman, the half-pay soldier the attorney's clerk. The wives and daughters of the citizens may still live "over the shop", but they are beginning to dress themselves in silks and satins, and to be carried about in sedan chairs. To take snuff elegantly shows a gentleman's breeding as decisively as the cut of his coat, the cock of his hat or the neatness of his tie wig or lace ruffles.

Business flourishes; prosperity is growing and the great business traditions of Britain are being founded. In 1742 Mr. Samuel Whitbread of Cardington starts up his small brew-house in the City—to be described only fifty years later as "unparalleled in Europe".







## In 1841...

a small train pulled out of Leicester station and puffed its leisurely way into history. The open-top carriages, so typical of the day, were crowded with delegates to a meeting of the Temperance Society in Loughborough, twelve adventurous miles away. The local newspaper devoted a whole column to the occasion and paid tribute to the organiser, Thomas Cook, a comparatively unknown printer.

The author of the article, however, did not fully appreciate the tremendous implications of this unique event. How could he? Even the most inspired and forward-thinking writer of the time could hardly foresee that this excursion was the pioneer effort of a man whose name was to be indissolubly linked with travel.

From that first historic day in July, 1841 has grown the mighty organisation known as "Cook's" which to-day girdles the earth and whose offices are found throughout the world. Each one exists to smooth the path of the traveller, offering the same efficiency and courtesy that has been the hallmark of Cook's for one hundred and ten eventful years.

## COOK'S WORLD TRAVEL SERVICE

HEAD OFFICE: BERKELEY STREET, LONDON, W.1  
and branches throughout the world



## Money Matters

**L**ITTLE did the "bold adventurers" of 1695 think when founding the Bank of Scotland that they were building an institution which would become so closely interwoven with the economic existence of Scotland. As the Bank of Scotland enters its 256th year, we continue to broaden our usefulness to business, to the community at large, and to you.

When banking needs arise, a friendly reception awaits you at the Bank of Scotland.

## BANK of SCOTLAND

Edinburgh and Branches throughout Scotland

LONDON OFFICES AT BISHOPSGATE AND PICCADILLY CIRCUS

**Jack  
BARCLAY  
LIMITED**

London's Famous Showrooms for  
**ROLLS-ROYCE & BENTLEY**  
Hanover Square, W.1 Mayfair 7444  
Berkeley Square, W.1 Grosvenor 6911

ROLLS  
ROYCE

# GREAT OCCASIONS

Festival of Britain

Festival of Punch

## Centenary of Woodheads



*From the coach to the modern form of transport,  
in fact, ever since 1850 Woodheads have been  
designing and manufacturing every conceivable  
form of suspension.*

**Jonas Woodhead & Sons Ltd.**

*Spring Suspension Specialists*

**Leeds**

FAMOUS FOR QUALITY SPRINGS SINCE 1850



**F**ROM this chemist's shop near the centre of Leicester, Joseph Goddard, who was also the town analyst, first marketed his 'Non-mercurial Plate Powder' in 1839. At that date silver polishes which contained mercury were popular, but they were actually harmful to silver. Goddard's aim was to find a preparation which gave a perfect polish but was absolutely harmless. He was satisfied that his plate powder

was ideal for its purpose and the public has been equally satisfied for more than 110 years.

And while Goddard's Plate Powder remains the choice of connoisseurs and curators of world famous collections of silver, many housewives prefer Goddard's Silver Polish, a liquid which consists of the powder ready mixed with the most suitable ingredients.

Also available is Goddard's Silver Cloth, a specially woven cloth impregnated with the plate powder. As a one-process method of cleaning lightly tarnished silver, it is unequalled.

## Goddard's Silver Polishes



## OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SERVICE

Beautiful Bathrooms  
Fireplaces of distinction  
and modern  
kitchen equipment



**W N FROY & SONS LTD . HAMMERSMITH LONDON**  
Showroom Entrance . 64 King Street W6 . Riverside 4101

## Of Britain's finest...



Taking its place with the finest quality products of British craftsmanship is Old Bleach, pure Irish linen... treasured reminder of your visit to the Festival of Britain. The heirloom beauty of Old Bleach linen table damask or Old Bleach towels belong in your collection of fine linens.

Special export arrangements with retail agents in all large cities

## Old Bleach pure Irish linen

*The Old Bleach Linen Co. Ltd. Randalstown, Northern Ireland*





## Famous Beauties in Repose Helen of Troy

IMMORTAL HELEN! . . . How did she preserve her beauty and the loveliness of the face "that launched a thousand ships"? Of one thing we can be sure. She knew the manifold advantages of regular and refreshing sleep. For true beauty is born of perfect health, and without natural sleep good health is undermined and beauty fades.

Today, when life moves at a quicker pace, the soothing balm of sleep is even more necessary. Above all, it should be natural, restorative sleep of the right kind. For this purpose delicious 'Ovaltine' is the ideal "night-cap."

A cup of 'Ovaltine' every night at bedtime will help to relieve nervous tension and give you the contented feeling of relaxation which is the prelude to natural sleep of the best kind. While you sleep 'Ovaltine' provides easily digested nourishment to reinforce strength and

energy, so that you awake refreshed and cheerful—feeling and looking your best.

Remember . . . *quality* has made 'Ovaltine' the world's most popular food beverage and the world's best "night-cap." It is prepared from Nature's finest foods, and the famous 'Ovaltine' farms set the highest standards for the malt, milk and eggs used. The use of eggs is an important feature of 'Ovaltine' and so is its vitamin content. *You will drink 'Ovaltine' eventually—why not now? It costs so little—it gives so much.*



# OVALTINE

The World's Best Night-cap





*Through these gates Queen Victoria passed to open the Great Exhibition of 1851. Today they mark the boundary between Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. They were cast in iron by the Coalbrookdale Company, now one of the twenty-two manufacturing companies of Allied Ironfounders Ltd.*

**AI** — the symbol of an industrial tradition unbroken since the reign of Queen Anne when in 1709 the Quaker Abraham Darby established at Coalbrookdale the first real ironfoundry. Two hundred and forty-two years later Allied Ironfounders Ltd. are still making the best contemporary goods by the best contemporary methods. They were first to introduce a mechanised plant for bath production: they were pioneers of self-finish enamelling and of spun soil pipes. And in succession to the "Kaffir Pot" on which Abraham Darby founded his fortunes in 1709, Allied Ironfounders in 1951 produce such famous inventions as the Aga Cooker, the Agamatic Domestic Boiler, the Rayburn Cooker and Water Heater, the Otto Heating Stove and the Junior General and Raymond Gas Cookers—every one the best of its kind in the world.

## ALLIED IRONFOUNDERS LIMITED

Mortimer House, Mortimer Street, London, W.1



# 1850 ... *discovery of Concentrated Beef!*

After long research, it was discovered in 1850 that valuable constituents of beef could be extracted in a simple concentrated form. This led, a few years later to the forming of a Company, and the product became available to the General Public.

LEMCO, the original concentrated Beef Extract, has never been improved upon and is the finest and most highly concentrated Beef Extract known.

It is invaluable in the kitchen, adding richness to all cooking, and, being unseasoned, LEMCO is ideal for delicate appetites.



THE ORIGINAL CONCENTRATED BEEF EXTRACT

PREPARED BY OXO LIMITED · LONDON

SINCE  
HOOKS & EYES  
WERE...

DEMND  
NEWFANGLED  
FASTENINGS



Neweys

HAVE MADE THEM!



Hook & Eye  
Makers by  
appointment  
to H.M.  
The Queen

Since the invention of the Hook and Eye by James Newey in the early 1800's fastenings of fashion have been made by Neweys and now have a world wide reputation for their excellence.

HOOKS & EYES AND SNAP FASTENERS

FASTENINGS FOR CORSETS AND SUSPENDERS

GLOVE AND EQUIPMENT FASTENERS

SLIDE FASTENERS

HAIR GRIPS AND CURLERS, and in fact:—

IF IT FASTENS—NEWEYS MAKE IT!

NEWY BROTHERS LIMITED

Brearley Street, Summer Lane, Birmingham

Horrockses

the Greatest Name  
in Cotton



For generations housewives have been proud to say their sheets, pillowcases and towels were made by HORROCKSES. The name commands respect in every woman's mind and shall ever stand for quality the world over.

SHEETS • PILLOWCASES • TOWELS • DRESS GOODS • FURNISHINGS • ETC.

HORROCKSES, SHIMMONS & CO. LTD., PRISTON, MANCHESTER, BOLTON, LONDON



"MOTOLUXE" Coats are tailored in exclusive fur fabrics. A coat bearing this famous label will be worth waiting for. Write to us for the name of your nearest Agent.

MOTOLUXE

The crown of COATS

• MOTOLUXE MOTOR RUGS AND FOOT MUFFS now obtainable in the home market.

LEE BROTHERS (OVERWEAR) LTD., Queen St. Works, 54 Regina Street, London, N.W.1.  
1846—Established over 100 years—1951

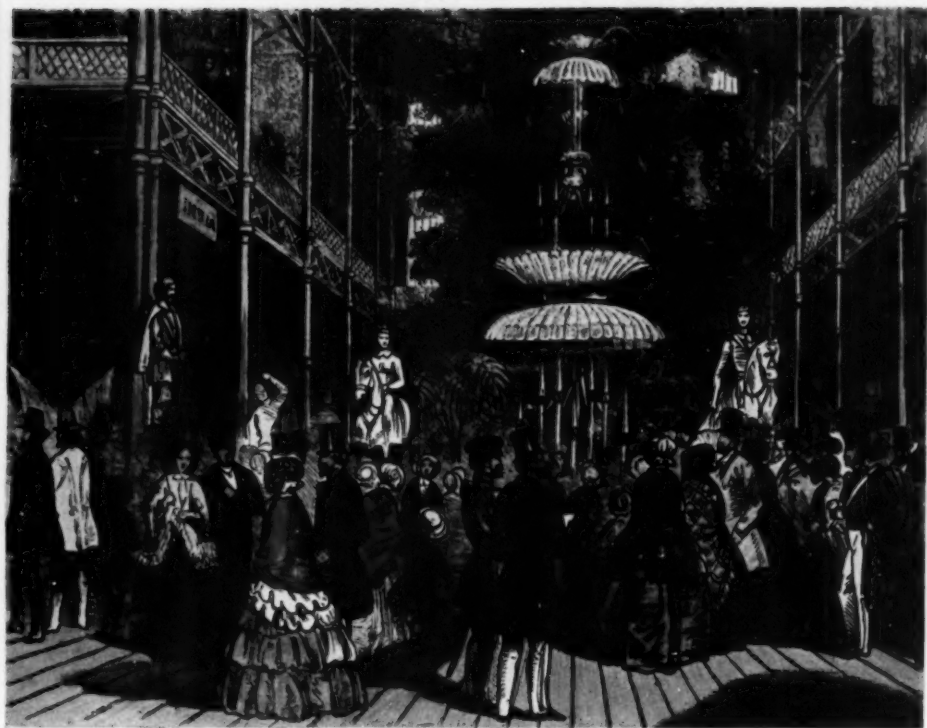




attribution

CONGRATULATIONS to Punch, a hundred and ten this year and one more reason for celebration when all Britain is in festival mood. Together we have seen a century of history in the making. Through gaiety and calamity, prosperity and austerity Mr. Punch has measured the mood of the people, and even in the gloomiest days joy has at least been unconfined on Wednesdays. Long may his weekly merrymaking continue

HARRODS



**1851—The Great Exhibition—before Gillette made the world clean-shaven**

Thanks to Gillette, man has no temptation to revert to the jungle of whisker existing in the days of 1851's Great Exhibition. Now whiskers are out! To be clean-shaven is the modern fashion. And not only in Britain. Throughout the farthest corners of the earth, Gillette razors and blades play their part in every man's "good morning". The reason can be put into one word. Quality.

**1951 . . . ALL OVER THE WORLD**

**Good mornings begin with**

**Gillette**





On the trapeze  
he's far from static —  
His shirt is  
**RADIACrobatic!**

McIntyre, Hogg, Marsh & Co. Ltd. London & Manchester  
Shirt Manufacturers for 107 years

**warmest regards**  
**from over the border**

Over the years many good things have come out of Scotland. Whisky, oddly enough, comes first in mind, but there have been a lot of other heart-warming feelings engendered by the knitwear and underwear fashioned for the best part of a century by

**Lyle and Scott**  
OF HAWICK · SCOTLAND

Sole British makers, of course, of the world-famous Cooper's Y-Front underwear for men.

Dec. 24th  
1814

Gentlemen,

In consequence of certain good effects of your Macassar Oil, I have it in command from His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of all Russia, that you will, without delay, send the sum of ten guineas' worth to His Majesty, directing it to Sir James Wylie, Bart., Physician, St. Petersburg, and receive the amount of the same from His Excellency, the Count de Liven, His Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of Great Britain.

It will be prudent (in complying with this order) to send it through the Foreign Office in Downing Street.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,  
your most obedient servant,  
(signed) James Wylie

**ROWLAND'S**  
**MACASSAR OIL**

First in 1793 — supreme for hair today



High above the South Bank, focal point of the Festival of Britain, shines a lighthouse beam . . . a symbol of British achievement in navigation lights, and a private reminder to Chance Brothers that a hundred years have passed since they showed their very first lighthouse optic at the Great Exhibition of 1851. Within that century Chance Glass and Chance Engineering together have been marking the highways of the world for travellers by sea and air.

*Chance* LIGHTS THE WORLD

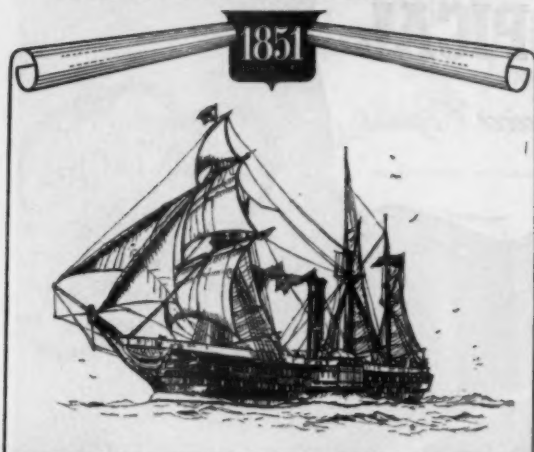
CHANCE BROTHERS LIMITED., Lighthouse Works, Smethwick 40, Birmingham, Tel: West Bromwich 1051.  
London Office: 28 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1. Telephone: Whitehall 1603.



# ROYAL MAIL LINES

*celebrate 100 years of service to*

## SOUTH AMERICA



Early in 1851, some months before the opening of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, the steamer "Teviot" had sailed from Southampton and completed her epoch-making round voyage to South America, inaugurating the Royal Mail service to that continent—a service which the Line has proudly maintained ever since.

Today, the flagship "Andes" and other vessels of the Royal Mail fleet, offer travellers to Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina a degree of service and luxury that is still unsurpassed.

### ROYAL MAIL LINES, LTD.

HEAD OFFICE:

Royal Mail House, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3  
Tel: *MAnion House* 0322

WEST END PASSENGER OFFICE:

America House, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1  
Tel: *Whitcomb* 9646



## GREAT EXHIBITIONS

The Crystal Palace, first built in Hyde Park for the Great Exhibition of 1851, was subsequently re-erected at Sydenham. Eleven years later, a vast building was erected at South Kensington for the Second Great International Exhibition and was insured with the Norwich Union for £450,000—a big sum in those days; indeed the largest single insurance then known.

The risk of fire damage to a building of glass and steel might seem negligible, yet the Crystal Palace was eventually destroyed by fire.

Be wise—insure with the Norwich Union. It is just as important to be safeguarded by insurance in 1951 as it was 100 years ago.



## NORWICH UNION

INSURANCE SOCIETIES

6-32 Surrey Street, NORWICH, Norfolk

AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION 1851

## CHUBB

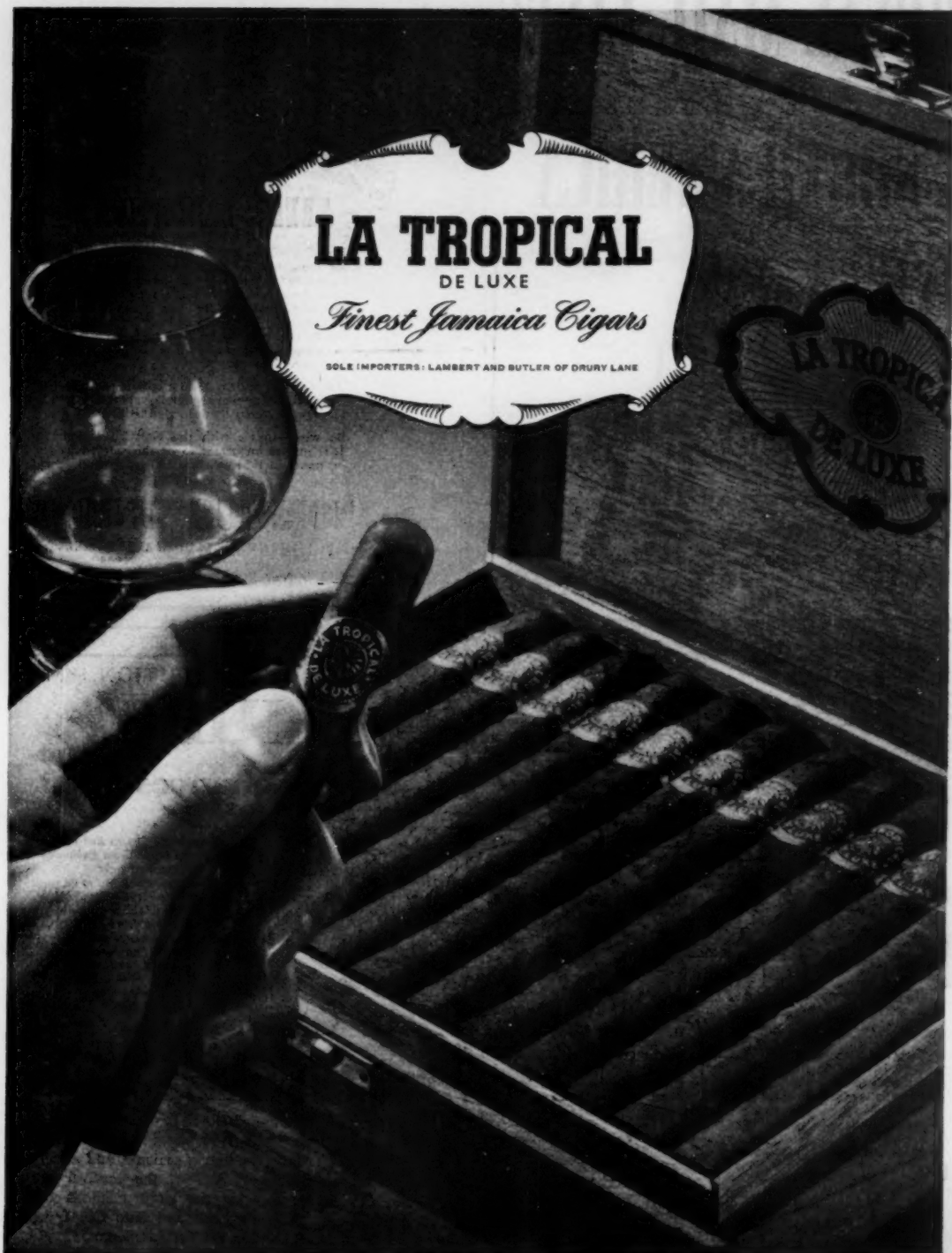
took no chances then



Showing the famous Koh-i-noor diamond at the Great Exhibition of 1851 involved great responsibilities. It had to be displayed without endangering its safety. Chubb successfully solved the problem by constructing a cage with solid iron bars. It incorporated a Chubb safe of impregnable strength into which the diamond was lowered when the exhibition was closed.

takes no chances now

For 133 years, the House of Chubb has been protecting the treasures of the world. It has been responsible for security measures for Governments, Banks and many commercial undertakings. And at the Festival of Britain Chubb are showing the latest methods of security. Chubb & Son's Lock and Safe Co. Ltd. 40/42 Oxford Street London W1 Tel. *MUSEum* 5822-6



# BOOTA'S

## DRY GIN

*Definitely Superior!*



BY APPOINTMENT  
GIN DISTILLERS TO  
H.M. KING GEORGE VI  
BOOTA'S DISTILLERIES  
LIMITED

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE



### The SINGER Nine Roadster

A 1½ litre car of high and enduring performance, seating 5-6 in comfort. A great British contribution to modern car design



SERIES 4AB,  
a new edition of  
this world-famous  
four-seater; with added  
refinements and  
enhanced performance.

SINGER MOTORS LIMITED · BIRMINGHAM AND COVENTRY  
And a world-wide distribution organisation

*Out in front  
with the rear*



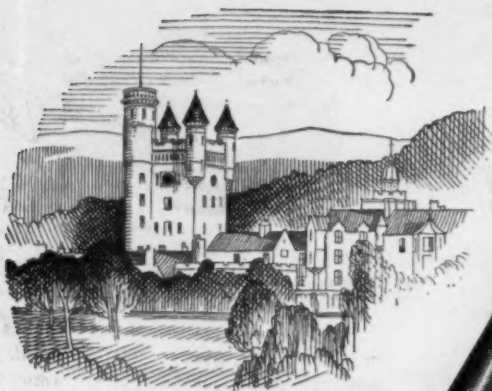
Experts are agreed that this new Foden rear-engine chassis has revolutionized normal design practice—and with outstanding success too! In addition to the elimination of noise, the rear engine mounting means additional seating capacity. Suspension is improved and passenger comfort unexcelled. The Foden is out in front with the rear! Either the Foden F.D.6 supercharged two-stroke engine or Gardner 6 L.W. engine, can be fitted as required.

Illustration above shows how the engine and clutch are ideally accessible from the rear for easy servicing.

# Foden

## REAR ENGINE CHASSIS

FODENS LIMITED · SANDBACH · CHESHIRE



BY APPOINTMENT  
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS  
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI.

*The Spirit of Scotland*



*The Distinctive Whisky*  
IN  
*The Distinctive Bottle*

*'Quality  
Sells'*





## What the well-dressed man of the nineteen-fifties will not be wearing

The whiskered extravagance of a century ago may seem odd to-day but it is quite understandable. For it is but in the last 25 years that Rolls Razor Ltd. have come into being — bringing a luxurious ease and comfort to shaving that only specialised study can design and precision manufacture produce.

thanks to **ROLLS RAZOR LTD.**

SPECIALISTS IN SHAVING TECHNIQUES

The Rolls Razor is the World's Best Safety. Its hollow ground blade is honed and stropped in its case and lasts for years.

43/6 (inc. Tax)



## VICEROY

### THE ROLLS RAZOR OF DRY SHAVERS

Needs no soap, water, blades or brush.  
The VICEROY Electric UNIVERSAL Model, A.C. D.C. 90-250 volts, 119/6,  
The VICEROY Electric A.C. Model, 200-250 volts, 95/-,  
The VICEROY Non-Electric (hand-operated) Model, 90/-.  
(All prices inc. Tax and apply to U.K. only)



ROLLS RAZOR LTD., Head Office, Works & Service, Crickwood, London, N.W.2  
Showrooms: 193, Regent Street, London, W.1. (Callers only.)

# 150 years ago

... Napoleon Bonaparte was at war with a nation of shopkeepers, shopkeepers who finally bested him.

It was to serve the needs of these victorious shopkeepers through the expanding cotton mills of Lancashire that the firm of Mather & Platt had its origin, and the machines they constructed helped in the preparation of materials which made Britain shopkeeper to the world.

Through the nineteenth century and up to the present day Mather & Platt have continued to grow and to widen the range of products. In all the spheres in which they are concerned they are justly famed for upholding the true tradition of British engineering.



*Mather and Platt Ltd.*

MANCHESTER, 10.



Pendant que j'attends ma  
WHILE I AWAIT MY

fiancée peu ponctuelle j'aurai le  
NOT-SO-PUNCTUAL FIANCEE I SHALL

temps de boire quelques verres de  
HAVE TIME TO DRINK SEVERAL GLASSES OF

Dubonnet. D'ailleurs, plus elle sera  
DUBONNET. MOREOVER, THE LATER SHE



en retard plus je serai  
IS THE MORE CAPABLE I SHALL BE

capable de lui pardonner.  
OF FORGIVING HER.

Dubonnet not only appeals to the strongly francophile section of the drinking public. The most British of the British are becoming more and more partial to it mixed with their gin. The great thing about Dubonnet is that it fills one with the joy of living but does not affect the liver. Try a large gin and Dubonnet tonight — served quite cold, of course.



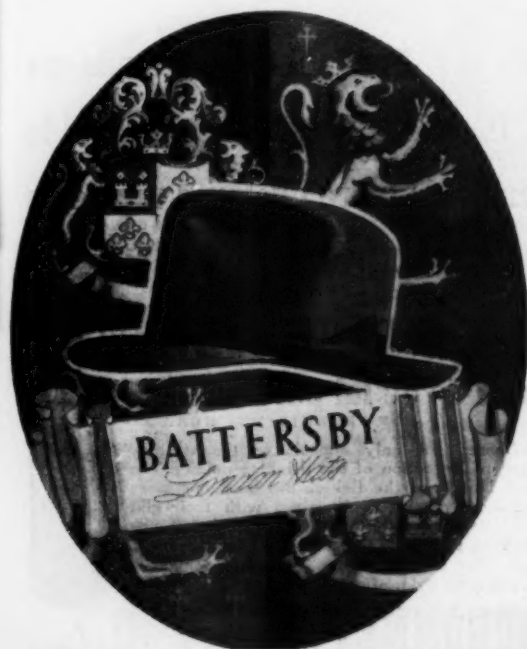
**DUBONNET** does not affect the liver

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS.

**ORIENT LINE**

**to Australia**

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LONDON, S.W.1  
Tel.: TRA 7141 or Agents



GRAND BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, W.C.2

### Lounge Suits

The beauty of ready-to-wear is that you can see the suit on and satisfy yourself as to fit, colour, pattern, cloth, before you buy. We have a good choice of materials—quality and tailoring are of course first-class.



**MOSS BROS**

OF COVENT GARDEN  
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of Garrick and Bedford Streets, W.C.2  
Temple Bar 4477 AND BRANCHES

# SCHWEPPIVARIA

**MR. SCHWEPPE** is glad to take this opportunity of publicly associating himself with the Festival of Britain and the Centenary of the Great Exhibition of 1851. Born himself fifty-seven years earlier, in 1794, Mr. Schweppes began to provide the fizz which made Britain Fit for Festivals, adding, with an airy sparkle, a new Schwepperversence wherein Festivals might be floated and Exhibitions thrive.

Historians will recall how, by almost imperschwephtable degrees, Mr. Schweppes did away with such unexhibitible Bad Things as Rotten Boroughs (schwepht away in 1832) and Napoleon, whose decline, dating from his Pyrrhic victory at Austerschweppes, was hastened on the snowy wastes and ice-cold schweppes of Russia, and completed by the Duke of Schwellington and the banishment to Schweppeleña. The appointment of Schweppes as Sole Purveyors in 1851 followed automatically.

One sees, really, that the whole conschwepht of Festivals, from their first inschwephtion, was essschweppesially Schweppes.



Written by Stephen Potter  
Illustrated by Douglas

*Those who can look back with pride  
Can look forward with confidence*



ATLAS ASSURANCE was founded in 1808, the year before noble Tennyson and rhetorical Mr. Gladstone were born. Because of this longevity, Atlas claims the privilege of saying a sincere "Well done, brave Punch" and of adding another important occasion to its Book of Memories. And what memories these are! The Great Exhibition, for instance, held a century ago when Atlas was a youngish concern of 43 years seniority. More recently,

our illustration records the night of April 2nd, 1949, when London's lights sparkled to life again after a sombre lapse of 10 years. Through all this history stands Atlas, sound, reliable and trustworthy.



ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED  
92, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

### Make it a festival of colour!

Join in the Festival of Britain by making your home a brighter place to live in—by redecorating with paints from the Walpamur Quality range . . . . Walpamur Water Paint for walls and ceilings . . . . Duradio Enamel Paint for a really high gloss finish . . . . Muromatte Flat Oil Paint for a smooth matt effect



BY APPOINTMENT  
PAINT AND  
WATER PAINT  
MANUFACTURERS  
TO H.M. THE KING

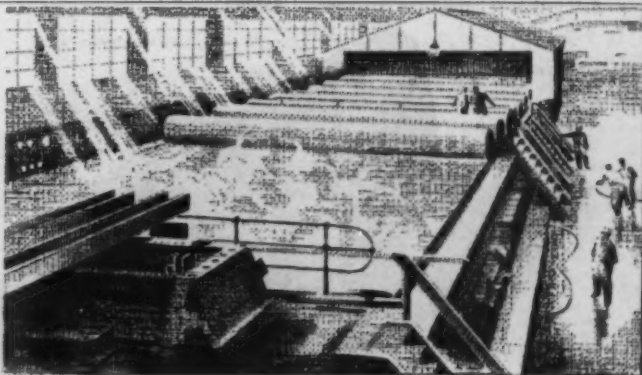
## Quality Paints by Walpamur

THE WALPAMUR COMPANY LTD. DARWEN AND LONDON

W137

## A TRIBUTE TO PARENTAGE

At the Aylesford Mills of the Reed Paper Group giant paper-making machines produce the tough Kraft paper from which Medway multi-wall sacks are made. Significantly, it was Reeds who first made Kraft paper on wide high-speed machines and it is due largely to the enterprise of the Reed Paper Group with its vast resources that the multi-wall sack has been adopted so widely as the modern method of packaging.



## MEDWAY PAPER SACKS

Division of the REED Paper Group

MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LTD · LARKFIELD · Nr. MAIDSTONE · KENT





## 'The **CARE** of **FEET** at Exhibitions'

OR . . .

*Have you met-a-tarsus lately?*

Mr. Punch's learned words on "The Care of Feet at Exhibitions"

notwithstanding, some concern was felt in shoemaking circles that the last word might not be said. Particularly in regard to the Metatarsus.

For the Metatarsus, that framework of the forefoot, is the very bones of the piece, the hinge on which all progress turns. Neglect it, and it is your arch enemy, the skeleton in your shoe cupboard, and the torment of your sole—especially after a trapeze round an exhibition. Cherish your Metatarsus therefore. Meet it on a friendly footing. Humour it with fitting understanding—in a shoe that is indeed the last word—Church's.

*This one is 'DIPLOMAT'—last 73.*



# Church's famous English shoes

ESTABLISHED 1750



1750-1951



BY APPOINTMENT TO  
HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI  
AND QUEEN ELIZABETH



BY APPOINTMENT TO  
HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY  
GLORIA S. MONTELLA, M.D.



BY APPOINTMENT TO  
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN  
MABELLA WILKINS

201 Years of  
Craftsmanship and Service

When Swaine and Adeney and Thomas Brigg and Sons amalgamated in 1943, they brought together the traditions of two famous firms. In 1750 the business was founded by James Ross, who was succeeded in 1790 by James Swaine, the firm becoming Swaine & Adeney in 1840. Mr. G. L. Adeney, a direct descendant of James Swaine, preserves the family connection which has been unbroken since 1790.

The craftsmanship of James Ross won him the honour of the Royal Warrant of Appointment as Whipmaker to H.M. King George III. Ever since

those days the firm has held a Royal Warrant and has built up its reputation among horse-lovers the world over for the quality of its hunting and riding whips, seat-sticks, hunting horns and fine leather goods.

Thomas Briggs, great-grandfather of the present Mr. B. W. Briggs, established the business of Thomas Briggs and Sons in 1834. Ever since that date the responsibility for the production of "Briggs Umbrellas" has been handed down from father to son. Their first Royal Appointment was to H.M. Queen Victoria and the most recent to H.M. The Queen.

*"Brigg"*  
UMBRELLAS

**SWAINE, ADENEY, BRIGG & SONS LTD**

185, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W1

TELEPHONE - REGENT 4277-8-9

TELEGRAMS - "SINADENYNE", PICCY, LONDON



**For men by**

*Sentheric*



**'Three Musketeers':** A well matched trio for masculine freshness. After Shave Lotion with Scalp Stimulant and Hairdressing; Scalp Stimulant and 'Tanbark' Cologne; or Brilliantine and After Shave Powder. Price 25/-

Other items in the Lanthieric range for men	
After Shave Lotion	8/4.
After Shave Lo-ion Travel Size	5/-.
"Tanbark" Cologne	8/4.
After Shave Powder	8/4.
Scalp Stimulant	8/4.
Hair dressing	8/4.
Brilliantine	8/4.
Letter Shaving Cream	3/-.

**quiet, perfect grooming**

Paris : 17 Old Bond Street, London, W1 : New York



BY APPOINTMENT  
MOTOR CAR TYRE  
MANUFACTURERS  
DUNLOP RUBBER  
CO. LTD.

## LIVING TRADITIONS

Visitors to England for the 1951 Festival of Britain will find much to enjoy in the colourful age-old ceremonial present in English civic and traditional life, and also in the impressive display of the marvels of modern craftsmanship. As they drive along English lanes and roads they will appreciate—as do motorists the world over—that heritage of skill and workmanship that makes DUNLOP the world's master tyre.

**DUNLOP**



Don't be vague  
ask for

# Haig

*The Oldest Scotch Whisky Distillers in the World*

FAMOUS SINCE 1627

*My word*  
*for underwear is*  
**Meridian**  
*and for*  
**KNITWEAR too!**

J. B. LEWIS & SONS LTD., Nottingham. Est. 1815. Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade.

**Health  
Brand**



FINE SHOES FOR MEN by

## Crockett & Jones

Northampton

For Ladies' Shoes by CROCKETT & JONES LTD., Northampton, ask for **Health** brand.





### CELEBRATING TIME

*It is more than 100 years since Baume & Co. Company began—117 to be precise. Since then precision has ticked us quietly from Les Bois, Switzerland, to London and into world-wide goodwill. To every centenarian and to all watch-wearers we should like to express the wish—in a homely but appropriate phrase—that*

**GOOD TIME WILL BE HAD BY ALL**

**BAUME & CO. LTD.** London and La Chaux-de-Fonds



## ONLY three years short of the hundred

**I**N PERTH, in the very heart of the Scottish Hills, the establishment of Charles Ratray, tobacco blenders, has stood for 97 years. Here oaken casks stand out from mellowed panelling, and carved wooden figures synonymous of the trade gaze impassively upon rows of blue and white tobacco jars of the 17th and 18th centuries. In such an atmosphere as this skilled craftsmen have grown old in the tending, maturing and blending of tobaccos, producing rare mixtures from the world's finest crops. . . . An old family business rich in experience of all that is worthwhile, controlled and personally managed by Charles Ratray and Charles Ratray, junr., maintaining the best traditions of the past for those who appreciate the pleasure that only good tobacco can give

*It is believed that the Ratray booklet on tobacco blending would interest many readers. A copy would be sent to you with pleasure.*

### RATRAY'S TOBACCOS

Obtainable only from Charles Ratray, Perth, Scotland; Messrs. Macy's, New York, and Arthur Leonard, Portland & Oregon, U.S.A.; and Messrs. Lymans Agency, Montreal, Canada.

"WHAT A GOOD DINNER!"

"Let's have a Grand Marnier"



**A**T the end of a perfect dinner, the temptation to order Grand Marnier is somehow irresistible. The thought of this modern nectar, long matured in the ancient rock cellars of the Château de Bourg-Charente, sets one signalling to wine waiters. Grand Marnier is the only liqueur made exclusively with Cognac brandy and one which appeals to men and women alike. Remember this—every time you take her out to dinner.

**Grand Marnier**

FRANCE'S FINEST LIQUEUR

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD. ST. ALBANS, HERTS.



"I'VE SEEN NOT ONE PHOENIX BUT MANY" boasted the dark, handsome, much-travelled raconteur to Charles Lamb, who in *Essays of Elia* relates how, with his cousin, he made his first journey to sea in the Old Margate Hoy, having as fellow-passenger "a thorough-paced liar, none of your hesitating half-story-tellers." The insurance office with the mythological bird symbol started business when the famous essayist was seven, and its sister company the "Pelican" issued a policy on his life.

**PHOENIX**  
COMPANY  
PHOENIX HOUSE  
LONDON

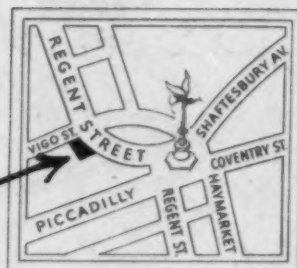


**ASSURANCE**  
LIMITED  
KING WILLIAM ST.  
E.C.4





## Austin Reed of Regent Street



PRACTICALLY everyone in the world, with the exception perhaps of one or two of the more remote jungle-dwelling tribes, has heard of Austin Reed of Regent Street. But not every visitor to this country will have formed a clear idea of what Austin Reeds is.

So let us tell you something about this famous shop for men and describe some of the many ways in which the Austin Reed service can help to make you feel as much at home as possible.

Strolling through Austin Reeds is exactly like strolling along some splendid street devoted entirely to men's shops—only in our case they are more conveniently arranged under one roof.

Here you can buy everything a man can wear—from a finely tailored suit to a well turned dress stud. And one of the attractions of shopping in this way is that there is no traffic—you can pass serenely from department to department without even hearing or caring a hoot.



For instance, on the first floor there is the decorative Louis Room where you can order shirts and pyjamas to be made to measure for you.

On the third floor you will find the Ballroom Corner, where some of

the finest dress clothes that ever came from the cutter's shears await your inspection.



cut in London and at the Theatre Kiosk they book travel and theatre tickets for you.

Visitors will be particularly interested in our Export Department. Here they have a wonderful way of smoothing out currency complications and you can compile a tax-free wardrobe with the assistance of the Manager and his staff.



These are some of the things you will find to interest you at Regent Street. But if you don't happen to be in London there are 28 other Austin Reed shops conveniently situated all over the country. And if you happen to be returning to America there are shops on the Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth too—

*it's just a part of the*  
**Austin Reed service**



Come ladies! Trip some light fandangos  
 In praise of luscious Indian mangos.  
 And gentlemen! With gusto fired,  
 A measure tread to chefs inspired,  
 Who from the Orient's proffered fruit  
 Spices and condiments to boot,  
 Toiling, rejoicing, step by step  
 Evolved the Nation's appetizer KEP.

*A fragment from Maconochie's History of England found by a strange freak of chance in a beautifully shaped sauce bottle.*

Punch Festival, April 30 1957

Who loves Mackintosh's?  
We ALL love Mackintosh's!



Mum loves Mackintosh's  
— she has since quite a girl!

Madge loves Mackintosh's  
— they set her in a whirl!



Dad loves Mackintosh's  
— he has since quite a boy!

Dave loves Mackintosh's  
— they make him jump for joy!



Maurice loves Mackintosh's  
— he says: "They're tops for me!"

Meg loves Mackintosh's  
— "Sweets to the sweet!" says she

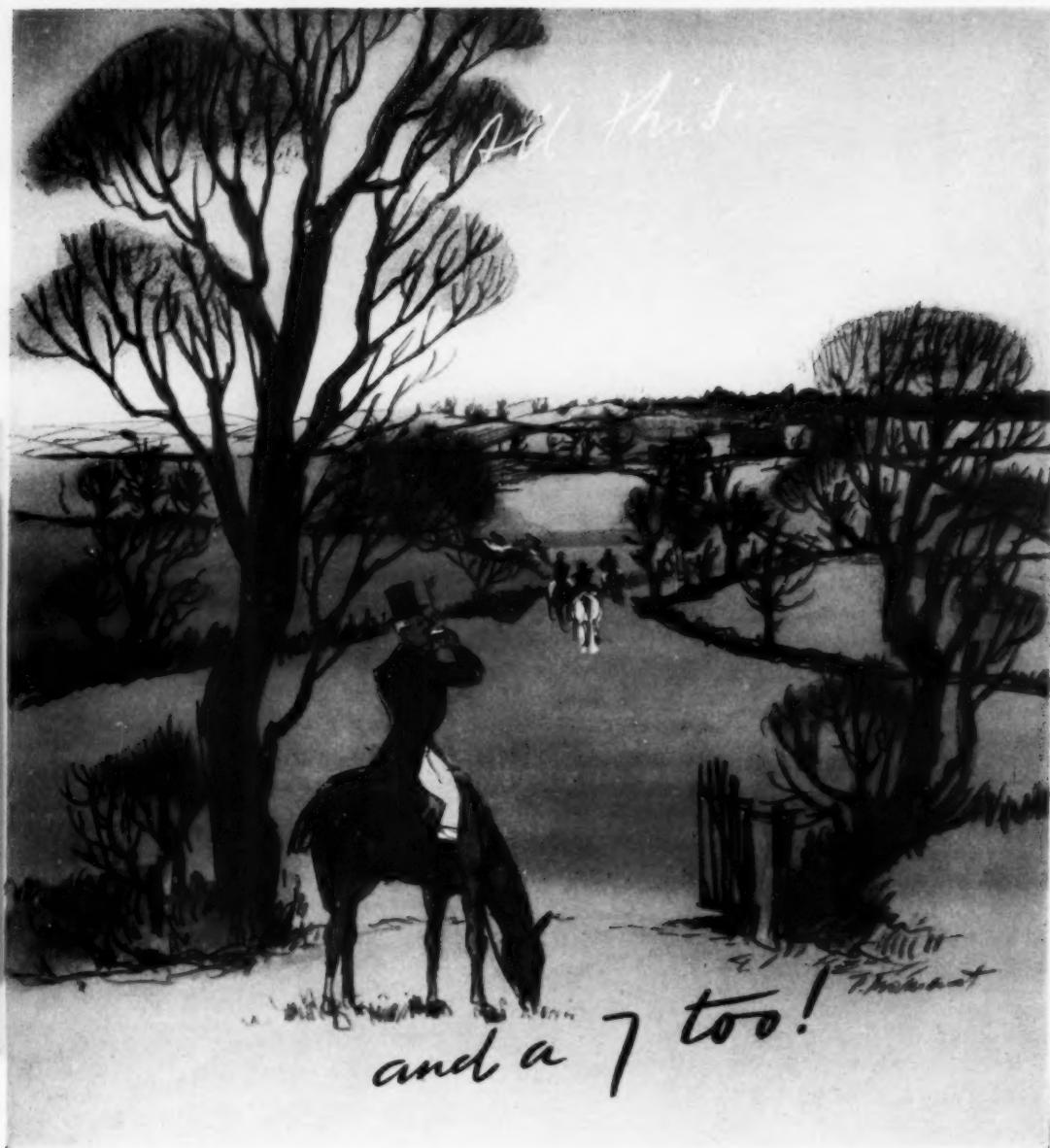


Mackintosh's  
'Quality Street'

A Delicious Assortment of Toffees & Chocolates

JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LTD. GLASGOW





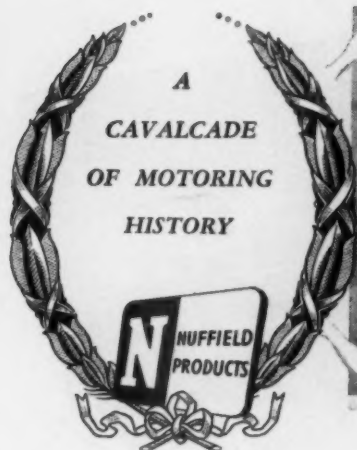
The trees and hedges glowing brown against the green acres . . . and the violent glitter of scarlet flickering in and out of view. The peaceful glory of an awakening November morning . . . and the little friendly groan of leather rubbing leather. The anticipation of vigorous hours to come . . . and the stolen pleasure of a few lazy minutes. And for perfection one thing more—

NUMBER SEVEN



Fine 'Virginia' Cigarettes 20 for 3/10 • ALSO Abdulla Turkish and Egyptian

ABDULLA AND COMPANY LIMITED • 173 NEW BOND STREET • LONDON • W 1



*One of the most famous cars in the history of motoring, the bull-nosed Morris. Many are still in service, after a quarter of a century of constant use, in places as far apart as Australia and Ireland.*

## MORRIS LED IN MOTORING VALUE —EVEN THEN!

OXFORD UNDERGRADUATES, in the closing years of last century, who had trouble with their bicycles, were often at a loss to know where to get them properly repaired. The more knowledgeable went to a clever lad, not much over 16, who had just opened up on his own. There was really no one to touch him at fixing a repair. His name was Morris — W. R. Morris — and his cycle-repairing business was the origin of the Nuffield Organization, Britain's leading motor-group. He himself is now Lord Nuffield.

Soon young Morris found that repairing bicycles was no outlet for his abilities. So he changed to *building* bicycles. Then

he built motor-bicycles. In a few years he turned to building cars, and the first Morris rolled off his modest production-line in the converted Grammar School buildings at Cowley.

Even in those early days, the Morris ploughed its own furrow. In fact, the reason it succeeded where so many were failing, was that it adhered to certain vital, though elementary principles. It had to be reliable: a car that stops going is no longer a car. And its price had to be low. These two factors demanded the marriage of those two irreconcilables, high-precision and mass-production.

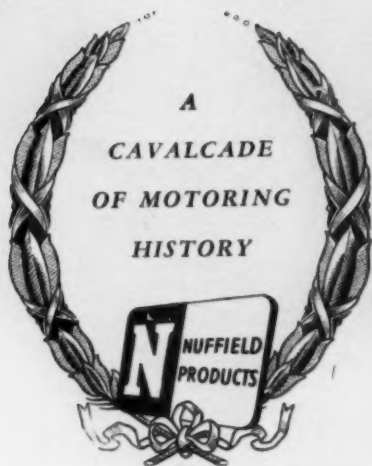
How successfully this was accomplished was shown by one of the most famous cars of all time, the bull-nosed Morris. How faithfully those early principles are being followed today is shown by the unrivalled reputation of Morris cars all over the world. In the Dominions, in the dollar-countries and at home, motorists have learned the lesson which the man of vision from Oxford set out to teach when he built his first model — that you can get everything in a low-priced car.



*The Morris Oxford, modern exponent of the Morris tradition. Its performance, elegance and running-economy are a proof that fine motoring is not the prerogative of the high-priced car.*







*The original Wolseley Voiturette which in 1900 won the class award in the Thousand Miles Trial. In 1950, overhauled and reconditioned, this same car covered the course from John O'Grass to Land's End without a single mishap.*

# 1895

## SAW THE FIRST WOLSELEY CAR

TO WOLSELEY, among all the Companies in the Nuffield Organization, belongs the honour of seniority.

The very first Wolseley was built in 1895, and this original model still occupies a place of honour at Cowley. It was the forerunner of thousands of models which have since covered the roads of the world.

Commercial history records few better examples of the happy influence of business difficulties than the circumstances which

forced the Wolseley Sheep-Shearing Machine Company to change over from the manufacture of its staple line to the manufacture of horseless carriages. And few new engineering ventures have had such immediate success. The third Wolseley car ever built was class-winner in the famous Thousand Miles Trial of 1900.

So, even in those earliest days, Wolseley's reputation for reliability was being established. Many models have since enhanced it; the famous *Messenger* (which was specially built for the export market as long ago as 1928), the renowned *Wolseley-Hornet* and the *Four-Fifty* and *Six-Eighty* of today.

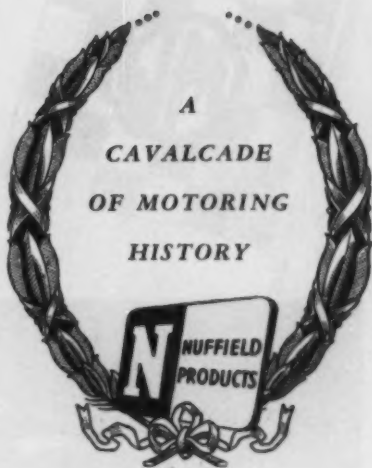
These two models (the larger is illustrated below) are a perfect blend of vision in engineering and taste in design, and are well-qualified to carry the high honours of the Wolseley tradition.



*Heir to the Wolseley honour, the Six-Eighty. Every feature has been designed especially for comfort and pleasure, and its restrained lines give it the easy grace of a true "prince among motor cars".*



The 1903 Riley Tri-car seen here, took part in the 1936 London-Brighton Veteran's Run. This picture and the one below are sufficient proof of the truth embodied in the Riley slogan — "as old as the industry — as modern as the hour".



## TODAY'S LEADERSHIP STARTED 50 YEARS AGO

PROBABLY there has never been a car which in its long record has made so many original contributions to motor-engineering as the Riley. The very first model, built in 1898, incorporated the first mechanically-operated inlet valve. The Riley 9 of 1905 was faster than any other car in its class. A later model, the Monaco of the 1920's, was a "classic" of motoring history. No other car has ever incorporated so many original and distinctive features — and many have become standard practice in car manufacture today. Many of these features had been visualised as far back as 1904!

Riley's individuality is well in evidence in the current models, the 2½ and 1½ litres. They are thought by many to be the most perfectly proportioned cars on the roads of the world today. Their superb speed and reserves of power give them an irresistible

appeal to the sportsman, and their performance is matched by the quality of their internal appointments.

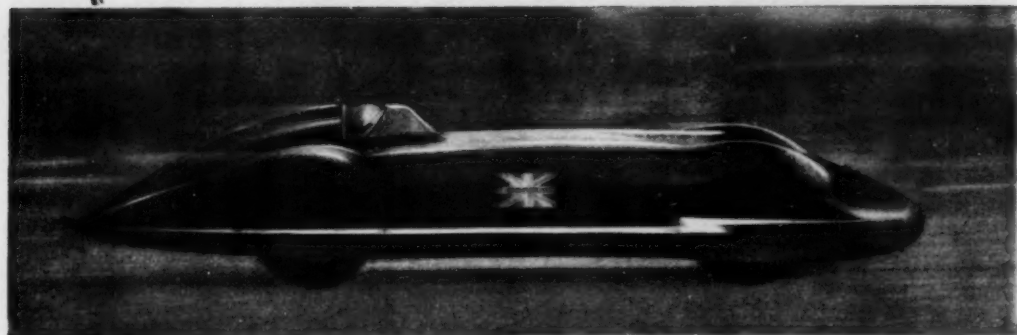
In one of the earliest Riley catalogues ever issued, there is a preface which contains these words: "In the design and manufacture of the Riley we have striven for that individuality without which the real joy of possession can never be created". The illustration below shows how faithfully, over the years, this directive has been followed.

To the discriminating motorist, Riley 2½ litre is one of the best-looking cars in the world. It avoids the extremes. It is not everybody's car, but then, with a speed in the neighbourhood of 100 m.p.h., it is not intended to be. It is the car for the individualist.





## ... SPORTS CAR WINNER AT HOME & ABROAD



*Not so old, but no less glorious than the saga of Morris, Wolseley and Riley is the record of M.G. The illustration shows the world's fastest light car, Lt.-Col. A. T. "Goldie" Gardner's M.G. Special, which has won five of the International Class records at speeds up to 204 m.p.h.*

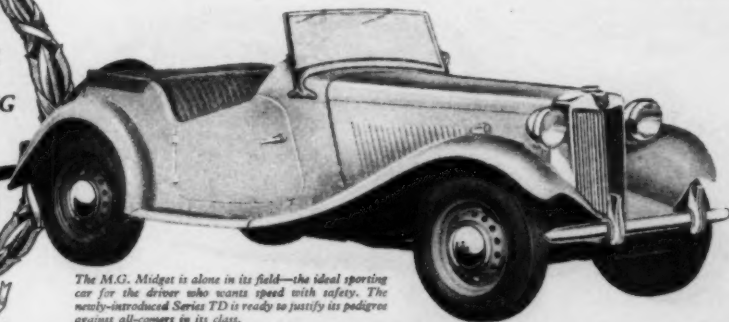
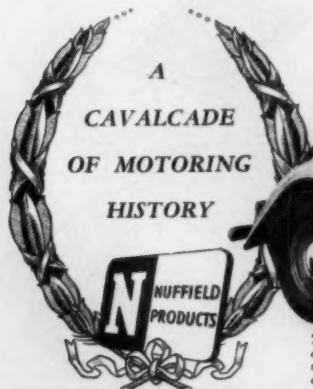
M.G. is the junior member of the Nuffield Organization, and it was in 1923 that M.G. No. 1 first saw the light of day.

It was in every way an experimental model but, even so, it had the thoroughbred characteristics of all its successors: it did 80 m.p.h. and won the Gold Medal in the 1925 Land's End event.

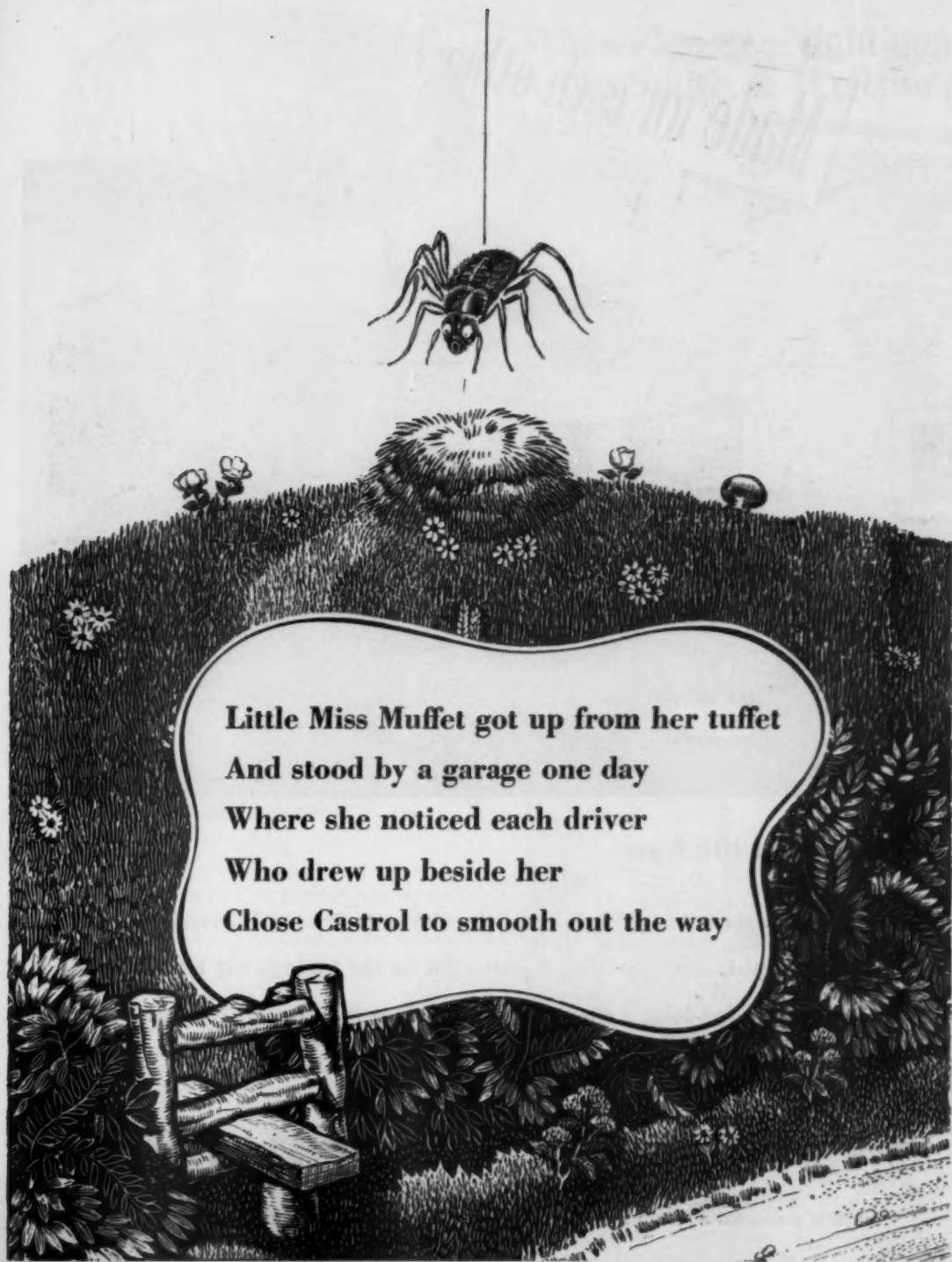
The M.G. was so named after the "Morris Garages", Lord Nuffield's original motor business. It was designed for the driver who was probably getting too old for motor cycling but could not afford a large sports car. In other words, like so many successful productions of the Nuffield Organization, it supplied an essential need.

Development of the M.G. was phenomenal. In a few years the designers swept through the alphabet in their consumption of mark numbers. The C's, D's, the world-beating EX's (120-127-135), the J's, K's and L's, right down to the present TD's — every one of them has embodied some step towards the ideal. They have, collectively, provided the M.G. engineers with research shops on wheels, from which newer and better models have emerged.

Today the M.G. is winning new prestige for British craftsmanship all over the world. The new TD Midget has become the star of the Nuffield record export drive to the U.S.A. Even in that most difficult of all markets, the M.G. has, with its superb performance and race-track lines, fired the imagination of the sporting driver and established a place of its own as a dollar-earner.



*The M.G. Midget is alone in its field—the ideal sporting car for the driver who wants speed with safety. The newly-introduced Series TD is ready to justify its pedigree against all-comers in its class.*



Little Miss Muffet got up from her tuffet  
And stood by a garage one day  
Where she noticed each driver  
Who drew up beside her  
Chose Castrol to smooth out the way

CASTROL - THE MASTERPIECE IN OILS

Made for each other?



*you might think so—*

because both wallpaper and fabrics were *chosen together* at Sandersons. The result is a successful scheme, with the plain walls providing a perfect foil for the hangings and bright upholstery. If you are thinking of re-doing a room, why not drop in at Sandersons? There are experts to help you if you'd care for a second opinion.

## SANDERSON WALLPAPERS

ARTHUR SANDERSON & SONS, LTD., 52-53 BERNERS STREET, W.1. 6-7 NEWTON TERRACE, GLASGOW, C.3

... also Sanderson Paints and Sanderson Indecolor Fabrics





FASHIONED on the traditional classical designs of the graceful Jacobean period, the Jacobean range of glassware has an outstanding elegance. Crystal clarity captures the light and flashes it back from every facet. How pleasant to know that, even in these restricted times, such nice things can be bought for so little.

TOP PANEL	CENTRE PANEL	LOWER PANEL
Cream Jug 1/3d each	Tumblers 10 oz-8d.	Goblet 9d each
Sugar Basin 1/3d each	8 oz-7d. 6½ oz-6d.	Dish (sin. wide) 8d each
Sundae 9d each	4 oz-5d. 2 oz-4d ea.	Pepper Pot 6d each
	Jug 3/6 each	Salt Pourer 6d each

From Retailers only, but in short supply at home owing to export demands

**JACOBEOAN**  
GLASSWARE

Clayton Mayers & Company Limited, London, N.W.1

## When Florence Nightingale wrote Smith & Wellstood in 1856...

...the merits of their products were already known. Today, almost a century later, ESSE Stoves & Heat Storage Cookers are to be found in all parts of the world, especially where store is set

by gracious living, and fine craftsmanship is a thing to be cherished.



The ESSE COOKER Company

Prop.: Smith & Wellstood, Ltd. Est. 1854

Bonnybridge, Scotland

London: 63 Conduit St., W.1

and Liverpool, Edinburgh & Glasgow

Agent in Eire: Mr. D. A. Baird, 107 Anson St., Dublin

*Handwritten letter from Florence Nightingale to Smith & Wellstood, dated Feb. 18th/56.*

Sir,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th Jan. and to say, that the Stove you kindly sent us, has arrived, & is now at Barracks Hospital, Scutari, Feb. 18th/56.

I beg to add that I have shown it to M. Soyer, who greatly approved of it. Indeed its merits were already known to him. I beg to repeat my thanks for this very useful contribution to our wants.

I remain, Sir, your obliged and obedt. servt.  
Florence Nightingale

## PRESERVATION—WITHOUT REFRIGERATION

THE **KEPKOLD**★ does NOT require electricity, gas, chemicals or ice



"THE PANTRY"

Finished Cream Enamel and Chromium plated fittings. Price £19.4.11. Incl. P.T. Carriage paid to all parts of U.K.

The KEPKOLD is simple—but extremely efficient—it is operated solely by water (about one pint per day). There are no upstart costs and nothing to get out of order. Thousands of housewives appreciate the simple efficiency of this method of food preservation—you really should enquire about it.

KEPKOLD is portable and can be used in Home, Caravan, Yacht or Tent.

Temperature going UP!  
**KEPKOLD**

Better Cooler

- keeps butter fresh and in perfect condition on the hottest day, in Stone, Coral, Green, & Silver. Price £11 plus 2/6 postage.



Write to-day, don't put it off, for illustrated folder giving full particulars of all "Kepkold" models and Kepkold Better Cooler, it will amply repay you.

**KEPKOLD LTD.** (Deps. 64)

23, CARNABY STREET, LONDON, W.1. (GERard 8514)

★ **KEPKOLD LTD.** are the originators of the evaporation method of keeping food fresh.



*Always look for*  
**MORLEY**

*the name*

*for the homes and palaces of the world.*

**Del Beta & Ariston**  
 BEAUTIFUL LACE FURNISHINGS

**DORRONS & M. BROWNE & CO. LTD.,** (Inc. T. I. Birkin & Co.)  
 Manufacturers of Lace Furnishings for over 100 years.  
 DELBETA HOUSE, QUEEN'S ROAD, NOTTINGHAM.

Lanc'ian Showrooms:  
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Factories:  
 Nottingham, Glasgow,  
 Darvel and Ilkesson.

Punch Festival, April 30 1951



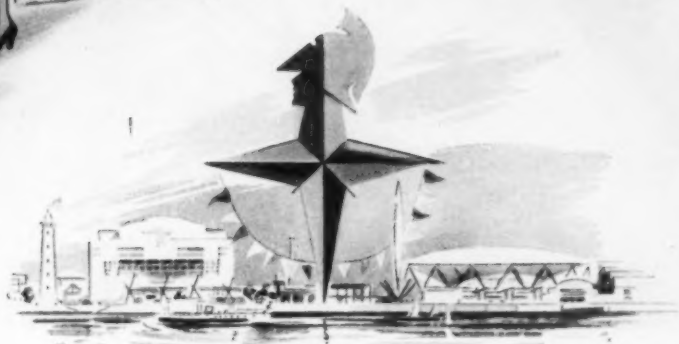
Clarks  
COUNTRY CLUB



CHILDREN'S SHOES



Serenity



## Festival a-foot

Look round—and see the Festival of Britain. Look down—and see a hundred thousand Clarks shoes touring it. What other shoes could fit a Festival of such variety—and such a variety of Festival-goers? Only Clarks . . . Clarks who, of course, have recently been holding a festival of their own to celebrate 125 years of triumphant fashion shoe making!



Clippers



Skyline

# Clarks

shoes

Punch Festival, April 30 1951

## *The Cavalcade of the Brighton Road 1826*



These two illustrations are reproduced, not to point a contrast, but to demonstrate the continuity of the great tradition of British craftsmanship, undisturbed by the changes of a troubled century. The graceful Regency Coaches were acknowledged masterpieces of design and construction. So, today, are fine British Cars admired throughout the World. The Austin "Princess" Saloon, coachbuilt from Aluminium panels by Vanden Plas, is a happy example of the successful marriage of traditional design with modern production methods. Aluminium is a modern metal, light, strong and attractive in appearance.

BRITISH  
ALUMINIUM



## *The Austin Princess 1951*



THE BRITISH ALUMINIUM CO. LTD. SALISBURY HOUSE LONDON



W E L C O M E :

In this festival year

We offer good cheer

To friends who have come from afar.

For all locomotion

There's only one notion,

Remember, wherever you are—



*It pays to say*

**Esso**





*"The most stately thing and the fairest Cape we saw in the whole circumference of the earth"*

— Sir Francis Drake.

Enjoy fourteen memorable days en route to Cape Town, the Gateway to South Africa. This is travel at its best by the largest and fastest ships on the South African run.



The cool season—April to August—is the best time to appreciate many of South Africa's attractions.



Outstanding among these are the Kruger National Park, the semi-tropical Natal coast resorts and the amazing spectacle of the Victoria Falls in flood.

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*TO*  
**SOUTH AFRICA**



**MOSELEY**

*Hand-made*

**TOBACCO POUCHES**

**DAVID MOSELEY & SONS LIMITED**

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53/55 New Bond St., London, W.1

54, George Road (Islington Row), Edgbaston, Birmingham, 15.



Made by hand from the best, hard, fine Para rubber and designed to lie in the pocket without bulging, these Moseley pouches are worthy companions for the choicest tobacco. Supplied in various sizes. Approved by the Festival of Britain authorities.

By Appointment  
Naval Outfitter  
to H.M. The King



**Gieves**  
LIMITED

1785-1951

Tailors · Hatters · Hosiers

27-OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1

Telephone: REGENT 2276



*Erstwhile I basked in Fortune's smiles,  
Had Crowned Heads rolling in the aisles.  
Displayed a shapely leg for tights—  
Yet never saw my name in lights.  
Wouldst know, kind friend, the reason why?  
Laddie, there was no A.E.I.*

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE, and a bewildering array of its mechanical 'props' are made by one or other of the companies which together comprise Associated Electrical Industries. A cast of over 55,000 factory workers turns out an annual £50,000,000 worth of new electrical equipment, ranging from coffee pots to giant dynamos. Behind the scenes functions a large corps of research workers and designers—the annual bill for research alone amounts to £1,000,000. Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your courteous applause.

IT ALL ADDS UP TO

**AEI**

Associated Electrical  
Industries

The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.  
Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd.  
The Edison Swan Electric Co. Ltd.  
Ferguson Pailin Ltd.  
The Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co. Ltd.  
International Refrigerator Co. Ltd.  
Newton Victor Ltd.  
Premier Electric Heaters Ltd.



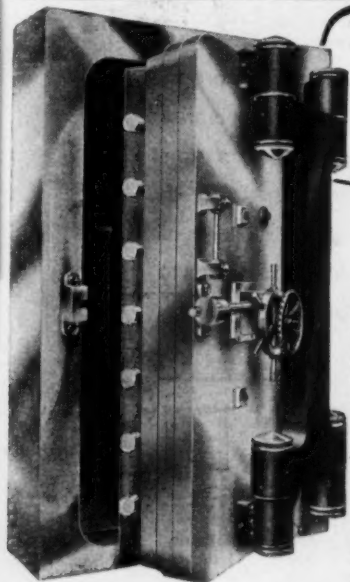
## 40 Holds three highs

What does that cryptic statement mean? . . . Why, that 'Hiduminium' 40 is an excellent casting alloy, with high fluidity, high resistance to corrosion and high strength. How do we know? There's a tale of much trouble-taking behind such a confident description, while the formula and other technical data are readily available for those who wish to know all about it. For the moment all we want to say is that 'Hiduminium' 40 is much in demand in the food and chemical industries, and is particularly valuable for complex castings. In brief, it can help quite a number of industries to the top of the class.



...make light work of *it* with **Hiduminium  
AND MAGNUMINIUM**

HIGH DUTY ALLOYS LTD., SLOUGH, BUCKS. TEL: SLOUGH 21501. INGOT, BILLETS, FORGINGS, CASTINGS AND EXTRUSIONS IN 'HIDUMINIUM' AND 'MAGNUMINIUM' (Registered Trade Marks) ALUMINIUM AND MAGNESIUM ALLOYS



## MILNERS

THE SAFEST SAFE INVESTMENT

**M**ILNERS, for over a century, have been renowned throughout the world for the excellence of their Safes, Strong Rooms, and Security Products. Important and far-reaching scientific discoveries have been applied to practical purposes. The changing and more complicated needs of the day have been answered by corresponding improvements in engineering skill and in the art of Fire and Burglar Resistance.

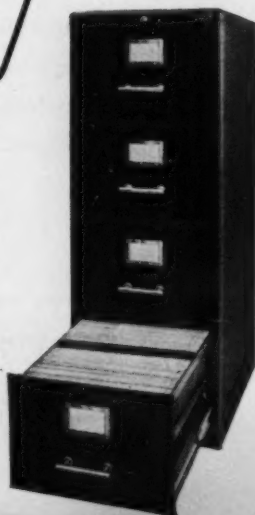
**T**HE Treasury Door, illustrated, embodies Milners new patent Armour construction, which is greatly superior, in its powers of resistance, to any other combination of metals yet devised. It exemplifies the highest degree of protection against all the devices of the scientific burglar.

**M**ILNERS reputation for sound construction and reliability is behind the comprehensive range of Steel Equipment which they manufacture. This Steel Office Equipment sets new standards of functional beauty and durability and gives valuable protection against fire and dust. Milners can equip whole offices in steel, completely and harmoniously down to the last detail.



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**MILNERS SAFE CO. LTD., Head Office: 58 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1**



## We've solved some problems in our time!

IN 1945 an oil company came to us with a problem. In measuring oil and gas pressures, they told us, recording instruments were lowered into the wells. The change in temperature during descent was resulting in false pressure readings. Could we supply a battery that would pre-heat the recording mechanism to a temperature of 160°F, and maintain it at that heat till it reached the well bottom? There was just one little difficulty—how to get a battery of 6 volts and one ampere hour capacity *inside* a diameter of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches and a length not exceeding 3 feet.

¶ We designed and produced that battery—a contrivance of three cylindrical cells wired end to end within a framework of steel rods. It fitted exactly into its allotted place amongst the delicate recording instruments housed inside the 4 inch diameter steel cylinder. And it did the job.

¶ Hundreds of thousands of Chloride, Exide and

Exide-Ironclad batteries giving good service today in every branch of industry, transport and communications owe their origin to just such a demand: 'Here is a job—make us a battery for it'. We have been solving that sort of problem for over 50 years.

¶ Our battery research and development organisation is the largest and best equipped in this country—if not in the world. It is at industry's service always—ready at any time to tackle another problem.

# CHLORIDE

BATTERIES LIMITED

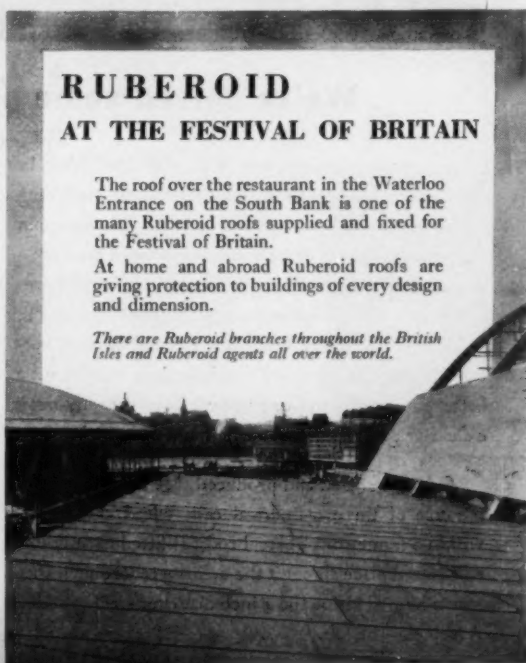
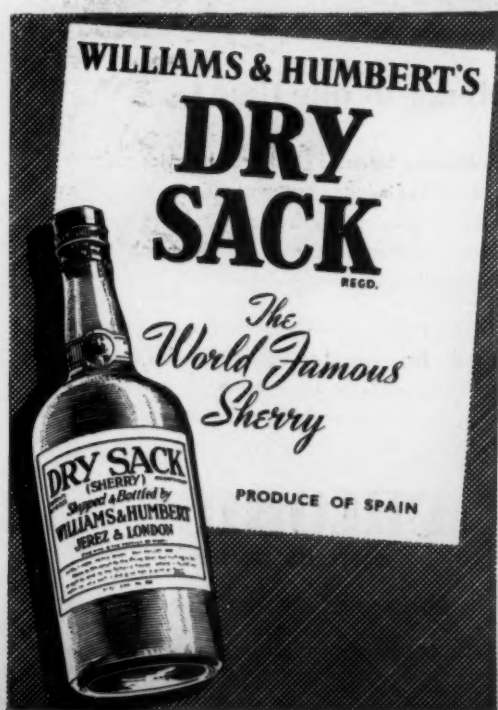
**Makers of Exide Batteries**

EXIDE WORKS · CLIFTON JUNCTION · NR. MANCHESTER



FITTED TO THE  
*Majority*  
OF BRITAIN'S FINE CARS  
AND COMMERCIAL VEHICLES  
AND BACKED BY A WORLD  
WIDE SERVICE ORGANISATION

GIRLING LTD · KINGS RD · TYSELEY · BIRMINGHAM 11.



Architects: Sir John Burnet, Tait & Partners.

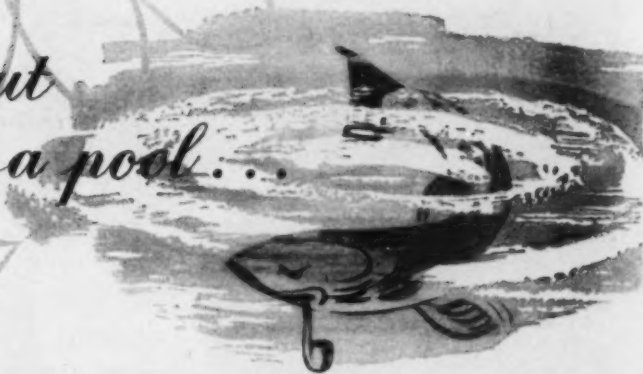
THE RUBEROID CO. LTD., 1-19, NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.1



*Fresh as the dew on a daisy...*



*cool as a trout  
in a pool...*



*and good to the last pipeful!*

**VACUUM PACKED**

**FOUR SQUARE**

In 1 oz, 2 oz and 4 oz tins

**YELLOW** A Straight Virginia type tobacco cut from the cake, in broken Flake form 4/1½d oz

**GREEN** Genuine Scottish Mixture of Empire-Grown Virginia and Oriental Tobaccos 4/1½d oz

**RED** Original Matured Virginia, cut from the cake, in broken Flake form. Also FINE CUT, ready-rubbed for the pipe 4/5½d oz

**BLUE** Original Mixture... a balanced blend of Virginia and Oriental leaf. Cool, long lasting, with a pleasant aroma 4/5½d oz

**BROWN** Ready-rubbed Navy Cut, finely shredded and toasted to a rich dark brown 4/1½d oz

**PURPLE** A blend of Empire-Grown Virginia tobaccos rolled and cut into discs 4/1½d oz



### Is it your beautiful morning?

Not if you went to bed last night with a neglected face! But if you cared for it with Yardley, it's a different story. Never be too tired to cleanse your pores deeply with Dry Skin Cleansing Cream. Then tone up with Astringent Skin Lotion. Two or three times a week smooth in Yardley Night Cream until your face glows. This will keep your skin soft and clear and discourage wrinkles. That's the way to light up your own good looks! And why not an expert treatment occasionally at the Yardley Salon.

## YARDLEY

33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON







THE PALACE OF CULTURE  
I. THE PANORAMA OF BRITISH PAINTING

## TIME AND THE THAMES

1

### INVOCATION TO THE RIVER

WHAT weight of water, O thou tidal Thames  
Rowed on of yore by kings in diadems,  
Has flowed adown thy banks and back again  
Swollen by intempestive squalls of rain  
Betwixt this year and 1851,  
I know not—but it must be many a ton;  
Only a careful scholar could compute  
The actual total—therefore I am mute.

2

### MEDITATION ON THE MUTABILITY OF FESTIVALS

Suffice it to remark that on this date  
The craze was started by our Sovran State  
Of taking money from the public till  
To rear huge palaces where mart and mill  
And all who toil with brain and work with  
skill—  
Aided by grace and heavenly intuition—  
Might send their things up to an Exhibition.

Thus on a morn of May a man might mark  
A Crystal Monster rising in Hyde Park,  
Or merchants of the land might make assembly  
In more suburban *villieux*, such as Wembley,  
Or ev'n, O Father Thames, beside thy flood,  
Mellowed by countless moons of moil and mud,  
Close neighbour to that shrine beloved of thee,  
The pillared porches of the L.C.C.,  
An Eldorado might be framed anew  
Conveniently placed for Waterloo.

3

### DISSERTATION ON THE USES OF PUBLICITY

Meanwhile Fair Fame with silver trumpet  
Her message to the world would blow  
Or take the big bass drum and thump it  
To advertise the raree show,  
And Paramount chiefs from far Bombomba  
And passionate types from Tizimin  
And elegant lads from Ziz and Zomba  
And Amatrice would hear the din;  
People would pour from Popocatapetl  
And charabanc loads from Blue Mud Bay  
To purchase an aluminium kettle  
And cook their food in the English way.

Hundreds of *hula-hula* chorists,  
Indian braves with the war-paint on,  
Girls from the Amazonian forests,  
Maidens of Bool and Bongabon,

And the Préfectures and the Presidencies  
Of the arctic ice and the southern sun  
And the maisonnettes and the residences  
Of Trinkitat and of Buzburun,  
And the banks of the mighty Orinoco  
And the ultimate mouth of Ohio,  
And the lands of wine and the lands of cocoa  
From Yer and Yi and from Yat and Yo,  
From many a palm-engirt oasis,  
Which only an atlas dares to name,  
With pink and yellow and coal-black faces  
The people came.

4

### FURTHER DISSERTATION ON THE MEDLEY OF MOBS

Pause (if thy current does not prove too strong)  
And gaze, O Thames, upon the various throng,  
With what loud shouts, with what enraptured eyes  
They contemplate Britannia's industries:  
Our cups, our boots, our bags, our hoes, our rakes,  
Our wool, our cotton and our Banbury cakes,  
While millions roam in labyrinths profound,  
Searching for egress from the Underground.  
Amico! Mynheer! Señor! Baas! Pop! Pater!  
Nawab! be careful on that escalator!  
Dove un bistro! Steady there, Sultana!  
Allons au Strand, et haben ein mañana!  
The voices of a myriad nations hum  
From Pah to Popo and from Jipe to Qum.

5

### APPRECIATION OF THE CONSTANT CHARACTER OF MR. PUNCH

Yet lo upon the farther bank,  
Observing this imperial prank,  
There stands a figure  
Inaugurating all alone  
An Exhibition of his own  
With unabated vigour,  
His finger to his nose applied  
His good dog Toby at his side  
He guards the Street of Bouverie;  
That ancient fellow Punchinello  
In motley coat of red and yellow  
While other fairs may come and go  
Continues his perennial show  
And carries on his spoofery.

6

### EPILOGUE TO THE RIVER

Proceed, O Father Thames, to roll along.  
I thank thee for attending to my song.

EVOR



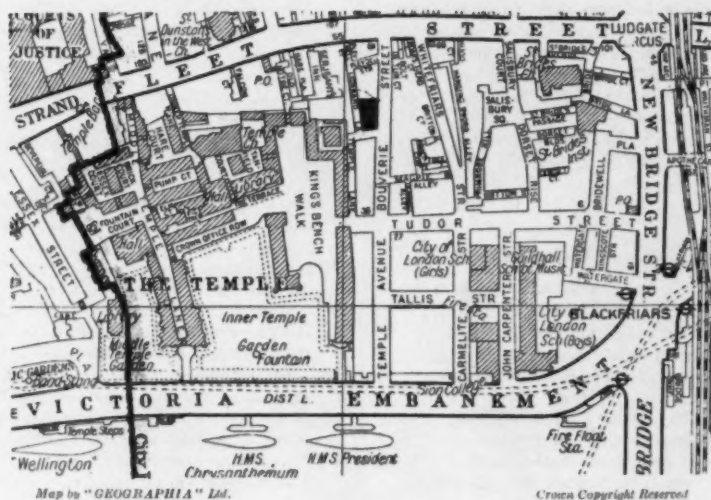
## HOW TO GET THERE



Northern Entrance to the Exhibition



Southern Entrance to the Exhibition



Map by "GEOGRAPHIA" Ltd.

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## BOUVERIE STREET AND ENVIRONS

For the convenience of visitors from overseas the above map includes full information about local amenities available to those attending the Exhibition.

## Key

Free parking places	.. .. .	shown in RED
Information bureaux	.. .. .	shown in BLUE
Open-air cafés	.. .. .	shown in YELLOW
Hotels, restaurants, etc., where foreign languages spoken	.. .. .	shown in GREEN
Clubs extending a warm welcome to overseas visitors	.. .. .	shown in PURPLE

## THE BOUVERIE STREET EXHIBITION, THE STORY OF A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT

**F**IVE hundred and fifty-eight thousand cubic feet—the mind reels before the immensity of some of the figures involved in the construction of an Exhibition of this kind. Reckoning in man-hours alone, assuming they were laid out end to end and then bent up to form a parallelepiped, one doubts whether even the Great Pyramid itself presents, shape for shape, a more staggering expression of the fecundity of the human mind.

Over one million Imperial quarts—but before we get down to brass rails the question must be frankly faced:

### WHAT IS THE AIM OF THE EXHIBITION?

Many months ago a well-known bishop, calling at No. 10 Bouverie Street to collect a bundle of unsuitable drawings, had the misfortune to fall down the lift-shaft on his way out and tear the cover of his bundle so that his rejection slip was showing. Unwilling to face public exposure of his failure, the worthy divine made his way back to the editorial offices and there, while waiting for a new wrapper, took paper and pen and made a rapid sketch of his accident, which he submitted over the somewhat rowdy caption "The Epitome of Melancholy; or Gone for a Burton." It was rejected.

This incident caused some comment in the office, and after the departure of the bishop a small, grizzled sub-editor piped up with the remark that their visitor, despite his indifferent draughtsmanship, had surely shown in a marked degree the virtues of courage, calmness, perseverance, good humour, adaptability, self-respect and determination to make the best of difficult circumstances; few, he added, were granted the opportunity to see at one place and time an exhibition of so many of the outstanding characteristics of the British people. "Then let us make such an exhibition available to the many!" snapped the Head of the Planning Staff—and at once an eager chorus of "Yes, do let's" arose from his subordinates. So from the tiny germ of a bishop's accidental plunge to the basement grew the huge structure now proudly presented to the public.

### FOREIGNERS ARE WELCOME

if accompanied by a responsible member of the public.

*The lift-shaft is open at all times.*

Britain has from time to time in the past invited the world to come and see her achievements in the sphere of art and industry, her woodwork, her sauce-pans, the skill with which she weaves the web and warps the wool, the cunning artistry of her flint-knappers. But never before, it is believed, has the very soul itself of the country been laid bare to the gaze of the curious. The task has not been easy. Our old besetting sin, modesty (Stall 29), has raised stumbling-blocks at every turn; and only the exercise of

sterling common sense, endurance and grit (over five hundred and fifty thousand cubic feet of it) has enabled us to carry on.

### SOME UNTOWARD INCIDENTS

It was not to be expected that a representative collection of national peculiarities, talents, institutions and pursuits could be assembled without a few minor hitches, especially in so confined an area as Bouverie Street. A vanload of racial quirks from Scotland, for instance, came into collision with a consignment of foibles forwarded from Wales, and the roadway was blocked for several hours as a result. There were the usual labour difficulties, including a lightning strike of thirty artists who complained that one of the displays (probably The Hothouse of British Humour) used up all the jokes they had been relying on to tide them over the next eighteen months. The organizers were also concerned over the progress of some unsightly works on the opposite bank of the river, which it was feared might spoil the view of Bouverie Street from Waterloo Station. Representations were made, and it was discovered that these buildings were to house not a steam laundry, as at first appeared probable, but some kind of annexe, on traditional lines, to our own Exhibition. This was taken as a compliment and the matter was dropped.

### A MESSAGE FROM THE LORD MAYOR

I happened to pass the top end of Bouverie Street this morning and was amazed at the crowd already assembled there. There was no doubt what they had come to see.

*The Mansion House, November 9, 1950*

It has not been possible, in the present handbook, to give more than an idea of the full scope of the Exhibition. Furthermore, the strike of artists already referred to made it impossible to provide detailed drawings of some of the most imposing of the many halls, arcades and palaces with which the Exhibition is replete. To fill in the more obvious gaps a number of well-known critics were asked to give, frankly and fearlessly, their impressions of selected Displays. The sneering tone almost unanimously adopted by these writers itself exemplifies one of Britain's most lovable traits. They can accordingly be seen, handcuffed together, in Bay No. 9 of the Temple of Self-criticism, just to the right of the "O to be in Moscow!" tableau.

### UMBRELLAS may be left anywhere in the Exhibition FREE OF CHARGE.

Come along, then, and be festive. Remember, when your feet begin to ache, that the eyes of the world are upon you, and **KEEP MOVING**. The people behind you may want to get out as well.

H. F. ELLIS

## THE COURT OF REGIONAL PRODUCTS

AS one of the guest-critics invited to appraise the Bouverie Street Exhibition, I am happy to be able to say that this section of it appears to me to be misconceived. Where Britain's achievements are considered as a whole it is possible for the stronger sections of the community to carry the weaker, but by splitting the country into districts and allotting space to each, serious weaknesses are revealed. Nor has it proved successful to allow the regions complete freedom in choosing the product by which they wish to be judged. A desire to demonstrate versatility and willingness to explore new paths has too often resulted in the sacrifice of established success to unseasonable novelty.

The Introduction to the Guide, written by a committee which proudly boasts that it has never tried English Composition before, expresses the aspirations of the Organizers:

*Come along out of that rut of yours  
is what we say to the Regions of our  
Natal Land. To go on doing the same  
old things anno domini after anno  
domini stultifies one's sap. How sad  
it is to see a fine, upstanding area  
sunk in the Slough of Habit, which  
is what happens not once nor twice but  
diurnally.*

### THIS WILL NEVER DO

One of the least attractive stands is that of "The Dukeries," whose Railway Engine is proudly displayed as the first ever to be produced in the area. It has, it is true, a certain primitive charm, but the excessive use of substitutes gives it a blotchy appearance, and the strawberry-leaf motif in the decoration is overdone. The figure-head seems likely to impair the driver's vision, its tiara and lorgnette are insecurely attached and would be liable to wobble at high speeds, though, as these seem unlikely to be attained, all may be well. The silvered fire-irons might hamper the fireman in maintaining a good head of steam.

Surely the County Palatine of Durham was ill-advised to neglect

its existing industries in favour of an attempt to make a reputation for Clotted Cream! Over-enthusiasm has produced a degree of clotting hitherto known only in the manufacture of cement. The aggressive manner of the stewards towards visitors trying the product does not make for harmonious relations between exhibitors and public.

### FIGURES PEDANTICAL

We found it difficult to follow the complicated display sponsored by Rutland. Graphs, diagrams, loud-speaker commentaries, quizzes and a large board on which coloured lights appeared when the number of spectators was divisible by seven gave a superficial air of scientific activity to the stand, but inquiries elicited no clear statement of the intention behind it all. Vague declarations like "We live in an age of progress, don't we?" or "There's nothing like being in the van" provided no firm foundation for judging success or failure. We were quite frankly revolted by the consciously winsome note of the banner at the entrance: "Rutland for statistics—patronize the little 'un."

In many ways the New Forest contribution was one of the more attractive. The good-humoured anxiety of the demonstrators to make up for their lack of experience by simple enthusiasm was quite warming. Though their nets might well prove expensive to fishermen, owing to the excessive size of the meshes, the adaptation of a maypole dance to the process of manufacture introduced a welcome touch of poetry into a drab afternoon.

More ambitious and much more to be condemned was the pretentious West Riding exhibit—a grandiose reproduction of the Brighton Pavilion. This was apparently thought necessary to house a salon illustrating the local genius for Social Life. By the time of our visit the salon had been in action for some hours, and several of the demonstrators were obviously flagging as

they lounged on the brocaded sofas and sipped China tea from elegant porcelain. The daily unscripted discussions on "The Character of a Wit" (Morning Session), "Taste versus Feeling" (Afternoon Session) and "The Hazards of Love" (After High-tea Session) may be good practice for the participants, but the audience would be grateful for some sacrifice of spontaneity to preparation. On the opening day the winning of the Points Competition for Epigrams by the Keighley team led to an undignified protest by the Huddersfield trainer, and it seems probable that before the Exhibition closes regrettable scenes may ensue.

### VERY TRAGICAL MIRTH

The squat lines of the Fenland "Tower of Mirth" and its dun-coloured walls do not predispose the visitor towards the Exhibition of Practical Jokes inside. These, though much more strongly constructed than such toys usually are, lack the kind of inspiration which can occasionally convert a basically adolescent form of humour into an art. The plate-lifters offer an elevation of ten inches, but there is no disguising their thick tubes and heavy foot-pump. The ink-stain is far too big, over a foot across, and has to be carried by a handle. The model spider in size and hairiness resembles a pekinese. The collapsible bed, a four-poster in which the heavy canopy crashes upon the sleeper, requires the assembling of over a hundred parts, and the buttonhole which sprays the admirer consists of a hydrangea bloom and discharges a quart of liquid in one jet.

The Border Country—apparently, though this is not clearly stated, the Welsh Border Country—offers The Designing of Lightships as its contribution. The term is construed strictly: it is design, not construction, upon which the region prides itself. This emphasis on the theoretical rather than the practical may explain a certain fancifulness in the treatment. There is excessive concentration on camouflage, but we doubt the demand for lightships

disguised as atolls or whales. The colour of the lamp seems to receive more attention than its strength. Dainty effects in concealed lighting are no substitute for the clear-cut beam upon which the navigator depends. Nor is it necessary for the craft to be capable of high speeds or to be fitted with smoke-screen apparatus, however ingenious.

#### WEARY, STALE, FLAT AND UNPROFITABLE

As befits its pre-eminent position, the County of London occupies the largest and most imposing stand. Two gorgeously arrayed trumpeters at the entrance blow their instruments incessantly into the microphones and there is a good deal of gilt about. Over the impressive portico are the words "Tranquillitas, Recreatio, Pax," an attempt to render in dignified Latin the keynote of the display, which is intended to persuade the unwary that the region is admirably adapted for rest-cures.

Within, a gramophone snores distractingly and an officious hypnotist circulates among the crowd, pestering them to allow him to smooth away their cares. The

economy-minded will not be lulled into quiescence by seeing a number of able-bodied men, no doubt well-remunerated at the ratepayer's expense, lying drowsily on grassy banks or reclining in deck-chairs. A medical friend tells us that in his opinion more than one of these tableaux is faked by the use of hashish.

Historical waxworks depict tranquil scenes from London's past. The choice of the Princes in the Tower smuggling comfortably in bed is unfortunate. Little objection can be taken to the other subjects, apart from their unrepresentative character. It is true that such famous civic heroes as Wat Tyler, Dick Whittington and Dr. Johnson spent a considerable amount of time in bed, but it was not during their hours of repose that they earned renown.

#### PIFFLE BEFORE THE WIND





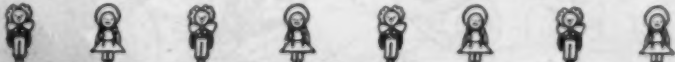
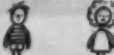
The Weald of Sussex, though not occupying a stand, keeps its name before the public by distributing handbills headed "Our Case: The Weald Revealed" and beginning "We have declared by Deed Poll that in no circumstances whatever shall we submit, or cause ourselves

to submit, to any humiliation, abasement, injury, depreciation, defamation or treatment verging on the same." It continues that it will boycott the Exhibition until its accredited representatives receive first-class travel allowances between Sussex and the North Bank and ends by describing the display it would have mounted had justice been done—"Within the leafy confines of a small grove and to the sound of sweetly purling brooks it had been intended to demonstrate the art of Open-cast Coal Mining: but this was not to be."

Space fortunately does not permit extended reference to the other exhibits which, while varying in standards of presentation, show a common perversity of aim, as exemplified by the wines from Caithness, pemmican from the Isle of Wight, ceramics from the Thames Estuary—oh, the drabness of baked mud—and what are oddly described as "Dainty fal-lals" from the Rhonda. The Manx exhibit, novels of Continental High-life, was not open at the time of our visit owing to the intervention of the police.

R. G. G. PRICE

#### STAND D4 : GAY PICTOGRAPHS DESIGNED BY THE PEAK DISTRICT

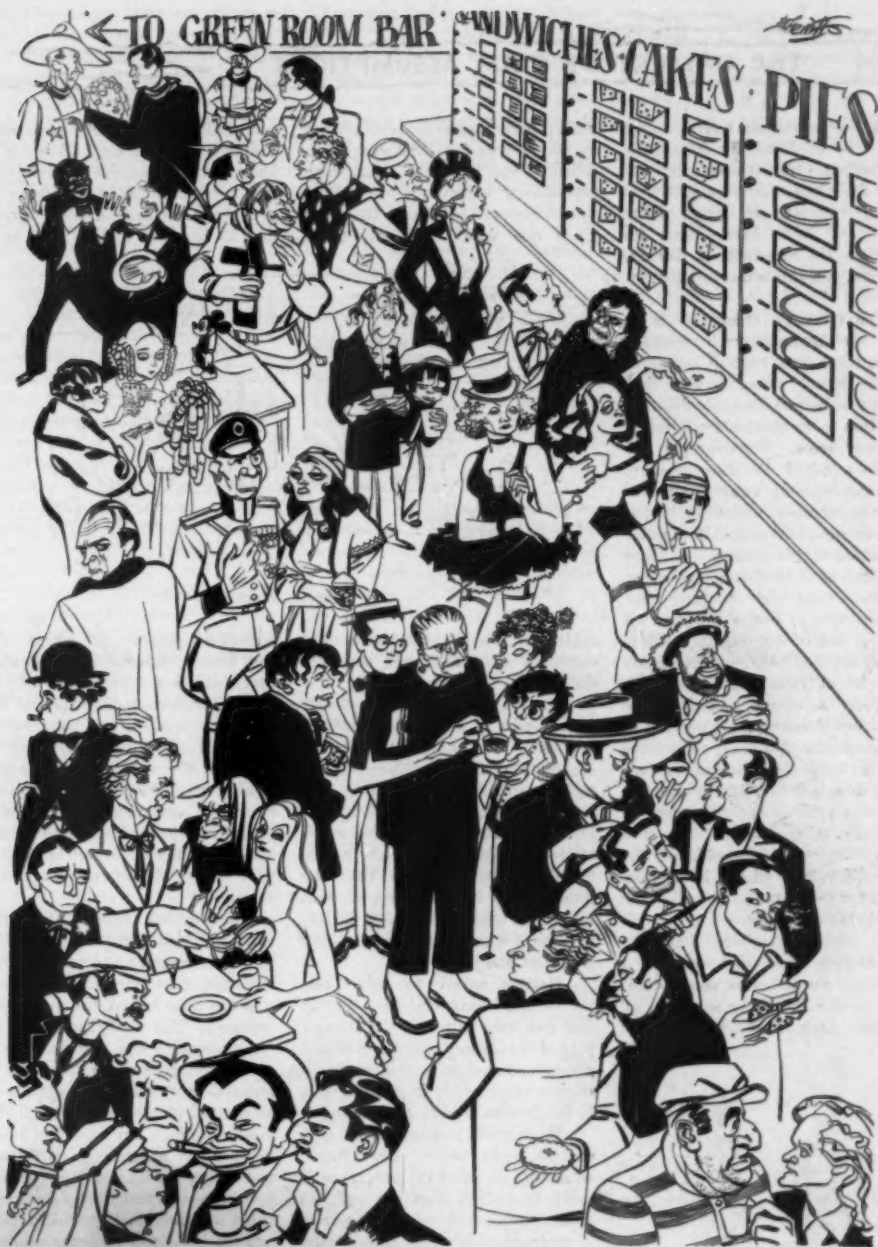
UPPER INCOME GROUPS WITH UNDER £500 PER ANNUM	
LOWER INCOME GROUPS WITH OVER £2,000 PER ANNUM	
HORSES COMING FIRST IN RACES	
HORSES NOT COMING FIRST IN RACES	
PRETTY INNOCENTS 1851	
PRETTY INNOCENTS 1951	





THE ACTORS' SYMPOSIUM  
(a) THE GREEN ROOM BAR





THE ACTORS' SYMPOSIUM  
(b) THE CELLULOID CAFETERIA

## THE GALLERY OF CALM ASSUMPTIONS

ANY man named Keenly might be pardoned for feeling his position. Nevertheless, in spite of the widespread argument that has raged around the design of the Gallery of Calm Assumptions, its architect Mr. Stradivarius Keenly, F.R.I.B.A. remains substantially unmoved.

The Gallery's chief aim is to show the Assumptions in working order; there is no explicit criticism, and Mr. Keenly takes the view that it can't be helped if merely drawing attention to an assumption is taken to imply some. For example, the much-admired Weather-sorting Machine, working away like steam near the entrance, undoubtedly displays to great advantage the popular conviction in this country that some ingenious device exists to produce at a given time the weather that nobody wants; but a proposal to make it one of a group of exhibits plainly labelled "Persecution Mania Department" was happily resisted.

Even so, some visitors have been known to object on coming to the conclusion that there must have been, so to speak, a smile on the face of the designer. Mr. Keenly declares that this unforeseen willingness to take offence lies at the root of a great many of his problems, the most difficult of which, he admits, was what has come to be called the Stop-press Entrance.

It will be remembered that when the Gallery was first opened it presented an orthodox single doorway (in the Fiduciary style) to all comers. Only after a succession of

unfortunate incidents precipitated by people who felt they were being ridiculed was it realized that some preliminary screening of visitors was necessary, to ensure that any given one should see only those

assumption that ribald comparison damns a work of art. Close by is Lady Sybil Aviation's lifetime collection of affidavits from persons all over the world, each of whom swears that he has seen five or more very



WEATHER SECTION

exhibits that he could feel reasonably confident were ridiculing someone else.

(In this connection I may refer to that part of the Humour section devoted to the Englishman's assumption that he, unlike people of other nationalities, is capable, and indeed fond, of laughing at himself. Foreign visitors of course much appreciate this exhibit, but it was found on the first day that the number of English people with umbrellas who might safely be left in front of it could be counted on the points of one joke.)

Hastily asked to solve this "screening" problem, Mr. Keenly had not only to recast the interior plan of the Gallery but also to design a new entrance of considerable intricacy comparable in some degree to the devices used to grade oranges.

He himself deprecatingly says that it looks like a mouth-organ retreating in echelon; but there is some indication that we are not meant to take this very seriously as a criticism. He has allowed the phrase to be inscribed among others on the exhibit in the Aesthetics section that is concerned with the

beautiful sunsets in which the sun looked exactly and in every particular like a fried egg.

The important point is that the elaborate system of alternative entrances successfully performs its function. The arriving visitor is confronted with successive choices of doorway: nationality, sex, income-group, degree of political enthusiasm, age-group (this one is well inside and very dimly lit), literary taste and so on.

Shepherded through the doorways that suit him best, the visitor proceeds along a route subtly different from that pursued by anyone who has been sorted into a different category. The whole thing is oddly reminiscent of the automatic telephone system; and, as with that, an unsatisfactory result can usually be attributed to the user's own faulty preliminaries. For example, every disturbance at the stand devoted to Sterling British Common Sense—notably the destruction of forty cuttings of unrivalled stupidity from newspaper correspondence-columns—has been traced to some visitor who through accident, misleading appearance, disingenuousness or



HUMOUR SECTION

plain stealth got in by way of one or more of the wrong doors.

A second basic difficulty for the organizers was the existence of many equally calm but diametrically opposed assumptions about the same thing. In such instances it was usually possible to arrange a two-sided exhibit, each visitor passing to one side or the other according to the category into which he had been sorted. One of these is the working model of the Yodel: to the spectator on one side he appears to be a smocked bumpkin, and by inserting one penny in a slot in the mangel-wurzel he holds under one arm the visitor may cause him to emit a stream of country wisdom in which almost every consonant is Z. The reverse side of this figure shows a flashily-dressed youth who for the same price (the slot here is in his jewelled tiepin) produces either a passage of B.B.C. English or one and a half choruses of "Twelfth Street Rag."

Typical of Mr. Keenly's minor problems was that of the restaurant attached to the Gallery, which had to satisfy certain unusual conditions. There was no room for another elaborate system of alternative entrances, but it was possible to arrange a smaller one which is luckily no less effective. By means of this, people who have just been gazing with approval at the Automatic Cruet on the Food Assumptions exhibit (a mechanism by which a plate of food, the instant it is set before a diner, is smothered with salt, pepper and sauce out of a bottle) are guided to tables in a

different part of the restaurant from foreign visitors, who expect their food to taste of something—and something other than salt, pepper or sauce out of a bottle—even when it has only just come from the cook. Again, it ensures that people delighted to find themselves served with very large helpings of nothing in particular do not leave the restaurant by a way which would take them past a display, calculated to imply a certain derision of the idea that quantity in food is the most important thing, which is ingeniously built round a five-gallon drum of the goo used to stick together the two halves of a utility meringue.

"Happily," says Mr. Keenly, "there were certain focal points." By this term he means the limited number of assumptions so universally (and, indeed, calmly) held that every visitor's route could be arranged to include them without danger of untoward incident. One of these is the single basic one of the Psychology section—that "I," or the person looking at it, is gifted with very great psychological insight; for everybody without exception holds or is a prey to this belief. But many are concerned in a somewhat different way with Egotism, and one—the subject's conviction that he is not really a member of "the public," and that the members of his party are not included among "the politicians"—is the foundation of the most popular thing in the Gallery, the It-Isn't-Me Machine.

This remarkable contraption (approached by way of a decorative archway inscribed "In the Century

of the Common Man and the Decade of the Ball-point Pen") has been described as a mechanical complacency-inducer. Fifty people can make use of it at once, but each, because of the way its mirrors, lights and lenses are adjusted, sees himself singled out as the most important person present. The other forty-nine appear to him to be "the public," and innumerable subtle influences are arranged to encourage him in a lordly and critical attitude towards them. Meanwhile, of course, every one of the other forty-nine is experiencing exactly the same sensations. The process lasts about fifteen minutes, and every hour two hundred people emerge from it radiating self-approval.

It has been contended that the machine is unnecessary, because every person's mind performs its functions all the time already. But as its talented inventor says, "I'll believe that when somebody refuses to pay the sixpence to go in it."

And over all, of course, there broods (or hovers) the magnificent display of illuminated clichés, the one feature of the Gallery that no one has so far seen fit to criticize. Few people realize how much of the credit for this is due to the accomplishment of the engineer in charge, Mr. Grastipholus Toboggan. He has triumphantly overcome the difficulties of illumination presented by some of the dullest and most time-worn clichés in the popular vocabulary. How happy was his notion of flanking the spectacular centrepiece with two brightly lit fountains of ditchwater!

RICHARD MALLETT

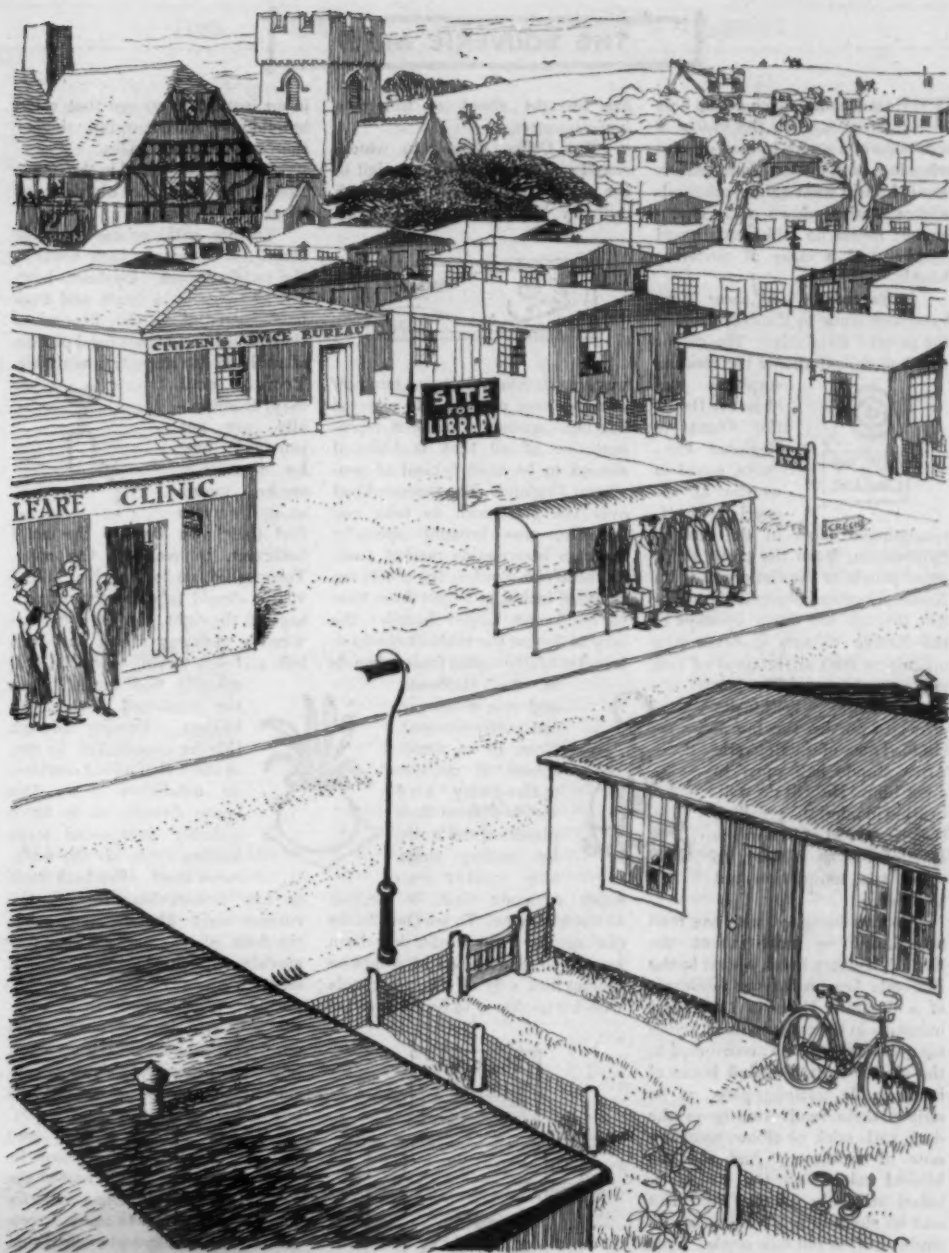


"LESSER BREEDS" SECTION



THE NATIVE VILLAGE—1851





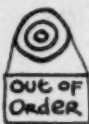
THE NATIVE VILLAGE—1951



## THE BOUVERIE ARMS

THE time comes, even at the best Exhibitions, when the visitor is conscious of a desire to haul off and relax in a bath of asses' milk. Afterwards he will want thinly-cut sandwiches washed down with champagne; music he will need, heard faintly, and a cigar of moderate length.

Arrangements on these lines have been made by the organizers of the present Exhibition. The visitor who has dallied among the residual

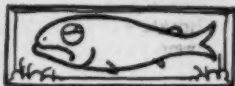


surpluses and shortfalls of the Court of Regional Products, gazed in wonder at the myriad half-remembered faces in the Actors' Symposium, faced the truth about other people in the Gallery of Calm Assumptions and dragged his aching feet through the dusty by-ways of the Native Villages deserves (the organizers felt) an interval of rest and refreshment. He has come half-way. Within its off-white portico the brass-studded door of the Bouverie Arms stands half open to greet him. He will do well, bearing in mind the gruelling that lies ahead of him in the Hall of British Liberty, to resist the temptation not to enter.

To the foreigner, who has read and heard so much about the English country hotel, a visit to the Bouverie Arms is like the fulfilment of a dream. Even in those first moments in the entrance hall, before his eyes have become accustomed to the restful light, the dull boom of innumerable warming-pans, as he strikes them inadvertently in the dark with stick or elbow, sounds a note of welcome. And oh! the blissful release as the weight is taken suddenly off his tired feet and he sinks to rest on the smooth timbers of an old oak settle. Only a curmudgeon would fail, at this juncture, to make much of the cunningly-placed sheepdog which

has brought about so timely a *bouleversement*.

The Coffee Room, to which, rested and refreshed by his vigil in the hall, the visitor will, with ordinary luck, eventually find his



way, represents in its way a triumph of mind over matter. No expense has been spared to make it representative of all that is believed abroad to be most typical of provincial England. The moose's head over the sideboard, to take one instance, was brought specially from an inaccessible market town on the Welsh Border; the cruet is eighteen inches in height from base to handsome looped handle; the very stains on the table-cloths have been faithfully copied from originals

in the Midlands, and are, moreover, constantly renewed. Here, in an atmosphere of genuine mahogany and watched, from their places on the walls, by smiling stags, the visitor can



enjoy a menu that is English to the backbone. To see Old Charlie (for so the head waiter has been known to generations of would-be diners) flick a fly off the gorgonzola with his napkin is to be transported



in an instant to an age that rated individual craftsmanship higher than soulless insecticides.

Coffee is not served in the Coffee Room, but may be obtained at leisure in the lounge.

Visitors with aching feet are asked not to remove their boots in the public rooms. Upstairs, however, in No. 11, a basin and ewer have been put at the disposal of those desirous, in the official phrase, of utilizing the amenities available.

Towels and soap, traditionally, are not provided; but, by a master-stroke, guests at at liberty to find their own way to the hotel bathroom to recharge the ewer.

Turning left on leaving No. 11 the visitor should take the second passage on the right, climb the curious winding stairway ahead and turn left and left again, when he will speedily find himself in a low cupboard devoted to brooms. Passing through this he cannot fail to see, at the end of a long corridor, an unlabelled door; this opens directly on to three quaintly unexpected steps leading down to the bathroom itself. The bath itself

is not remarkable, though the curious may like to note that the bath plug is perhaps the only movable fitment in the hotel not secured by a chain. More important is the fact that when the taps are turned water flows out. This may surprise the visitor, but the organizers rightly considered that asses' milk would be out of keeping.

Rested, refreshed, fed and watered, the visitor will by now be ready to face the second half of the Exhibition. The time has come for him to say farewell to the Bouverie Arms—and he may rest assured that the entire staff will be on hand to see that he says it properly.

H. F. ELLIS



## THE HALL OF BRITISH LIBERTY

It may be that others besides the present writer will set out to view this building in the expectation (irrational, perhaps) of finding a structure of very modest proportions, something on the lines of a Wendy-House. If so, they will be agreeably surprised when, turning the corner of the Museum of Competitive Commerce, they stand face to face with the Hall's gigantic bulk. Its size, its monolithic style, its disdain of ordinary architectural canons all combine to produce in the beholder an almost overpowering sensation of what can only be termed awe.

Admittedly a nearer approach reveals certain allowable artifices and to some extent detracts from the first impression of massive solidity. The imposing stone façade,

necessary permits for timber, steel, skilled labour, capital expenditure and non-utility furnishings. In addition there was grave doubt up to the last minute whether the architect's design would be approved by the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, the London County Council and the National Union of Bricklayers. But all these obstacles were eventually overcome by the builders, the final result of whose efforts does them, on the whole, credit. This enterprising firm, by the way, has its own stand inside the building, consisting of a series of waxwork tableaux designed to represent a householder obtaining permission to erect a rabbit-hutch in his back garden.

### DON'T BE DISCOURAGED

On entering the Hall the visitor may perhaps be somewhat disconcerted by the array of notice-boards advising him that dogs (whether on leash or not), cameras, children in arms and refreshments of any description whatsoever may not be taken into the building, and that singing, dancing, loitering, hawking, begging and the passing of betting-slips are forbidden. A moment's reflection, however, will show him that these sensible regulations are devised for his own protection. The same may be said of the schedule, printed in eighteen languages, which he must fill in before passing the turnstiles; this gives the applicant's name, age, nationality, number of

identity card, number of driving-licence, number of children, date last vaccinated, whether subject to fits, and particulars of any Court order under which he may be paying a separation allowance to his wife. The last-named section need not be



adorned with the legend "BRITONS NEVER NEVER NEVER SHALL BE SLAVES" in letters eight feet high, proves on closer inspection to be made of American cloth stretched over a wooden framework; and the two colossal figures (of Britannia and a mutualized industrial insurance agent—Britannia is the one with the trident) flanking the main doorway have, from motives of laudable economy, been cast in plaster of Paris, which is already disintegrating under the influence of the elements and the prodding of countless umbrellas. It must be borne in mind, however, that the mere completion of the Hall in time for this Exhibition reflects considerable credit on all concerned; for very serious difficulty was experienced in obtaining the

completed by female applicants. Once this formality is over the visitor has only to deposit his hat and coat in the compulsory free cloakroom, tip the attendant, and he is at liberty to proceed.

Some pains have very properly been taken by the organizers to avoid any semblance of regimentation of the visitors and to make them feel that they are at liberty, subject to certain reasonable limitations, to survey the exhibits inside the Hall in the manner best suited to their personal tastes. The various stands are arranged on the circumference of what the architect intended to be a circle; and the sight-seer, provided he moves in a clockwise direction and inspects each

### HALL OF BRITISH LIBERTY NOT TRANSFERABLE

This ticket is valid only between sunrise and sunset on the day of issue. IT MUST BE PRODUCED ON DEMAND by any uniformed official WHATSOEVER. Penalty for non-compliance, 40/-.

NO RESPONSIBILITY IS ACCEPTED BY THE MANAGEMENT for the injury or death of the ticket-holder, whether due to his own inexperience or not.

*Issued subject to all Bye-laws and Regulations that have been or may be made by the Management.*

### WIPE YOUR FEET



exhibit in strict rotation, is not bound to spend any particular time at each stand. Nor is it absolutely obligatory for him to purchase a catalogue or to join the conducted parties of twelve which are made up by uniformed officials as the guests come through the turnstiles—though he must naturally expect to be elbowed about a good deal and pushed into the background at the more interesting stands if he does not. One striking concession, illustrative of the imaginative spirit in which the whole Exhibition has been conceived, is that visitors who can prove they are not normally domiciled within the sterling area are permitted to smoke.

#### FROM RUNNYMEDE TO REVELRY

Well-deserved praise has been earned by the extraordinary care taken by the organizers to ensure that everybody shall have an equal chance of seeing the original Magna Carta document (on view to the public on alternate Wednesdays, between 2 and 3 P.M.). In particular, favourable comment has been accorded to the ingenious system of floodlighting which illuminates this exhibit during off-peak periods.

An even larger crowd is attracted to the stand which demonstrates the broad-minded reasonableness of our licensing laws. This takes the form of a one-act play (author unknown, but rumour has it that Mr. Gillie Potter wrote the original script, which was then thrown into blank verse by Christopher Fry), depicting a bona fide traveller getting drunk in the buffet at Crewe Station at four o'clock in the afternoon. The parts of the traveller and the buffet

manageress are ably sustained by leading members of the Old Vic Company or their stand-ins. Mr. Novello's songs are tuneful and, on the whole, apt; the ballet of railway porters does credit to Sadler's Wells; and the representation of the other revellers in the buffet by a number of stuffed dummies effects a considerable saving in salaries while detracting little, if at all, from the appearance of reality.

#### CAN THE PRESS BE MUZZLED?

The stand devoted to the Freedom of the Press provides solid intellectual nourishment rather than uproarious entertainment. One part of it consists simply of a display of every daily newspaper published in Great Britain; owing to the necessity for conserving supplies of newsprint, however, it was not possible to provide up-to-date copies, and many of the exhibits in this section bear unmistakable signs of having been recovered from the Exhibition's picnic grounds. A collection of files containing reports of successful libel actions brought against newspaper editors, together with a number of photographs of rather uneven artistic merit showing reporters being excluded from the meetings of various town councils, makes up the remainder of the display. Both the reports and the photographs suffer from a lack of variety. This defect cannot be alleged of the "British Justice" stand, whose exhibits range from a model policeman, who when his helmet is pushed over his eyes cautions the visitor that he is not obliged to make any statement and that anything he says will be taken down and may be used in evidence against him, to a full-length talking film demonstrating how a motorist may, in theory, escape a conviction after having been summoned for leaving his car unattended for eighteen minutes in a deserted cul-de-sac and thus causing an obstruction. The scene in the House of Lords when the Lord Chancellor delivers judgment in favour of the defendant elicits loud applause from motorists, while the final shot, a close-up of the defence's

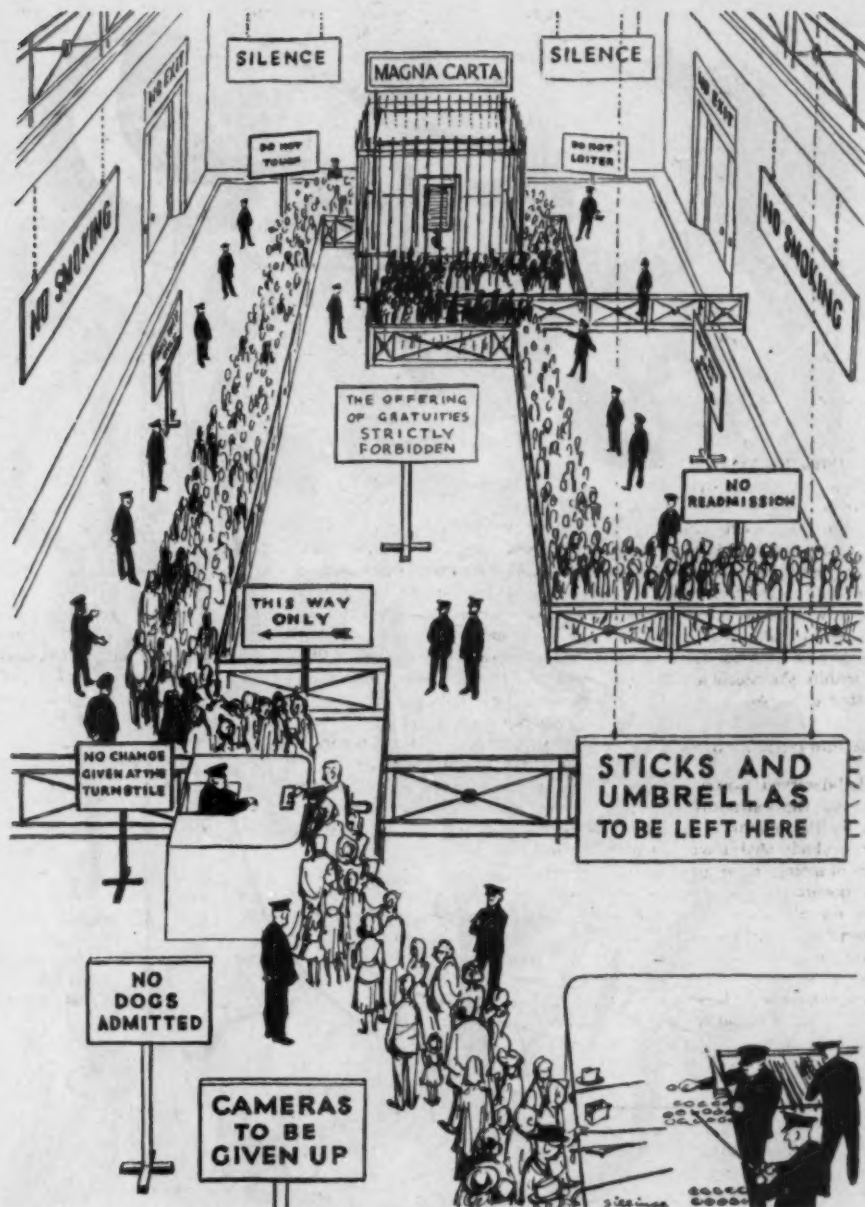
bill of costs, provokes unstinted laughter from barristers in the audience.

#### A BETTING QUIZ

It would be unfair to close this necessarily cursory survey without mentioning the Gaming and Wagering stand, one of the most intriguing in the exhibition. In appearance it is modest, resembling a booth at a travelling fair, on the stage of which are shown in rapid succession a series of short representations in dumb-show of the various aspects of the subject. The audience are first provided with printed forms, for which they pay threepence, and on which they are invited to set down which of the forms of gambling presented are against the law. The acts include a top-hatted financier making a quick profit in Consolidated Treacle, a flashily dressed individual backing greyhounds over the telephone, four retired gas inspectors playing bridge for twopence a hundred in a villa in West Bromwich, a football pools promoter shovelling his weekly profit into his coal cellar, and two citizens of no particular distinction playing darts to settle who pays for the beer. The coupons are then collected, and there is a prize of twenty cigarettes for an all-correct answer. On the opening day one visitor achieved this result, but on going up to collect his winnings he was advised that the proprietor of the stand pleaded the Gaming Act and refused to pay—bringing home to at least one member of the public the ineradicable distinction, in these happy islands, between liberty and licence.

G. D. R. DAVIES

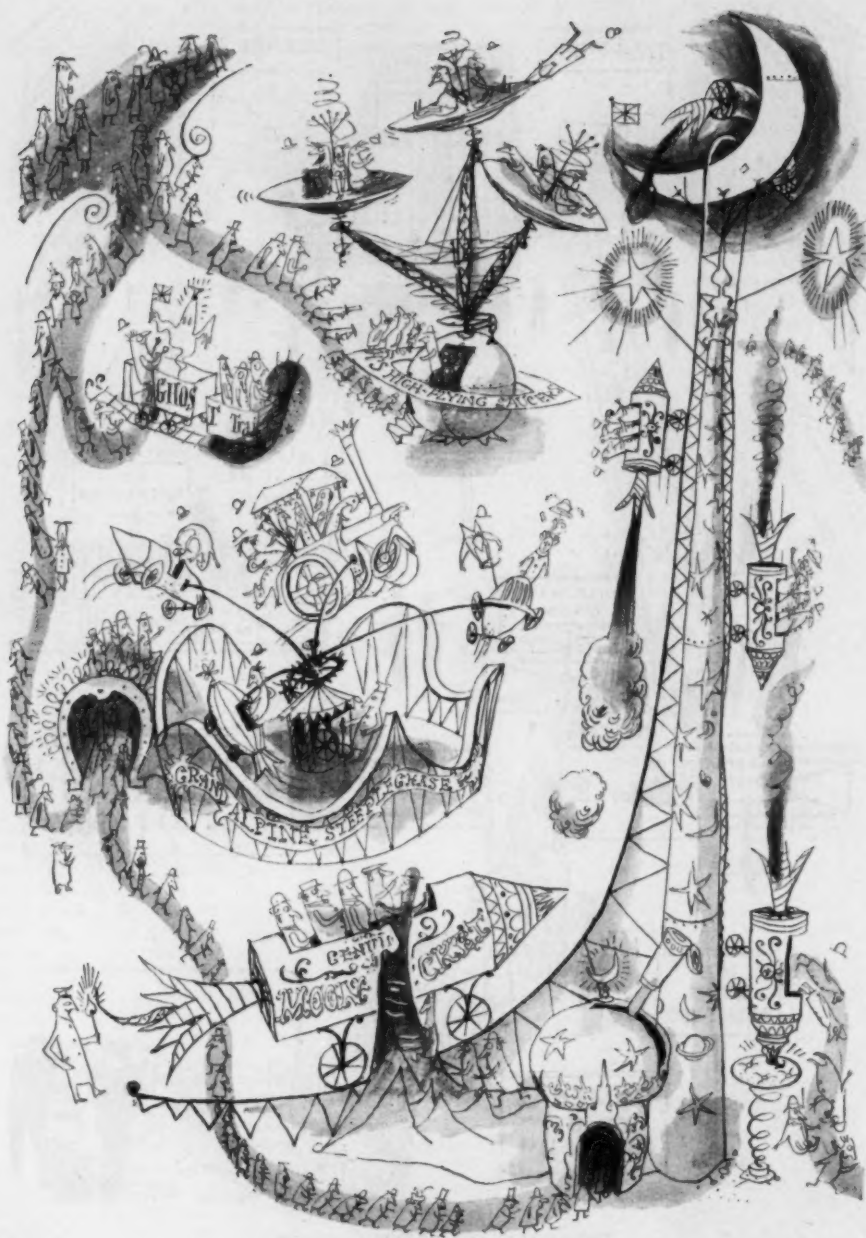




THE HALL OF BRITISH LIBERTY

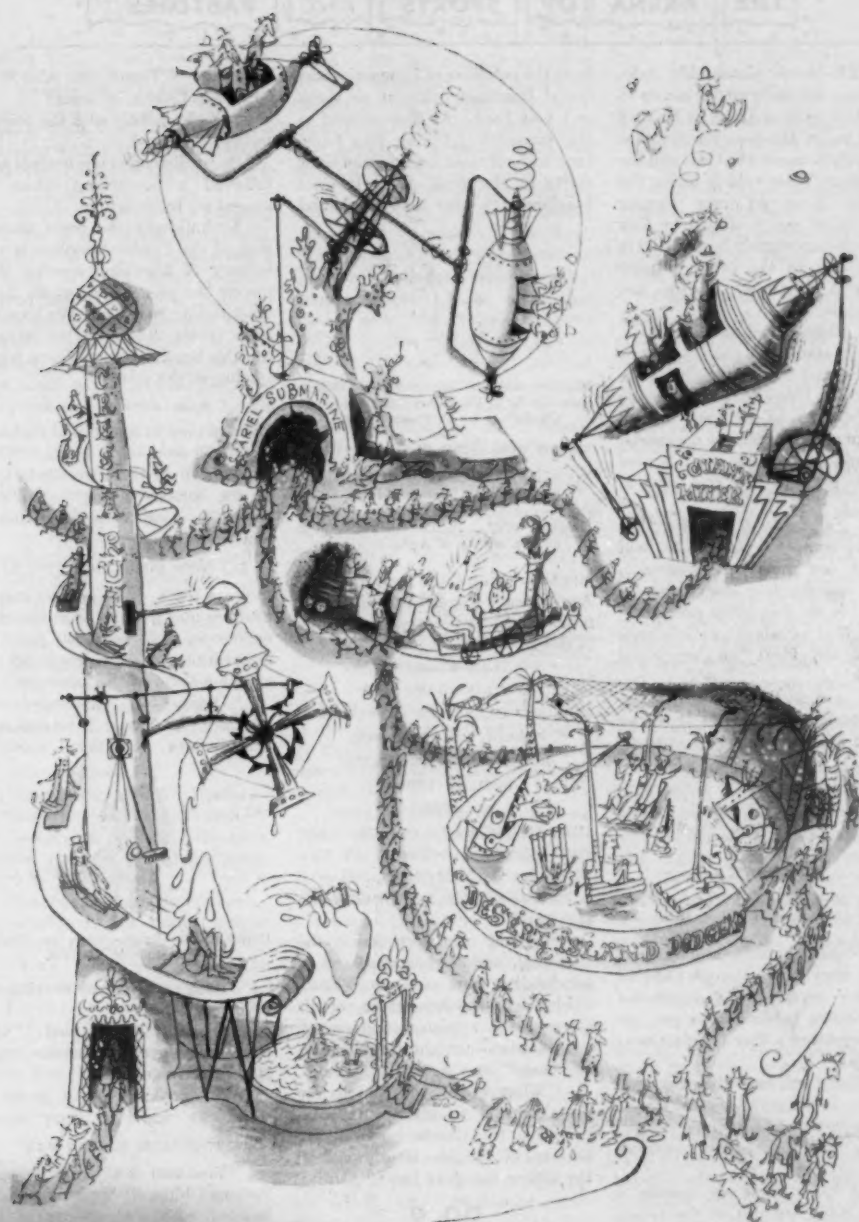
MAGNA CARTA DAY





THE FUN FAIR . . .





... IN BOUVERIE PARK

## THE ARENA OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES

AFTER much pleasurable indecision we made up our minds to travel to the Great Arena by Route 4—that is, on the heavy roller that plies daily between the Oval and the Exhibition. This vehicle leaves the Vauxhall Road end every morning at ten-thirty sharp, drawn by four fine greys handsomely beribboned in the colours of the reigning joint County Champions, Surrey and Lancashire.

To while away the journey—naturally somewhat noisy and slow—we re-read the impressive foreword to the *Handbook of the Arena*:

"Take an island (only on an island or an exceptionally peninsular peninsula do people feel secure enough to cultivate the arts of peace)

... of moderate size (so that national competitions can be held without too much inconvenience, travel, expense and absenteeism)

... in the Temperate Zone (in a region, that is, where climatic conditions are ideal for strenuous exercise)

... and in the track of a warm ocean current (to ensure that the winters are mild enough to permit

from the pavilions of Economics and Social Insurance without so much as a look back. As they hurried to the turnstiles (clicking like bails) they tore off their ties, opened their shirts at the neck, fixed knotted handkerchiefs over their heads and



Exhibit 3805. Oar, probably dating from the Long Parliament, discovered at Cambridge by Professor Crabbe

also  
Exhibit 4173. Primitive billiards cue (Circa 560)

Exhibit 5020. Cricket bat—as used on Broad Halfpenny Down

and  
Exhibit 6213. Tennis racket found among effects of Anne Boleyn

laughed readily at the Typographical Association's excellent collection of notices displayed on the cream walls of the Arena:

NO PLAY GUARANTEED

CAUTION: 6 FT. DEEP

MONEY CANNOT BE REFUNDED

PLEASE USE THE REST

BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS

REPLACE DIVOTS

NO BETTING

THE INGOING BATSMAN MUST MEET

THE OUTGOING BATSMAN AT THE

GATE

FISHING STRICTLY PROHIBITED  
and so on.

Suddenly we were inside the vast hall, under what appeared to be cloudless blue tarpaulin. From hidden loud-speakers came rounds of recorded applause and—every few minutes—a mighty muffled roar of "Goal!" or a scream of "Feet!"

"What would you like to see first," I said to my young companion—"the Grotto of Golf, the Canvas of British Heavyweights, the Elbow Room of Indoor Games,

the Court of Tennis, the Alcove of Armchair Critics, or what?"

"Oh, let's start with the cricket pavy," she said.

So we distended our nostrils and followed a bewitching odour of linseed oil to its source.

Undoubtedly the main attraction of the Cricket Pavilion is the battery of television screens that mirror the proceedings at six first-class county matches. We found a large crowd, seated on the uncomfortable benches before the receivers, staring at the words

RAIN STOPPED PLAY

and listening to the cries of cushion-men and score-card sellers. After about an hour the lettering on one of the screens slowly faded and there was a lot of clapping when a new message

FURTHER INSPECTION AT 4.30

took its place. Leaving our mackintoshes and packets of sandwiches on our seats to establish proof of reservation we wandered off to examine some of the tableaux.

"Disgraceful!" somebody hissed into my left ear. I turned and looked into the fiery eyes of



Exhibit 32. Jersey worn by Oxford three-quarter in 1926

an elderly gentleman wearing an I Zingari tie.

"Dammitall," he said, "why can't they get the details right! Bad impression."

We were studying a group of waxworks under a neon sign—

THOUSAND RUNS IN MAY

"Bradman got 'em," he said, fanning himself with a boater banded with the colours of the Free Foresters, "between April 30 and May 27; April, mark you. A downright scandal. Sir Pelham

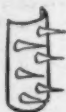


Exhibit 0091. Shinguard of type used by Dynamo footballers, 1946

a wide variety of outdoor activities),  
... stock it with a people endowed with rare enterprise and exceptional co-ordination between hand and eye (not forgetting a flair for statistical analysis)—

... and you have BRITAIN.

Yes, in the world of sport we are a most-favoured nation, a 'have' country rich in natural resources ..."

The roller drew up outside a papier mâché replica of the Grace Gate at Lord's and we climbed down. Thousands of visitors were converging upon the Arena, escaping



Exhibit 5062. Diagram showing how Inman snookered Reece in 1928



Exhibit 3371. "Pep" tablets given to Wolverhampton Wanderers in the third round of the F.A. Cup, 1935

shall hear of this." And he wiped his brow with a handkerchief edged with the colours of the Quidnuncs.

\* \* \* \* \*

An hour later we had collected a dozen or so famous autographs, touched "W. G.'s" cap, watched a Channel swimmer being greased, played two mashie shots (a shilling each) under the eagle and birdie eye of a well-known pro, and sat through two documentary films on foot-faults and cauliflower ears. We were about to join the queue for the Table Tennis Annexe when the loud-speakers announced that the day's auction in the Mart of Soccer was about to begin and would we all step this way, please.

Lot 1, a clever little inside-left from Bootle, was already under the hammer when we arrived, and bidding was brisk—

"Two thousand pounds."

"Three."

"Guineas."

"Four thousand."

"Three thousand and a scheming but slightly short-winded centre-half."

"Five thousand."

"Any advance on five thousand for this prince of dribblers, twenty-five years old, a good club-man, teetotal and never had his name taken by a referee?"

The Bogota contingent of speculators suddenly lost interest and lit up expensive cigars.

"Very well, going for five thousand pounds . . . going . . ."

Lot 2 consisted of a right full-back from a Scottish junior club. He was knocked down to Preston North End for £800 and a second-



Exhibit 7027. Golf club, thirteenth century

hand trailer caravan. Lot 3, a brawny centre-forward wearing the "international" cap of Wales, fetched £25,000. Slightly nauseated by this indication that something barely distinguishable from commercialism is beginning to seep into the grand old game, we left the auction to survey the stands.

One of the most impressive displays, I thought, was exhibit 30859, the "First Shinguard Ever Worn (1874)," which lay in a good state of preservation under a vivid, metallic-blue spotlight. Other interesting items were the "First Crossbar (1875)," the "Earliest Known Referee's Whistle (1878)" and an ingenious working model of the League Tables constructed by the Bauhaus students of Professor Pfeffer. At the touch of a button the tables sort themselves out to show the teams promoted and relegated in any particular year. An attendant told me that the machine has proved so popular that a



Exhibit 85. Ball (greatly reduced) that passed through W. G. Grace's beard in June, 1891

Stepney manufacturer plans to put it on the market next year. It will be finished in mottled bottle-green enamel and will retail at about five pounds.

From the Mart of Soccer we made our way to the Alcove of Arm-chair Critics, where more than two thousand deck-chairs are available. The idea behind the Alcove is to encourage people to talk intelligently about sport. Twenty discussion-group leaders in distinctive yellow blazers mill round among the deck-chairs throwing out provocative remarks and goading the visitors to congregate into small debating societies. Alcove marshals equipped with walkie-talkie apparatus keep the leaders in contact with a research and reference laboratory, so that disputes about matters of fact can be quickly settled. During our short stay arguments were successfully developed on the following topics:

Who was the first man to break C. B. Fry's long-jump record?



Exhibit 0321. Football shorts worn by Alex James (Courtesy, Alex James)

What is the best defence against Tatsui's queen's pawn gambit?

What is the longest distance run by a fielder in taking a catch at Trent Bridge?

What are the laws of Rugby League football?

Can Gordon Richards' hands be compared with Steve Donoghue's?

Who was the finest exponent of the pendulum cannon?

What are the events in the Decathlon?

All most enjoyable. Most.

Tired but happy we caught the last heavy roller back to the Oval. "Here, in this magnificent stadium," we read in the handbook, "the story of Britain's struggle to carry the boon of sport to the far corners of the earth is at last afforded a measure of the publicity it so richly deserves. For hundreds of years these islands stood alone, sole guardian of the democratic way of sport, champion of character-forming team-games, implacable enemy of all those loathsome ideologies that glorify the head-hunt and the sabre-wound. In all modesty we can say that Britain kept the game alive. The Arena reflects the greatest possible credit on all concerned . . ."

Yes, we agree. There is, to our mind, only one false note. The attempt to cater for dollar tourists



Exhibit 0600. Quartz pebbles with which Frank Chester umpired matches against Australians in 1948

by including a section devoted to baseball is utterly stupid. Only a handful of aesthetes will see much in Henry Moore's tableau, and its title, "The Baseball Gridiron," has already provoked a deal of derisive laughter among Americans.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

## PAVILION OF THE BRITISH CHARACTER

OR MAKE AN EXHIBITION OF YOURSELF

HERE is an Exhibition both Historic and Romantic;  
O amiable Tourist, would you read our Island  
Story?

This open-air Pavilion sticking out of the Atlantic  
Displays the British Character in all its native glory.



This singular phenomenon, I fear, is an Abstraction.  
A quintessential summary of fifty million Persons,  
The lowest common multiple or highest common  
fraction  
Of all the Smiths and Robinsons, Llewellyns and  
Macphersons.

The circumjacent ocean is sufficient explanation  
Of many of the features of their insular society:  
Their reverence for seamanship, aquatics and natation.  
Their execrable climate and political sobriety.



They take their pleasures solemnly, their work exceeding  
lightly.  
Considering the former more important than the  
latter;  
Their public buildings are, to say the least of it, un-  
sightly,  
But since they never look at them it does not really  
matter.

Their pubs are justly famous for their gay conviviality,  
Their beer for its ubiquity, its strength and its  
tepidity;  
Their diet, once excessive, is renowned for its frugality,  
Their cabbage for its wonderful and reeking  
insipidity.



Their philosophic outlook is notoriously stoic;  
They have a gift for Compromise, allied to Muddled  
Thinking;  
Though slightly xenophobic, they are highly philo-  
zoic;  
Their incomes and their appetites are gradually  
shrinking.

Such is the British Character, a queer conglomeration.  
O amiable Visitor, of Puritan and Bandit;  
Regarded, I may say, with universal admiration,  
Except, of course, by foreigners who fail to under-  
stand it.

R. P. LISTER

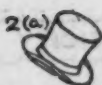


S. C. C. C.

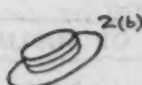




1. Mr. Ernest Harty, who has attended every Old Chelburian Dinner since he left school in 1886.



2(a). Sunday hat worn on weekdays at Echeater College.



2(b). Summer hat worn in winter at Harton School.



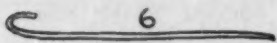
3. Hundred-foot length of wire, stretched between the spire of Westborough School chapel and the clock tower over Senior Classical, along which all new boys have to walk, singing the first five verses of the school song "Sanctus et Sapienter."



4. Mr. Abel Hoavside, M.A., the inventor of carpentry as an extra.

5

5. Bottom button of waistcoat of pupil at Tonborne School.



6. Penalty for doing up 5.



9. The east end of the Rugton College scullery, between the lower boys' larder and the rubbish heap, where the game of Rugton Fives was first played—now the model for all Rugton Fives Courts.

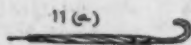


7(a). Expression assumed by pupils at Sedrow School whenever Windle School is mentioned.

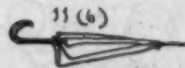
7(b). Expression assumed by pupils at Sedrow and Windle Schools whenever any other school is mentioned.



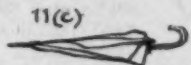
10. Piece of turf from the grass patch in the centre of the Upper School quadrangle at Winterham College, on which only members of the First XV are allowed to walk.



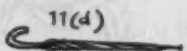
11(a). Umbrella (rolled) as carried by prefects at Sherbridge School.



11(b). Umbrella (unrolled) as carried by all except prefects at Sherbridge School.



11(c). Umbrella (unrolled) as carried by prefects at Mariby College.



11(d). Umbrella (rolled) as carried by all except prefects at Mariby College.

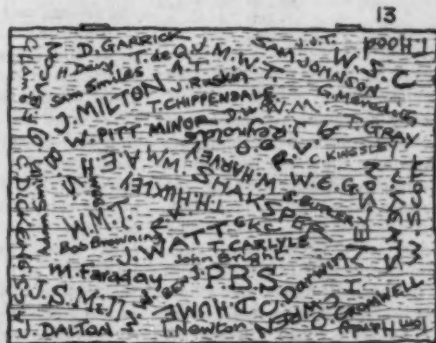


12(a). Prize for Hop, Step and Jump (under 16), Clifchester College.

12(b)



12(b). Special prize for the most brilliant Scholar of the year (Upper VI), Clifchester College.



13. Lid of desk used by bottom boys at Westminster School since 1500.

# THE ROTUNDA OF ACADEMIC ACHIEVEMENT

SOME OF THE EXHIBITS



## THE ARCADE OF SUBLIME DOMESTICITY

MY husband is unavoidably prevented from writing this article and I'm not pretending to be sorry, I leave hypocrisy to men. It would have been an absolutely biased report, or at any rate a sarcastically approving report of an absolutely biased thing (I mean the Arcade) which would have taken him three days to write, smoking like a kipper and wanting meals on a tray, two well-known by-products of the literary temperament, whereas my idea is to get it scribbled down and in the post before supper.

He said it would be a day out for me, what a day out! A visitor to the Arcade from another planet (oh yes, I know all these journalistic

a Contented Wives League, they probably couldn't get enough members to form a quorum) where they have a procession of "Mrs. Britons" in the dock on charges of Not Keeping to the Point, Never Having a Thing to Wear, Leaving Overboots on Dark Landings and so forth, well nobody can say I haven't a sense of humour but I can't see any rhyme or reason in that.

I must say he had the grace or the sense (you never know which it is with men) to hurry me past a Stand showing an electronic ducking-stool (everything's electronic now, I suppose ordinary electricity's a thing of the past), but he began scribbling notes in front of a tableau showing Victorian females sitting tatting, all leather fruit and bead reticules, while papa frowned in front of the fire wondering whether to give them permission to say boo. And he crammed his pockets with pamphlets in the Domestic Pharmacy Room, one about a lotion called "Chloropillo" ("Why let her tire herself out talking when Sleep is a farthing a drop?") and another about "Q.B.T." which means Quiet Breakfast Tablets of all the insolence, supposed to stop wives telling their dreams, but why shouldn't we? My dreams are often most interesting and unusual and I like telling them, even into the back page of a newspaper and a cloud of marmaladey grunts. And isn't it time the joke about wives talking was allowed to crawl away and die? A fat chance they have of getting a word in edgewise, what with all the second-hand conversation of the men on the eight-twenty-three, and what happened in the office when X went over Y's head about the sand-and-gravel estimates, and I've-got-a-pain-at-the-back-of-my-leg-do-you-suppose-it's-phlebitis?

But of course no husband would ever see that, any more than when we got to the Labour-saving Section mine could recall the time he wouldn't have my new girdle in the house simply because its trade name

was "Huggew"—and yet he goes making endless notes about a contraction advertised as the "Kat-kawl" (I forget the exhibit number because the pages of the catalogue I didn't screw to exasperated bits are in my handbag and I can't find it). This is shaped like a tea-strainer and hangs outside the back door and sends out cries of *Tibby-Tibby-Tibby-Tibby-Tibby* into the garden when you press a button inside the house, and the de luxe model smells of fish, so who can be blamed for wondering Whither Science, honestly?

The same firm was displaying the "E-jekta-kat," a sort of spring door-mat to perform what a humorous journalist would call the reverse function, and talking of that, if I'd been on the Organizing Sub-committee I'd have proposed a tableau showing a humorous journalist's wife having a humorous manuscript read to her while she was washing her hair, knowing that if she didn't laugh he'd tear it up and go down to the White Hart and if she did he'd get panicky about the



EXHIBIT 9 (Outdoor Section)  
The "Milady" weeding set

expressions) would gather that the behaviour of wives was the only obstacle to wedded joy and that husbands are a species of long-suffering and quietly reliable domestic animals instead of bumbling ninnies who can't dab iodine on a cat-scratch without fetching the bathroom cabinet off its nail. But, of course, when I saw that the only woman on the Organizing Sub-committee was Lady — with her flat-heeled brogues and ginger eyelashes, well, I knew that I might have known. I can just see her rubber-stamping a general theme of masculine perfection.

On the left as you go in there are Mock Trials run by the Contented Husbands League (I never heard of

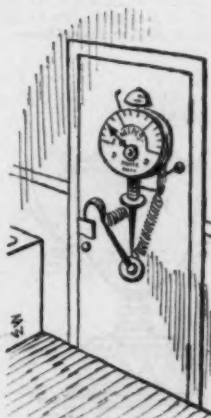


EXHIBIT 12  
The "Klockklock" for tardy bathers:  
at end of pre-set period door flies open

narrowness of its appeal and go up to the Talbot.

To be serious, I must say that if Britain is still trying to sell things to America the manufacturers might remember that American womanhood is looked up to and revered, not flatly insulted by such inventor's innuendoes as the "De-tekta-bag," for instance, which is supposed to discover a handbag, electronically I needn't tell you, anywhere in the house, with a special fitting to detect things in the bag after it's come to heel. Of course we all know husbands never lose anything, oh dear no. But then I expect Lady — never has to get his lordship off to the morning train complete with briefcase, sandwiches, medicine, cigarettes, matches and "that letter from Who-is-it I put on the What's-its-name, but you've gone and moved it," and finish up sprinting down the street in her kitchen apron to pitch his library-book through the window of a moving bus.

One of the most contemptible exhibits was called the Bookstall of Bliss, piled with Stationery Office "Can Your Wife?" pamphlets. "Can Your Wife Spell / Mark Laundry / Bottle Fruit / Talk Sense / Make Friends / Tell the Time / Turn off the Wireless?" etc., *ad nauseam*. In a feeble fair-play gesture they included a sprinkling of leaflets for the almighty husband but I can't say I see much point in "Mr. Breadwinner Paints the Fence" and "Mr. Breadwinner Assembles the Sectional Garage" when every woman knows that Mr. Breadwinner's idea of doing

anything (including winning bread) is to lounge about giving directions to hired labour. In fact, educational literature might do well out of a good thick book on *A Thousand and One Jobs Husbands Fancy Themselves at but Can't Do for Toffee*, like sharpening the carving-knife (all that flourish and then they half cut their thumbs off), mixing drinks (how do they always get the *underneath of the tray sticky!*), fixing plate-racks to the wall (well, the number of wives who live and die with a plate-rack that just stands on the draining-board taking up valuable space and collecting dish-cloth fringes is sufficient comment on that operation) and so on. And someone might explain to the thinking public that when the lights fuse a wife does *not* fold her hands with a sigh and sit in the dark until the Mastermind comes home and fixes things with an indulgent smile and a flick of the wrist; if he has even the sketchiest notion where the fuse-box is my name's Florence Nightingale.

But somebody will write in and say I'm Not Keeping to the Point, so back to the Happy Home of 1951, where it appears that all hope has now been abandoned of husbands ever noticing or remembering anything—an aid to domestic happiness in this year of grace will be a permanent-wave process that makes the hair light up along the front like a tiara, every hour on the hour, and flash the message "Do you like my new hair-do?" and it can be adapted for new hats; also a desk engagement calendar that rings a miniature peal of wedding-bells on anniversary eve. No comment. Then, ladies, we have "Suskisson's Scientific Self-sealing Sock," a self-evident affront to all housewives; tins of "Baskerville Paint" (I quote from the directions, "Make Fido luminous, so Master won't trip over him on the stairs," the clumsy oaf), and "Tibley's Temper-saving Toast Pocket," a plastic clip-in bag for that purely imaginary character the frightened husband who daren't tell his wife that she keeps doing too much toast for breakfast.

But what finally decided me (a) to make sure that at least one report on the Arcade should expose it for



EXHIBIT 44  
The "Clairvoyant" X-ray upholstery-searcher

what it is viz., an attack on the nation's wives, and (b) not to complete my tour, was when my Mr. Breadwinner darted to a stand in the Ladies Motoring Corner and insisted on buying, paying for and bringing away a Ferguson's "Flexapilla," a rubber gate-post designed "to ease the Little Woman's progress into the garage . . ."

It was enough, and so is this. Now for the G.P.O. if I can find a stamp and later I may consider releasing Mr. Breadwinner from the cupboard under the stairs. He was eased into it with the "Flexapilla" two hours ago, and if nothing else comes of it at least he'll know where the fuse-box is next time.

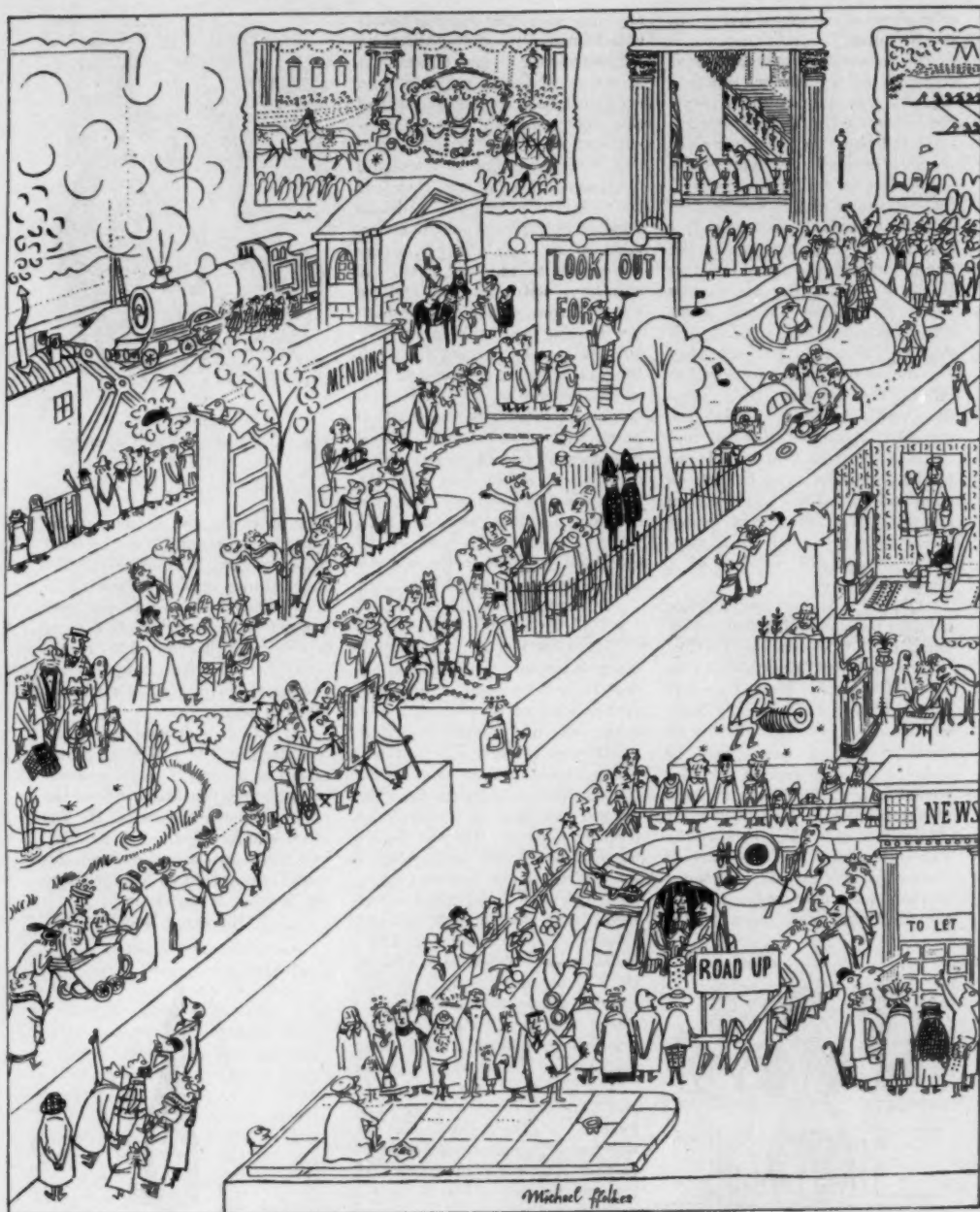
J. BEATRICE BOOTHROYD



EXHIBIT 18a  
"Neverfayle" washing-up device



EXHIBIT 101  
"Fear-no-Kut" home lighting plant



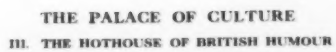
THE TEMPLE OF FREE OBSERVATION



THE PALACE OF CULTURE

II. THE LIBRARY OF BRITISH LITERATURE

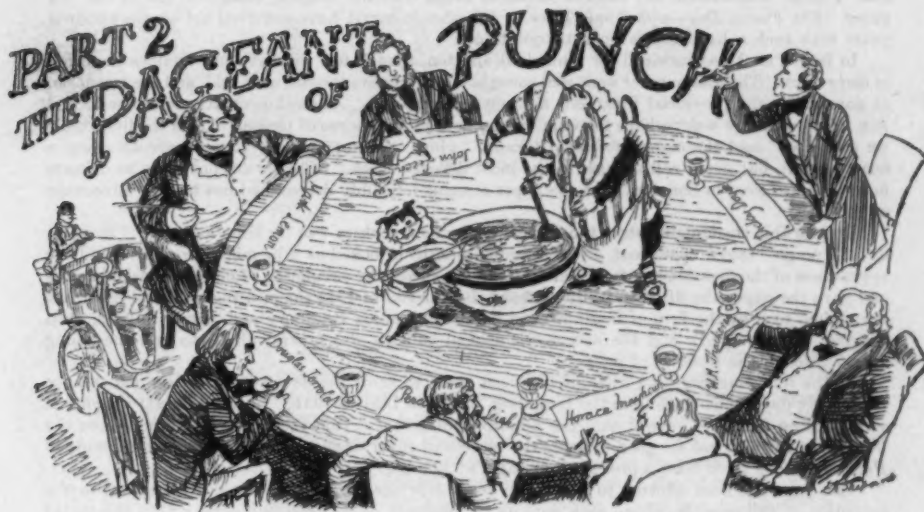




### THE PALACE OF CULTURE

#### III. THE HOTHOUSE OF BRITISH HUMOUR





## PROLOGUE

**Q**UEEN VICTORIA was twenty-two, Melbourne's second administration was tottering to its close, Gladstone—scarcely yet a name to conjure with—was within a month or two of his first Government appointment (as Master of the Mint) and the Navy was turning a reluctant eye towards the possibilities of steam, when the first issue of *Punch* made its modest appearance. The date was July 17, 1841.

The details of the negotiations that led up to this happy event are rather complex and in parts a little hazy. What is clear is that the prime movers were Ebenezer Landells and Henry Mayhew, the former a wood-engraver and newspaper projector who conceived the idea of a periodical somewhat on the lines of the Paris "Charivari"—a satirical French daily paper famous for its caricatures by the great Henri Daumier—the latter a humorous writer who gave definite shape to Landells' idea, insisting from the first that the new paper should be less bitter, more genial, and of a higher literary standard than was normally to be found in comic publications of the time.

These two men rapidly assembled a team of writers and artists, a printer and publisher were found, and the three joint-editors, Mark Lemon, Stirling Coyne and Mayhew himself, sat down to produce their draft prospectus.

This interesting document, a facsimile of which (in Lemon's hand-writing) is still to be seen in the *Punch* office, wastes no time in getting down to the business of joke-making, for it opens with the words "Will Be Out Shortly," immediately beneath which appear the figures of Lord Morpeth, Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell, then in office but popularly (and correctly) supposed to be in imminent danger of defeat. The price is given as twopence (raised to threepence in the final version) and the draft continues:

"This *Guffaograph* is intended to form a refuge for destitute wit—an asylum for the thousands of orphan jokes, the superannuated Joe Millers, the millions of perishing puns which are now wandering about without so much as a shelf to rest upon." This is disarming enough, and subsequent Editors, who despite their utmost vigilance have occasionally allowed some time-honoured joke to slip into the pages of *Punch*, have had the consolation of knowing that they have faithfully carried out the avowed intentions of the founders.

The Prospectus ends, regrettably, with a promise that the paper will contain "humorous and satirical articles, in prose and verse, from all the

FUNNY DOGS WITH COMIC TALES"

and from this, and from the fact that the words "The Fun—" have been crossed out higher up

and "Punch" substituted, the hideous suspicion arises that the original intention was to call the paper "*The Funny Dog—with Comic Tales*." Whether it would have survived for over a hundred years with such a handicap is open to question.

In fact, *Punch* has survived for a hundred and ten, though not without some anxious moments in early days. The first number went well enough. Ten thousand copies were sold, and the reception, at any rate in the provincial Press, left nothing to be desired. Astonishment at a comic periodical free from indelicacy was perhaps the outstanding note in the chorus of praise. "It is the first comic we ever saw," said the *Somerset County Gazette*, "which was not vulgar. It will provoke many a hearty laugh, but never call a blush to the most delicate cheek." Cheeks are not quite so delicate now, perhaps, even in Somerset, but the paper remains inflexibly determined not to take advantage of the fact.

Despite this encouraging start the success of the new venture was far from assured. "It won't do; it's no go," said a newsagent, and for several months it looked as if he might be right—until the appearance of the first Almanack, which achieved the surprising circulation of ninety thousand copies and gave the paper the lift it so badly needed. By the end of 1842 the printing and publishing had been taken over by the firm of Bradbury and Evans (to become Bradbury and Agnew in 1872, when the last Evans retired), and the necessary financial backing was now available to pull the young *Punch* through the troubles of infancy.

In the following pages an attempt has been made to show the development of the paper since these early days—not quite from the beginning, but from 1851 to 1951. In this Festival Number it seemed more fitting to survey only the hundred years that divide the Great Exhibition from the Festival of Britain; but for good measure the successive cover designs used during the first decade of *Punch's* history have been reproduced on pages 87 and 88.

One page has been allotted to every two years over the period covered, and though (with the exception of full-page drawings) each page is an amalgam of material published within the stated dates and not a reproduction of any single page from *Punch* its general appearance (in typesetting, reproduction of blocks and lay-out) remains characteristic of the era it represents. The selection of articles and drawings, with so vast a field to compress into so small a compass, has not been easy, but the general aim has been to strike a balance between what is historically, socially or prophetically interesting, what is characteristic of its time and what is representative of the leading writers and artists, while not forgetting to add a sprinkling of "classics" such as "Bang went saxeption." It was impossible to resist the uncompromising editorial notice (page 52) that put would-be contributors in their places in the late 'eighties and early 'nineties. But there are, inevitably, grave omissions. For some of them, excellent reasons could no doubt be given; as to the rest, the kindly reader will reflect that when a man—even the strongest—sets out to read through a hundred years (well over 5,000 issues) of a weekly magazine—even *Punch*—his eye before the end is likely to be dim and his natural force somewhat abated.

We begin, then, with 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition—an event with which *Punch*, not displeased with itself for having coined the name of "The Crystal Palace" for the giant structure in Hyde Park, made great play. Mark Lemon, having taken over the sole Editorship from his two colleagues, is firmly in the chair—or bowling round in a hansom to collect copy from dilatory members of his staff. Dicky Doyle, after several trial spins, has produced the cover that is still, with the addition of a touch of colour, going strong. Leech and "Phiz," with Doyle, are the most notable *Punch* artists; Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Percival Leigh and Horace (brother of Henry) Mayhew the outstanding writers. Hood, whose phenomenally successful "Song of the Shirt" is said to have tripled the weekly circulation, had died a few years earlier.

The world is flocking to London, to see the sights and share the fun of the Exhibition. The last worry of the organizers, the problem of ejecting the sparrows from the Crystal Palace, has been solved to the Queen's satisfaction by the Duke of Wellington's "Try sparrow-hawks, ma'am." It is a year full of pride and promise. And if war with Russia is only a year or two round the corner, well, the future in 1851, as in 1951, is mercifully obscure.



"Not nearly as good as it was"

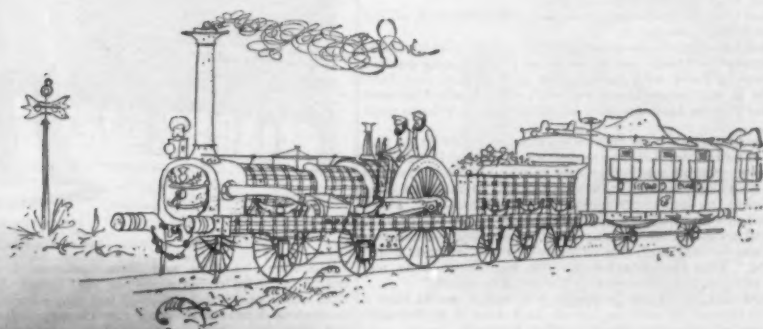
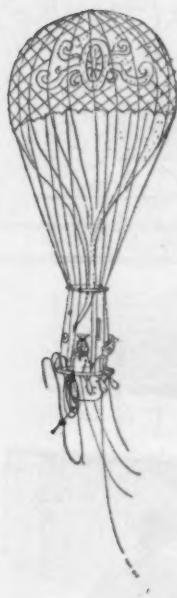


### 1851—1860

**A** STIRRING decade, which opened with the Great Exhibition and ended, after enduring the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, with much "volunteering" in face of a threatened French invasion. (Queen Victoria fired the first shot at the inaugural meeting of the National Association of Riflemen, scoring a bull, and "Punch," not to be outdone, got itself banned in France for hostility to Napoleon III.)

Palmerston and Lord John Russell are the big names in politics, while Gladstone and Disraeli warm up by sparring in Budget debates. Crinolines and croquet are the topics in polite society, cholera (due to defective drains) among the less well-to-do. The first cables are laid to Europe and America, and Palmer poisons widely at Rugeley. Wellington dies, Shaw is born, Miss Beale becomes principal of Cheltenham Ladies' College, and Darwin produces "The Origin of Species." Dickens turns out five novels, Samuel Smiles preaches "Self-Help," and Thackeray, Trollope, George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Tennyson and Browning jostle "Eric or Little by Little" and "Tom Brown's Schooldays" on the bookstalls. Landseer scores a left-and-right with "The Monarch of the Glen" and his designs for the lions in Trafalgar Square, Frith is well-occupied with Derby Day, King's Cross Station is built, and the Pre-Raphaelites flourish. Income tax ranges from 7d. to 1/4d. (not equalled till 1914) and drops to 7d. again.

In "Punch," Tenniel took the place of Dicky Doyle, who resigned in protest against the paper's anti-Papal policy. Keene made his first appearance at the start of this decade, Du Maurier at its close; Thackeray dropped out; "Essence of Parliament" began its long reign in 1855; Mark Lemon entered his twentieth year as Editor.



1851

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1852

## ROCHFORD CLARKE'S "SERMONS IN STONES."



MESSES. SMOUCHEY, SLOUCHEY, AND COMPANY, of Holywell Street, anxious to aid in the great moral movement which has, with such true delicacy of feeling, just been set on foot in reference to works of Sculpture, are now prepared to substitute for the extremely unbecoming garb of Nature, a large assortment of left-off wearing apparel; which it is hoped will meet the requirements of good taste and decency combined. The stock contains every variety of costume to suit every variety of Statue, at the following moderate prices:—

	£	s.	d.
A Pair of Check Pants, for Apollo Belvedere	0	10	0
Stout Jersey Shirt, for Hercules	0	4	6
Superior ditto, warranted to wash	0	5	9
Boy's Suits for Cupids—complete	1	15	0
Liveries for Mercury (from)	2	5	0
500,000 Straw Bonnets for Venuses at (each)	0	1	4½
Classical Cotburn or Buckskins, for Diana	2	10	0
Donskin Suits for Laocoon, and Eel-skin ditto for the Snakes	5	10	0
Tunic for Infant Hercules	0	12	6
Turkish Trousers for Greek Slave	0	15	0
Double-milled Overcoat for Dying Gladiator	1	1	0

N. B. A Mourning Department for Marble Widows.

Statues supplied by contract with two or three suits per annum at moderate prices.—The old ones to be returned.

THE ACHILLES WAITED UPON FOR ORDERS, IF REQUIRED.



## WHAT I REMARKED AT THE EXHIBITION.

I REMARKED that the scene I witnessed was the grandest and most cheerful, the brightest and most splendid show that eyes had ever looked on since the creation of the world;—but as everybody remarked the same thing, this remark is not of much value.

I remarked, and with a feeling of shame, that I had long hesitated about paying three guineas—pooh-poohed—said I had seen the QUEEN and PRINCE before, and so forth, and felt now that to behold this spectacle, three guineas, or five guineas, or any sum of money (for I am a man of enormous wealth) would have been cheap; and I remarked how few of us know really what is good for us—have the courage of our situations, and what a number of chances in life we throw away. I would not part with the mere recollection of this scene for a small annuity: and calculate that after paying my three guineas, I have the Exhibition before me, besides being largely and actually in pocket.

I remarked that a heavy packet of sandwiches which JONES begged me to carry, and which I pocketed in rather a supercilious and grumbling manner, became most pleasant friends and useful companions after we had been in our places two or three hours: and I thought to myself, that were I a lyric poet with a moral turn, I would remark how often in the hour of our need our humble friends are welcome and useful to us, like those dear sandwiches, which we pooh-poohed when we did not need them.

I remarked that when the QUEEN bowed and courtesied, all the women about began to cry.

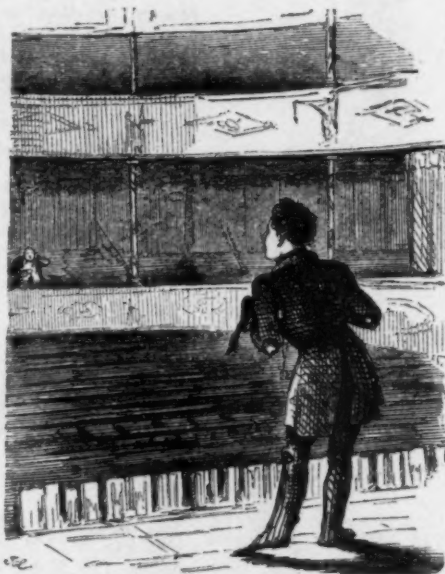
I remarked how eagerly the young PRINCE talked with his sister—how charmed everybody was to see those pretty young persons walking hand in hand with their father and mother, and how, in the midst of any magnificence you will, what touches us most is nature and human kindness, and what we love to witness most is love.

I remarked in the gold cage, to which the ladies would go the first thing, and in which the Koh-i-noor reposes, a shining thing like a lumbent oyster, which I admired greatly and took to be the famous jewel. But on a second visit I was told that that was not the jewel—that was only the case, and the real stone was that above, which I had taken to be an imitation in crystal.

I remarked on this, that there are many sham diamonds in this life which pass for real, and, *vice versa*, many real diamonds which go unvalued. This accounts for the non-success of those real mountains of light, my "Sonnets on Various Occasions."

I remarked that, if I were QUEEN of England, I would have a piece of this crystal set into my crown, and wear it as the most splendid jewel of the whole diadem—that I would.

And in fact I remarked altogether—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.



## WORKINGS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

Manager. "Ladies and Gentlemen—a—I mean Respected Individual.—In consequence of the Great Attraction of the Exhibition, or Crystal Palace, I beg to announce to you, that this Ridiculous Farce of opening my Theatre will not be repeated; and your Order will be returned to you, on application at the Box-Office."



1853

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1854



First Polite Native. "Who's 'IM, BILL?"

Second ditto. "A STRANGER!"

First ditto. "'EAVE 'ARF A BRICK AT 'IM."

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A WHITE LILY.—Indeed, Miss, we shall not tell you where the best crage is to be bought. But we will tell you where it is to be got for nothing, and that is in Kensington Gardens, from 8 to 10 A.M., but you must on every morning, walk briskly, and think over messages in your Punch.

GRACCHUS wishes to serve his country in some way which will bring him into notoriety, but he has conscientious objections to fighting. We respect his ambition and his scruples, and will endeavour to meet both. Let him make his way into Russia, penetrate to St. Petersburg, and paste the last twenty of our large cuts along the front of the Palace on the Neva, with explanations in the Russian language. We undertake to give, from the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, a faithful account of his execution.

A FROED YOUNG MOTHER is informed that *Mr. Punch* never stands godfather to any darling whatever, no matter how angelic and unparalysed. The Royal children are the exception to this rule, and are so, because in standing sponsor at the Palace he is simply discharging one of his functions as an institution of the country.

SOPHIA's handwriting is about the worst we ever saw, not even excepting that of our own contributors. We do not profess to judge characters from autographs, but since SOPHIA insists, we should say that she was cross, idle, self-willed, and uninformed, had red hair, wore her dresses badly made, slapped her little brothers and sisters, and came down to breakfast with her red hair in curl papers. To her inquiry whether we think she would make a happy wife, we reply that we don't know, but we think she would decidedly make an unhappy husband.

ADRIANE.—You must return either his affection or his presents, but we cannot advise you as to which you should do, unless we know what the latter are worth. Do not be in a hurry. A marriage licence costs two pounds fifteen, a divorce a thousand pounds. Draw your own inference.

WILLIAM SAWBUSH.—With practice and study we have no doubt that you will become the first poet of the day. But you have not yet attained that distinction, although your verses are very sweet and pretty. The following—all we have room for—breathes a natural spirit of chastened affectionateness:

"Did me quaff the cup of p(o)ison,  
Did me seek the deadly Opas,  
But I still must keep my eyes on  
You, my radiant fair, when you pass!  
Hurl me from the height of Swindon,  
Dash me from Pindymmon's brow,  
Still I'll follow as I go down,  
That I love you then as now."

## PARLIAMENTARY BULLETIN.

It is useless to affect any further disguise with respect to the condition of an Illustrious Body; or to the human certainty, almost, of that melancholy event which nothing but some unlooked for occurrence, or inconceivable change in the Constitution, can now protract above a few days. The following Bulletin was issued this morning:—

"*St. Stephen's, August 18, 1855.*

"Parliament has passed a very unfavourable night; for the most part in a state of extreme prostration; dosing heavily at intervals, but now and then exhibiting symptoms of restlessness. The distinguished patient is happily free from pain, and so completely in possession of the mental faculties as to express a wish for grouse; but the difficulty of performing the vital functions increases; and the mind of the nation must be prepared for the inevitable result.

"Signed

{ ABERDEEN,  
PALMERSTON,  
J. RUSSELL,  
W. E. GLADSTONE."

We cannot be expected to express much sorrow at the approaching departure of the Imperial sufferer from the present Session of existence, already protracted beyond the usual span; and, in fact, will not pretend to say that we shall not consider it a very happy release.

**WANTED: A FEW SMART, HANDSOME YOUNG GENTLEMEN** to dance at Evening Parties, on account of the great drain of Officers that the War has carried off to the East. They must converse freely about the Weather, the Opera, and all fashionable topics, and be accustomed to good society. They must be well practised in the Polka, Waltz, (single, as well as *A Deux Troupes*), Schottische, and not be above dancing in a Quadrille, if needed. They must be single, and not exceed the age of Forty. They must not refuse to dance with an elderly lady occasionally, if the size of her property is such as to warrant the presumption. The terms offered, including a Champagne supper, are of the most liberal description, and may be ascertained at GUYER'S, St. James's Square, or of the Secretary of the "DISTRESSED YOUNG LADIES' ELEGANT PARTNERS' ASSOCIATION," at Hanover Square Rooms. Young Gentlemen presenting themselves must bring with them a white neckcloth, as a specimen. Not the slightest objection, at present, to Officers in the Militia, but no tradesman, unless extremely rich, and highly respectable in the wholesale line, need trouble himself by applying.



Stout Party (log.). "DEAR! DEAR! DEAR! WHERE CAN THAT STUPID DOG HAVE GOT TO!"

1855

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1856



"WELL, JACK! HERE'S GOOD NEWS FROM HOME. WE'RE TO HAVE A MEDAL."

"THAT'S VERY KIND. MAYBE ONE OF THESE DAYS WE'LL HAVE A COAT TO STICK IT ON!"

## RABELAIS IN THE CRIMEA.

*How HER MAJESTY'S Commissariat were employed in the Island of ROUTINE.*

SOME made black white, just throwing dust into people's eyes. Others drove baggage-waggons with dead horses, and thereby arrived in excellent time.

Others made coffee in bomb-shells, boiling it without fuel.

Others fleeced everybody, and sent the wool to the DUKE of —LE, O the dainty senders of coals to Newcastle!

Others purified water with mud, and cleansed sick rooms without chloride of lime.

Others took pickaxes turned up at both ends, and thereby did hew out vast roads.

Others kept their feet warm, by selling boots without soles.

Others out of promises did feed empty bellies, and out of tender regard gave the sick no medicine. Neither did those who died complain afterwards.

Others packed quinine in pickle-bottles, and salt pork in pill-boxes, neither did the men over-eat themselves with the latter.

I saw a cook, who did make a pound of meat into twenty ounces, and who did make pea-soup without peas, did flavour the sauce without seasoning, and did make all things out of nothing, and nothing out of all things.

Others appeared the enemy without bayonets, and bombarded walls with pillow-cases.

Some looked out from afar with telescopes, and took sights at those who advised them to go nearer.

Others made great coats for summer wear, and warmed themselves in winter by peeling their fingers in the snow.

Others gave orders for what could not be obtained, and others kept back what could—and much the men got by it.

I saw two officers, one of whom disputed as to whether it were best to do much by leaving it alone, the other stoutly maintaining that it were better wait to see what others did.

I saw some who did stoutly and reverentially fall down and

worship a huge beast named ROUTINE, the same beast having the body of a sloth, the snout of a swine, and the ears of an ass. Unto him they sacrificed men and things, and did waste time in following one another by staying behind.

Others went forward by standing still, and others remained behind by letting others go forward.

In a word, I saw jobbers, truck-workers, contractors, wooden spoons, muffs, mulls, culls, abstractors, shavers, placemen, nepotists, promoters, crabs that did walk on one foot, dealers in old clothes, sweaters, and the like, all of whom did thoroughly muddle, mess, confuse, obfuscate, dustify, disturb, agitate, hold back, fret, worry, cajole, cheat, outstrip, compliment, besoop, bepraise, one another, by the which they did produce a mighty pothee, confusion, and mismanagement, and did make war out of peace and peace out of war, and yet neither, and did feed the sick with starvation, clothe the naked with promises, and heal the sick with filthiness. And this was all out of duty to the great beast ROUTINE!

## Unfounded Report.

It is reported that Mr. STERNDALE BENNETT has been appointed Director of the Philharmonic. We do not believe a word of it, and simply for this reason,—because Mr. BENNETT, clever as he is, unfortunately is an Englishman. If he were an Italian, like SIGNOR COSTA; or a German, like HEER WAGNER; or even, a third-rate Frenchman, with no higher recommendation than MONSIEUR ADOLPHE ADAM, there might be some chance for him: but, as Mr. BENNETT happens to be only a plain English "Mr.," it is simply an insult to our knowledge of the world to ask us to swallow such a highly ridiculous report!

## TRUMPING THE ELEPHANT.

"Pecceci—I've Seinde," wrote LORD ELLEN, so proud. More briefly DALHOUSIE wrote—"Feci—I've Oude."

1857

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1858

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

June 28. Monday. LORD MALMESBURY'S *aria d'intrata* was as follows:—

"We see, my friends and I,  
How much this town endures  
From yonder Pest-ditch gliding by,  
And therefore raise *pro tempore* cry,  
'Deodorise the Sewers.'"

Borrowing a plan that had succeeded at Leicester, Government would therefore introduce a Bill making them to Do Something, and as soon as circumstances permitted, they would do something better. "Fear," he remarked with much pluckiness, flushed perhaps with his victory over the royal nuisance in Italy, "was a bad counsellor." In that case Fear must be the family name of a large proportion of the Privy, Common, and a good many other Councils of whose shortcomings we daily read.

LORD STANHOPE, a Peer exceedingly well entitled to be heard upon any such subject, then obtained an Address for cutting out of our Prayer Books the savage and abject forms of worship which our forefathers, at certain moments of excitement, thought it well to prescribe on certain anniversaries, as Guy Fawkes Day, the Martyrdom Day, and Oak Apple Day. When one reflects, that the people who composed such things adulated the dirty old coward and fool, JAMES THE FIRST; looked on while the body of the greatest of our English kings (except ALFRED), we mean, of course, KING OLIVER THE FIRST, and unfortunately the Only, was dragged from its grave to the gallows; and ecstatically murmured the *Nunc dimittis* when the friend of NELLY GWYNNE, by no means his worst friend, returned to betray the public honour of England, and debauch that of her private life; one only wonders that such

ecclesiastical profanities have been tolerated so long. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the BISHOPS OF LONDON, OXFORD, AND CASHIEL expressed the sentiments that might be expected from enlightened gentlemen; but the offensive services found defenders in the poor old BISHOP OF BANGOR, in the BISHOP OF ASAPH, who has *Mr. Punch's* royal licence henceforth to sign himself A SAR, and in a brace of foolish Peers, called MARLBOROUGH and DUNGANNON: opposition which was the only thing wanting to show that every man of decent intellect feels alike on the subject.

The Commons amused themselves with a Financial debate, and Mr. WILSON moved, as an amendment to one of MR. DISRAELI'S Budget arrangements, the ridiculous proposition, that, when we had borrowed money for war, we ought to pay it off in peace. It is needless to say that, after some elaborate talk, such a preposterous notion was got rid of, and Mr. DIZZY'S Bill proceeded. After this, the same Minister promulgated his new and constitutional theory of Parliament, namely, that Government was not bound to take notice of the decision arrived at in a small house by a small majority. The VIVIAN anti-Horse-Guards' proposal was the theme, and COLONEL NORTH took the opportunity of saying the most donkeyfied thing ever heard in Parliament. *Mr. Punch* is aware that his statement is startling, but he will be justified in having made it, when he states that NORTH attributed all the mismanagement in the Crimea to the interference of civilians with the military. *Mr. Punch* will here allow his readers a pause of twenty minutes to recover from their fit of laughter.

Tuesday. THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY stated, that he should next Session introduce a Bill for preventing Parsons from getting into debt, or at least for preventing their flock from being thereby deprived of the shepherd. "Clergy to Own no man Anything," will probably be one of the marginal notes, the command having escaped the notice of a good many of our spiritual guides.



## COOL REQUEST.

Lady Crinolines. "YOU WON'T MIND RIDING ON THE BOX, EDWARD DEAR, WILL YOU?—I'M AFRAID, IF WE BOTH GO INSIDE THE BROUGHAM, MY NEW DRESS WILL GET SO RUMPLED!"

1859

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1860



(A very vulgar subject indeed—so, if you are painfully genteel, you had better pass it over.)

Boys. "OH, AIN'T HE MOPS AND BROOMS, NEITHER!"

Baker. "WHY DON'T THEY TAKE HIM TO THE STATION?"

Tender Female. "HE'S ILL, POOR GENTLEMAN, HE SHOULD GO TO THE HOSPITAL!"

Cabby (contemptuously). "HILL! ORSEPTAL INDEED!—I ONY WISH I'D GOT AFR HIS COMPLAINT!"

## LOOK OUT AHEAD!

WHAT next? Here is the Armstrong gun with a sweet little range of about five miles, and here is Mr. Somebody, whose name we forget, with a patent machine for suffocating one's enemies with a black sulphurous smoke, under cover of which canopy BRITANNIA shall henceforth rule the waves. It is to be anticipated that the *Times* of 1859, permanently enlarged to three volumes folio per diem, will contain such startling facts as these:—

"April 1. The great Cham of France declared war against England at 2.30 p.m. Travellers all returned to England by the electric wire at 2.35. Channel Fleet and militia called out at 2.36. CAPTAIN SMITH of the Engineers, walked down to Dover beach with an Armstrong gun in his pocket weighing exactly three ounces and a half, and constructed to throw a ton and a half of shot two hundred and four miles, seventeen hundred times in one minute. Having adjusted this instrument on a bathing machine, CAPT. SMITH, by the aid of a strong telescope, got a good sight of Paris, and proceeded to business. Shot No. 1 missed, and was last seen going over into the Bay of Biscay. Shot No. 2 struck the Hôtel de Louvre, and being an explosive shell, destroyed half Paris; a third attempt was equally successful, destroying the other half.

"After this pretty practice, (though better has been made we must admit) the seven-and-twenty double Leviathans, built for the transport of troops, embarked three hundred and eight thousand volunteers, armed with the patent self-acting, self-loading, self-aiming, and self-cleaning gun, now universally used in the British army. They were headed by LORDS BROUGHTON and PALMERSTON, those two surprising veterans, who, we believe, will never grow any older, and were landed at Boulogne at exactly 2.58; twenty-eight minutes after the declaration of war. Being provided with BRAY'S patent traction-engines our gallant fellows were enabled to reach Paris in 22 minutes, and thanks to the efficacy of the gun above alluded to, made very short work of the inhabitants of the country they passed through. They entered Paris (or rather what was left of it) under cover of the celebrated noxious smoke-producing machine, which exceedingly horrified the helpless Parisians, but which, being no thicker than an ordinary London fog, had few terrors for the bold sons of Albion. CAPT. SMITH and the Armstrong gun having arrived shortly afterwards, made such play

on the provinces, from the top of the column in the Place Vendôme, that they sent telegraphic despatches at once up to town, placing themselves entirely at the disposal of their conquerors; the last town gave in its allegiance at 3.45, and the war was thus at an end in one hour and forty-five minutes from its commencement. It is surprising that France should have again endeavoured to disturb the peace of Europe. We had hoped that war had been entirely put an end to by the perfect state to which we have brought our artillery and engineering. The French people must surely have forgotten, how the five small Armstrongs placed on the Broken have sufficed to keep the English colonies of Prussia, Austria, Saxony, and Poland in order? Or have they forgotten, how the grandson of the celebrated BISHOP SPURGEON destroyed the POPE, and, in fact, Roman catholicism in general, by one or two well-directed shots from the new Tabernacle tower?

## A GO AT THE GAMESLAUGHTERERS.

THE Mania for Gameslaughter has increased so much of late, that Mr. Punch, who is a sportsman, and therefore not a gameslaughterer, feels inclined to say a few words on the subject, for the purpose, if he can, of checking the insanity. Mr. Punch has, indeed, two objects in so doing,—the one being to prevent the extinction of good sportsmanship, which in the present state of things he fears is rapidly approaching; and the other, to prevent the extinction of the furred and feathered tribes of game, which Mr. Punch, as a good sportsman, has no wish to see annihilated. Abundant evidence is daily furnished by the newspapers that there are grounds for apprehension on both these accounts. Here, for instance, is a paragraph which Mr. Punch takes quite at random from a multitude of others, and without the least intention to hold up to special censure the persons who are named in it:—

"IS IT SPORT, OR WHAT?—THE DUKE OF RETLAND, the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, SIR JOHN THOROLD, and COLONEL TYRWITT, shot through his time's preserves at Chevalry Park, near Newmarket, and in one day killed 250 pheasants, 30 partridges, 100 hares, and 17 rabbits. During seventeen days' shooting, the DUKE OF RETLAND and his friends—these guns per day—have killed 702 pheasants, 2,230 partridges, 634 hares, 172 rabbits, 1 woodcock, 1 landrail; total, 3,740 head, and with that shot by LORD GEORGE MAXWELL, on the outside portion of the manor in September, makes a total of 4,437 head."

To the question, Is this sport? Mr. Punch says plumply No.



## 1861-1870

**G**REAT days for Bismarck, Garibaldi and Lincoln abroad, and, in a quieter way, for Disraeli and Gladstone at home. The Queen, mourning the loss of her Consort, published "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," thus paving the way for Disraeli's "We authors, ma'am."

England's commerce now exceeds the combined trade of France, Germany and Italy. Social reform makes slow progress ("Punch" is still campaigning hotly, for instance, against the employment of children as climbing chimney-sweepers); there are riots in Hyde Park, skilled operatives are organized in Trade Unions, and the First International is founded. Crinolines slowly go out and bustles come in. Keble and Girton arise. There are still only two golf courses,



but Polo arrives from India and the Football Association is formed (the Rugby Union not till 1871). The Underground Railway is opened (January 1863), its engineer that same John Fowler who gets a page of "Punch" to himself in 1870, at a time when the passage of the English Channel was, in a sense, in the air.

Marx's "Das Kapital," Mrs. Beeton's "Household Management," Newman's "Apologia" and Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" cater for a variety of tastes, while Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" raise perhaps the sharpest outcry in a decade that watched without a murmur the gradual erection of the Albert Memorial.

"Punch" greeted Linley Sambourne, Burnand with his very successful "Happy Thoughts," and Artemus Ward. Mark Lemon died in his twenty-ninth year as Editor and was succeeded by Shirley Brooks.



1861

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1862

## CAB MEN ON CAB-LAW.

THE Cabmen of the Metropolis, desirous only of obtaining their just rights, and of obtaining them by legitimate means, have abandoned the idea of a strike, (on Mr. Punch's hint about licences,) and now wish to act reasonably. They have therefore drawn up the following heads of the Law, as they wish it to stand:

1. Free trade in cabs. Every driver to charge what he likes.
2. Tradesmen in other departments stick one price on the goods in the window and take another, and the Cabman ought to be allowed to do the same.
3. No person to ask for a ticket.
4. No number or badge of humiliation to be worn.
5. No number to be affixed to the cab.
6. No Cabman to be obliged to go in a direction contrary to his wish.
7. No stranger to interfere in any dispute between a cabman and his fare.
8. No Gentleman, or male person, to interfere, when a Cabman has brought home ladies, and there is a difference as to the fare.
9. Any person under-paying a Cabman to be guilty of felony.
10. Any person using harsh language to a Cabman to be guilty of misdemeanour.
11. A Court of retired Cab-drivers to be established, to sit and hear any complaints by drivers, and the decision of such Court to be final.
12. Treble fares to be allowed on a wet or hot day, or on a holiday, or at any other time the said Court shall ordain.

## BATHING FOR BEDLAMITES.

We were surprised beyond measure on Wednesday morning last [in early November] at finding in the *Times* the following intelligence:—

"The bathing season in Hyde Park has now terminated."

This startling information was conveyed in a short paragraph relating to the Royal Humane Society and setting forth, with other highly interesting details, that—

"The number of bathers in the Serpentine, from the commencement of the year to the 3rd instant, was 71,356 in the mornings, and 296,943 in the evenings. The number of attempted suicides was eight, of whom five were rescued, and the remainder were not discovered in time to be saved."

If we remember rightly, "the Serpentine was frozen over at the commencement of the year," and the temperature was somewhere in the neighbourhood of zero: while on the evening of the third instant there was a hard frost, and we should at either period about as soon have thought of blowing out our brains as of bathing in the Serpentine. Tastes differ, it is true, but if we ever were caught bathing when the glass was down to freezing point, we think who ever dragged us out would be quite justified in fancying we were attempting suicide. Clearly a Society which calls itself "Humane" should do all within its power to prevent half-witted persons from taking insane headers when the snow is on the ground, and thereby catching in all likelihood cold, ague, cramp, neuralgia, sore-throat, bronchitis, asthma, lumbago, cough, and rheumatism, and half-a-dozen other highly disagreeable ailments, proceeding from the chills which human flesh is heir to.

## A NEW USE FOR THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH-WIRE.

STRETCH it for M. BLONDIN to return to the United States upon. It's the only return the Shareholders are ever likely to get for their outlay.



HARRY TAKES HIS COUSINS TO SEE THE HOUNDS MEET.

Enter MAMMA AND AUNT ELLEN.

Mamma (to Old Woman). "PRAY, HAVE YOU MET TWO LADIES AND A GENTLEMAN?"

Old Woman. "WELL, I MET THREE PEOPLE—BUT, LA! THERE, I CAN'T TELL LADIES FROM GENTLEMEN NOW-A-DAYS—WHEN I WAS A GAL, &C., &C."

1863

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1864



## UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

*Old Lady.* "WELL, I'M SURE NO WOMAN WITH THE LEAST SENSE OF DECENCY WOULD THINK OF GOING DOWN THAT WAY TO IT."

## ADVERTISEMENTS:

RENDERED NECESSARY BY THE RAILWAY INVASION.

**LAST WEEK! LAST WEEK! LAST WEEK! THE DEAN** and Chapter of St. Paul's advise their friends who are partial to fine sights to lose no time in visiting the above sacred and splendid edifice, as it will be closed after this week, in compliance with the contract with the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, who have bought this fine Cathedral for a Central Terminus. No charge at the doors, and only Four and two-pence to see everything.

**STONEHENGE. THE LORD OF THE MANOR OF STONE-**henge begs to inform archaeologists and others, that he has transferred his rights to the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, and that this famous Druidical remain will be on view until the 1st of April, when it will be put into thorough repair, and converted into an engine-house for the above company.

**COLOSSEUM. THIS IS THE LAST YEAR OF THIS WORLD** famous place of exhibition, which will become a booking office for the London, Chatham and Dover Railway. Therefore come at once and see all the various and delightful sights. There is no such Bob's worth in Lud's town.

**YOU BEASTS! YOU BEASTS! YOU BEASTS! THIS IS** not meant as an address to readers, which would be in the highest degree unpolite, that is the warning which has been addressed to the animals at the Zoological Gardens, who have received notice that the London, Chatham and Dover Railway would like the gardens as a coal dépôt. The railway has not yet got the place, but there is no saying what may happen, so the sooner visitors come the better.

**MEMBERS OF THE ATHENÆUM CLUB ARE INFORMED** that they had better get themselves ballotted into BOODLE's, the GARHICK, or some other Club, as the present edifice has been taken by the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, and there is no time to build another.

## IN THIS OLD HAT.

In this old hat Policeman X  
Has guarded London well;  
In this beguiled the female sex,  
And wooed each area-belle;  
To fight and fray, by night and day,  
From Kew to Camden Town,  
That shiny top has put a stop,  
Obedient to the Crown.

At parting from the friend of years  
Deep sighs disturbed his belt;  
His dark blue eyes brimful with tears  
Attested what he felt;  
The helmet now upon his brow,  
He paces slowly by,  
In doubt how Cook and JANE will look,  
When it arrests their eye.

Policeman X, SIR RICHARD bless  
With all your might—and main,  
He apprehends the style of dress  
That pleases Cook and JANE:  
For over tea they both agree—  
You captivating dear—  
With such a casque you need but ask,  
To have incessant beer.

## SLIGHT CONFUSION OF NAMES.

*Sarah Gamp.* Well, JACK, have you bin to see this revolution-  
eerin' furrin'er which his name is GRIMALDI?

*Jack.* GARIBALDI, you mean, Grandmother.

*Sarah Gamp.* GARIBALDI, ah, drat it! GARIBALDI and GRIMALDI,  
both the names! and which they do sound so much alike, I'm  
always a-sayin' one for t' other.

1865

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1866



## WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE SERVANT-GALS?

*Charming Lady (showing her House to Benevolent Old Gentleman). "THAT'S WHERE THE HOUSEMAID SLEEPS."*  
*Benevolent Old Gentleman. "DEAR ME, YOU DON'T SAY SO! ISN'T IT VERY DAMP? I SEE THE WATER GLISTENING ON THE WALLS."*  
*Charming Lady. "OH, IT'S NOT TOO DAMP FOR A SERVANT!"*

## ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,

You didn't get a instructiv article from my pen last week on account of my nervus sistim havin underwent a drestle shock. I got caught in a brief shine of sun, and it utterly upshot me. I was wulkin in Regent Street one day last week, enjoyin your rich black fog and bracing rains, when all at once the Sun bust out and actooally shone for nearly half an hour steady. I acted promptly. I called a cab and told the driver to run his hoss at a frifutle rate of speed to my lodgins, but it wasn't of no avale. I had orful cramps, my appytite left me, and my pulsta went down to 10 degrees below zero. But by careful nussin I shall no doubt recover speedy, if the present sparklin and exhilaratin weather continners.

[All of the foregoin is sarcasum.

It's a sing'lar fact, but I never sot eyes on your excellant British Mooseum till the other day. I've sent a great many peple there, as also to your genial Tower of London, however. It happend thusly: When one of my excellant countrymen jest arrived in London would come and see me and display a inclination to cling to me too longthly, thus showin a respect for me which I feel I do not deserve, I would suggest a visit to the Mooseum and Tower. The Mooseum would okcopy him a day at least, and the Tower another. Thus I've derived considerable peace and comfort from them noble ediffices, and I hope they will long continner to grace your metropolis. There's my fren COL. LARKINS, from Wisconsin, who I regret to say understands the Jamaica question, and wants to talk with me about it; I sent him to the Tower four days ago, and he hasn't got through with it yet. He likes it very much, and he writes me that he can't never thank me sufficient for directin him to so interestin a bildin. I writ him not to mention it. The Col. says it is fortuit we live in a intellectuol age which wouldn't countenance such infamius things as occurd in this Tower. I'm aware that it is fashin'ble to compliment this age, but I ain't so clear that the Col. is altogethor right. This is a very respectable age, but it's pretty

easily riled; and considerin upon how slight a provocation we who live in it go to cuttin each other's throats, it may perhaps be doubted whether our intellecks is so much massiver than our ancestors' intellecks was, after all.

I allus ride outside with the cabman. I am of humble parentage, but I have (if you will permit me to say so) the spirit of the eagle, which chafes when shut up in a four-wheeler, and I feel much eagier when I'm in the open air. So on the mornin on which I went to the Mooseum I lit a pipe, and callin a cab, I told the driver to take me there as quick as his Arabian charger could go. The driver was under the infloence of beer, and narrowly escaped runnin over a aged female in the match trade, whereupon I remonstratid with him. I said, "That poor old woman may be the only mother of a young man like you." Then throwing considerable pathos into my voice, I said, "You have a mother?"

He said, "You lie!" I got down and called another cab, but said nothin to this driver about his parents.

The British Mooseum is a magnif'cent free show for the people. It is kept open for the benefit of all.

The humble costynmourer can go to the Mooseum and reap beneficia therefrom as well as the lord of high degree.

"And this," I said, "is the British Mooseum! These noble walls," I continnerd, punching them with my umbreller to see if the masonry was all right—but I wasn't allowd to finish my enthoosiaatic remarks, for a man with a gold band on his hat said, in a hash voice, that I must stop pokin the walls. I told him I would do so by all means. "You see," I said, taking hold of the tassal which waved from the man's belt, and drawin him close to me in a confidential way, "You see, I'm looking round this Mooseum, and if I like it I shall buy it."

Instid of larin hartily at these remarks, which was made in a goakin spirit, the man frowned darkly and walked away.

Trooly yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.



1867

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1868



## SENSATION NOVELS.

Mary. "PLEASE, SIR, I'VE BEEN LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR THE THIRD VOLUME OF THAT BOOK YOU WAS READING."

Lodger. "OH, I TOOK IT BACK TO THE LIBRARY THIS MORNING, I—"

Mary. "OH! THEN WILL YOU TELL ME, SIR, IF AS HOW THE 'MARKIE' FOUND OUT AS SHE'D 'PIKED 'ER TWO FUST 'USBANDS?!"

## HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Jolly place to go to is BYNG's. One needn't (I say) take down dress-clothes; no ladies or dinner parties. You can go down as you are. "As I am" means a light-coloured shooting coat, waistcoat to match, and warm comfortable trousers, rather old, and a trifle shabby perhaps, but as MILBURN says, "anything will do for the country in winter."

We reach the station. No fly. We stamp up and down for half an hour warming our feet. It is half-past five, he dines at half-past six. However no dressing; hot water and dine as we are. MILBURN tells me he always dresses for dinner for comfort's sake, and adds, "that it's always safer to bring your evening clothes with you when you're going on a visit." I reply, "Oh, I don't know." No fly. No porter to send. If MILBURN will watch the luggage, I, who know the country and where the Inn is, will walk on and get a fly sent down to him.

I do so. Fly is ready. I'll walk on to the house. Another practical joke of mine. MILBURN will have to pay the fly. If he has no change the butler will have to do it, and MILBURN must settle with him. I know the short cut, and can go in by the yard-door.

Brisk walk. Up a lane. See the lights.

Think I hear MILBURN's fly quite in the distance. Great fun. I'll be there before him, and then what good trick can we play on him?

Here's the yard-door. Open! No bell needed. It's very dangerous to keep a door like this so unguarded. There ought to be a dog or trap.

Happy Thought.—I'll tell BYNG he ought to have a dog.

There is a dog. An inch more to his chain and he'd have pinned me: how dangerous! I must creep along, keeping close to the wall. He is plunging and barking wildly in front of me: I can just see his form. I hear the fly driving up by the front way: I wish I'd come by that. The dog is still plunging, dashing, and barking.

Happy Thought.—To say, "Poor old boy, then—poor old man!"

He is trying to break his chain: if he breaks his chain I am done. Shall I call for help? it's so absurd to call for help. I am in an angle of the wall, if I move to the door where I came in he can reach me; if I move off along the wall he can reach me. I don't

exactly see where he can't reach me. "Poor fellow—poor boy!" He is literally furious!

Happy Thought.—Climb the wall.

I try climbing the wall: if I fall back, he's safe to catch me. Any movement on my part sends him wild: how wonderful it is that they have not been attracted in-doors by his noise.

"Poor old boy!" I hear him shaking his kennel with rage. He will have a convulsion, go mad, and break the chain. If I ever get out of this, I swear I'll never try a short cut to a house again. At last a light. The cook at the door—the kitchen door. "What do I want?" she asks. I reply, "Oh, nothing, I was just walking in the short way, and the old dog doesn't quite know me." The butler luckily appears, he addresses me by name, and orders, with authority, Growler to get down, which Growler does, sulkily.

I say, as if he was leaving me pleasantly, "Poor old boy!—sharp dog that." It's a bad example to let people see you're at all afraid of an animal. He growls from his kennel, and we enter the house.

MR. MILBURN has arrived, and my luggage. Will I go into the drawing-room? there's tea in the drawing-room, as we don't dine till seven to-day. Old BYNG comes out to greet me. He says, "I've got a surprise for you." I wish I'd got a surprise for him, it's his birthday. "Many happy returns," I give him heartily. He says, "Such a surprise. I knew you wouldn't come if there were ladies." What does he mean? We walk to the drawing-room. I follow him: I am prepared to have a good laugh at MILBURN about paying the fly, and then—

Ladies! six ladies!! all seated round the fire taking tea. MILBURN standing on the rug, a young man on a small chair, an elderly gentleman deep in a book. Six ladies!!!

Unhappy Thought.—No dress-clothes.

I am introduced, vaguely. I don't hear any one's name, and try to give a different sort of bow to each, which fails. After the introduction, silence. My host goes and talks to elderly lady with worsted.

Happy Thought.—Look at photograph-book on table. Quite a refuge for the conversationally destitute is a photograph-book. Think I'll speak to elderly gentleman; what about?

Happy Thought.—Ask him how the weather's been here! As he says, "I beg pardon, what?" the door opens, a seventh lady enters—Miss FRIDOLINE SYMPERSON!!! No evening dress-clothes!



## THRIFT.

Peebles Body (to Toseneman who was supposed to be in London on a visit). "E-EH, MAC! YE'RE SUNK HAME AGAIN!"

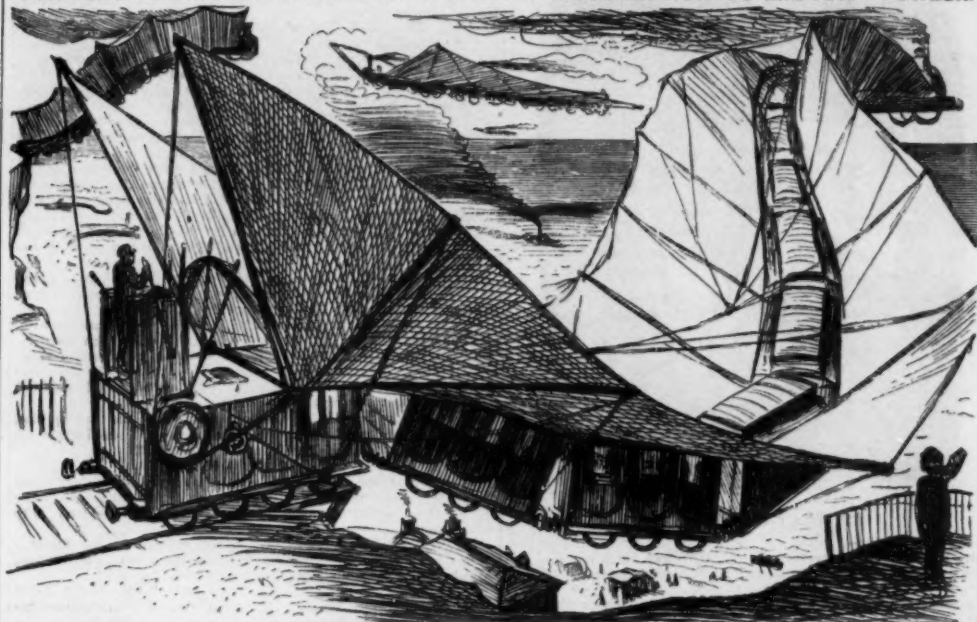
Mac. "E-EH, IT'S JUST A RUINOUS PLACE, THAT! MUN, A HAD NA' BEEN THE-ERIE ABUNE TWA HOOURES WHEN—BANG—WENT SAXPENCE!!!"

1869

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1870

STRAIGHT THROUGH FROM LONDON TO PARIS.—A SUGGESTION TO MR. JOHN FOWLER.



WHY SHOULD NOT A TRAIN BE MADE TO RUN SO FAST THAT BY VIRTUE OF ITS ACQUIRED IMPETUS ACTING ON THE SQUARES OF THE DISTANCE, MULTIPLIED BY THE HYPOTHETHESE OF THE INCLINED PLANE, &c., &c., &c. (WE DON'T PROFESS TO BE PRACTICAL ENGINEERS, BUT HAVE NO DOUBT THAT A GLANCE AT THESE DESIGNS WILL SUGGEST VALUABLE NOTIONS TO THOSE WHO ARE NOW DEALING WITH THE VERY DIFFICULT QUESTION OF THE PASSAGE ACROSS THE CHANNEL.)

## 1871—1880

**D**ISRAELI, enjoying real power at last, presented the Suez Canal and the title "Empress of India" to the Queen, became Earl of Beaconsfield and, after his "Peace with Honour" triumph at the Berlin Congress, reached "the pinnacle of ministerial renown: the favourite of his sovereign, and the idol of society" ("The Times," Aug. 8, 1878). Gladstone, less happy, thundered against the Turks, "one and all, bag and baggage." There were wars with Afghans, Zulus and Ashantees.

At home the ballot becomes secret, education compulsory, and a start is made on the problem of housing—the Prince of Wales (as will be seen from the following pages) giving a practical demonstration. The Tichborne Case, the trial of Charles Peace, "H.M.S. Pinafore" and Whistler's libel action against Ruskin provide varied entertainment for spectators. Ladies, despite their trailing skirts, desert croquet for the newly invented Lawn Tennis, and W. G. Grace becomes a national figure, sharing the headlines with Moody and Sankey and the Salvation Army.



This is the age of Burne-Jones and the Grosvenor Gallery, of the Gothic Revival in architecture, of the "Fortnightly Review," of George Eliot, Hardy, Meredith and (for a different public) Ouida. But the influence of the first Impressionist Exhibition in Paris reaches London in "Old Battersea Bridge," younger architects are turning to Renaissance styles, Arnold, Huxley, Spencer and Samuel Butler are pouring out new ideas, Henry James, Stevenson and Robert Bridges begin to make their names, and Lear inaugurates the cult of nonsense. Mr. Churchill is born.

In "Punch," Shirley Brooks is succeeded as Editor by Tom Taylor and he by F. C. Burnand. The chief new recruit is Harry Furness. Hitherto illustrations had been drawn direct (or traced) on the surfaces of box-wood blocks, but in the late 'seventies a new process made it possible to reproduce them photographically on the block. Engraving, of course, continued to be by hand.



1871

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1872



## EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

Elder of Fourteen. "WHERE'S BABY, MADGE?" Madge. "IN THE OTHER ROOM, I THINK, EMILY."  
 Elder of Fourteen. "GO DIRECTLY, AND SEE WHAT SHE'S DOING, AND TELL HER SHE MUSTN'T!"

## A CENSORSHIP COMING.

Is Paris, it seems, no paper can publish a caricature without receiving the permission of the person to be caricatured! See, my contemporaries, to what a pass the predominance of democratic ideas has brought the French. The idea of being obliged to ask a man's leave before you are allowed to publish a caricature of him! Not that *Punch* would personally mind a law placing him under such an obligation, for his caricatures all, as Mr. O'BALLAGHAN says, represent imaginary persons: that is to say, he caricatures nobody. His portraits all highly flatter those whom they are intended for: so that they give the reverse of offence, and please much more than the very best photographs can. He, for his part, would care nothing for such a law as far as it went. But restriction as to caricatures would, here in England, soon be followed by other restrictions on the liberty of publication which would seriously affect you, my dear contemporaries. Restriction has begun to follow restriction in this heretofore land of liberty. Right after right is made taxable or penal.

If you choose to stand by and see this sort of thing done without noticing it otherwise than by otiose comment, or mild protest, or even with acquiescence or actual approval, your turn will come next, my bucks. You will have restrictions imposed on the freedom of the Press. That is the Nemesis which will descend upon public writers for not having spoken out when they ought to have, and not having resisted as they should have resisted, by argument, invective, ridicule, satire, sarcasm, and every possible variety of censure, vituperation, and abuse, the encroachments which have been made upon personal liberty by sumptuary and sectarian legislation subservient to Sabbatarian and Teetotal Fanatics, Brutes, and Boreds. Look out for a Censorship.

## No Vain Boast.

THERE is a Giantess now to be seen in London, who is advertised as "Her Majesty's largest subject, and the tallest person known to exist." Our friend and neighbour is at last outdone, for this great person must, surely, have a superior claim to be considered the possessor of "the largest circulation in the world."

## TWO DOORS TO FORTUNE.

THESE two advertisements appear in the same Number of the *Times*. Read them:—

A GRADUATE OF CAMBRIDGE IS REQUIRED, as SECOND MASTER in the Gresham Grammar School, Holt, Norfolk. Stipend £10 per annum.

A Good PLAIN COOK WANTED in a Gentleman's Family, where a man and four other servants are kept. Must clean door-steps. Wages £25.

So, clearly, it is better to know how to clean a door *gratus* than to be a graduate. Who says that labour is not honoured in this country?

## Lines to My Love.

NINETY-FIVE in the shade!  
 Bring me iced lemonade  
 Dashed with brandy, and some  
 Small admixture of rum.  
 Let me smoke my Havannah;  
 While you play the pian-ah!

## Duties and Imposts.

Important Notice to Travellers.—Any person arriving from the Continent is permitted to clear his throat at the Custom House free of all duty.

MEM. FOR BATSMEN.—Cricketers will remember this year as "The Year of GRACE 1872."

## Gratifying Advertisement.

THE THEATRE OF WAR is Closed for the present. A Peace is in preparation which we hope will have an unprecedented run.



WELCOME FOR THE WARRIOR RETURNING FROM THE WARS  
AN HISTORICAL SURVEY

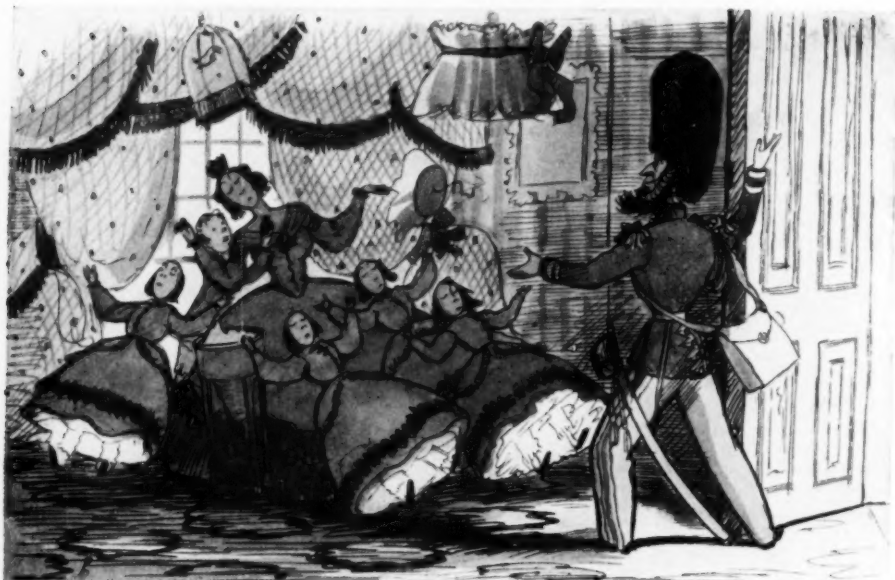


I



II

WELCOME FOR THE WARRIOR RETURNING FROM THE WARS  
AN HISTORICAL SURVEY



III



IV

1873

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1874

## PRINCELY COTTAGES.

"THE PRINCE OF WALES began, immediately after his marriage, by building the Alexandra Cottages, a row of twelve dwellings, built of Carr stone found on the estate, faced by white stone, and each entered through a pretty porch, with gardens in front and rear. For these a rent of £4 per year is paid by the tenant. The cost of the erection of each was £195. The Louise Cottages, built on the West Newton portion of the estate, are only inferior to the Alexandra Cottages in outward appearance; but they are also inferior in rent, and even their outside is attractive enough. They cost less than the Alexandra Cottages, the money laid out for the erection of each being only £140. For these the tenants pay a yearly rental of £3 10s. each. On the whole, the Sandringham Cottages produce only about one and a half per cent. on the capital invested."—*The Hour, May 12.*

"THE Cottage-homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand!"  
(So once FELICIA HEMANS sang.)  
Throughout the lovely land!  
By many a shining river-side  
These happy homes are seen,  
And clustering round the commons wide,  
And 'neath the woodlands green.

The Cottage-homes of England—  
Alas, how strong they smell!  
There's fever in the cesspool,  
And sewage in the well.  
With ruddy cheeks and flaxen curls,  
Though their tots shout and play,  
The health of those gay boys and girls  
Too soon will pass away.

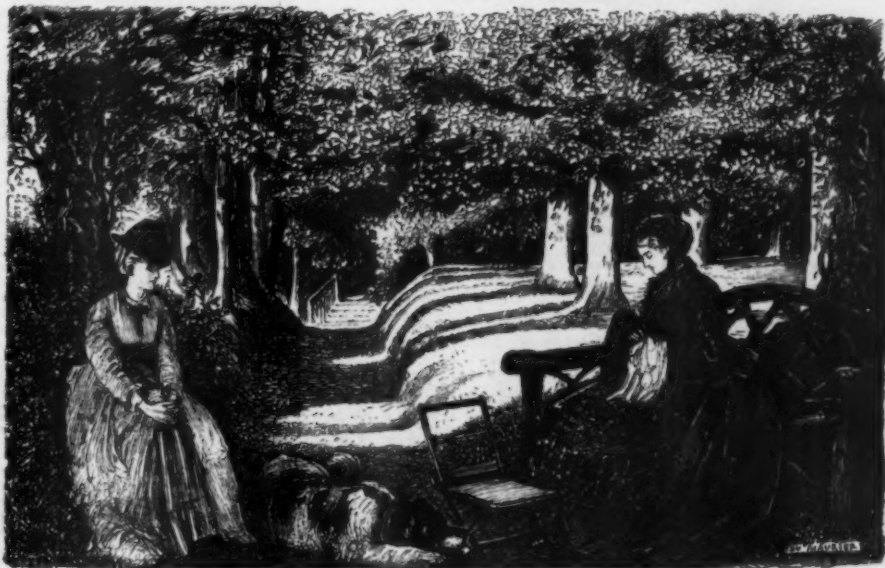
The Cottage-homes of England!  
Where each crammed sleeping-place  
Foul air distils whose poison kills  
Health, modesty and grace.

Who stables horse, or houseeth kine,  
As these poor peasants lie,  
More thickly in their straw than swine  
Are herded in a sty?

The Cottage-homes of England!—  
But may they not be made  
What Footess FELICIA  
In graceful verse portrayed?  
With chambers where a purer air  
The sleepers' lungs may bless,  
And pretty porches, gardens fair?—  
The PRINCE OF WALES says, "Yes."

The Cottage-homes of England,  
Whose aspect makes men wince,  
May turn to happy dwellings yet,  
With landlords like the Prince:  
Then quicker brain and readier arm,  
And more strength better spent,  
May add an economic charm  
To less than two per cent.

The Cottage-homes of England!  
The toiler gay and blithe,  
Who drinks his ale, and plies his flail,  
And swings his sweeping scythe,  
His sons and daughters, braced anew  
With strength that nothing ails,  
Will bless each Prince of landlords who  
Does like the PRINCE OF WALES.



## A PATHETIC APPEAL.

"MAMMA, SHALL YOU LET ME GO TO THE WILKINSONS' BALL, IF THEY GIVE ONE, THIS WINTER?"

"No, DARLING!"

(A pause.)

"YOU'VE BEEN TO A GREAT MANY BALLS, HAVEN'T YOU, MAMMA?"

"YES, DARLING,—AND I'VE SEEN THE FOLLY OF THEM ALL."

(Another pause.)

"MIGHTN'T I JUST SEE THE FOLLY OF ONE, MAMMA?"

[A very long pause.]

1875

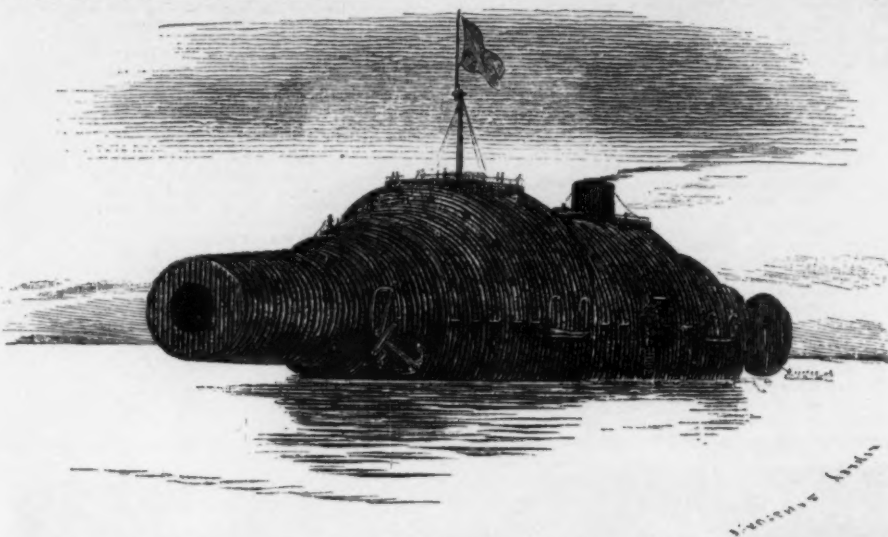
## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1876

## THE WAR-SHIP OF THE (REMOTE) FUTURE.

DEAR PUNCH,

I beg leave to lay before you an illustrated plan of my new invulnerable invincible breech-loading Man-of-War. I have not submitted it to the Government of my country, much less to any foreign state, for the simple reason that the former would not be likely to appreciate anything so radical, not to say "revolutionary" (the latter was the reason why the Elder-Reed-Popoff-Circular-Turtle-Battery was objected to), while the Foreigner pays off unpatriotic Englishmen by appropriating their plans and claiming their inventions. I shall therefore content myself for the present with registering my plan and description in your columns.



You will perceive that I retain the old form of a gun, with the exception of the trunnions. The mouth is plugged with a huge explosive shell, loaded with a compound of terribly destructive power adapted, for the first time, to practical purposes—pirate of odium theologium! My boiler heat for the screw is obtained by very economical means—the consumption of Admiralty despatches, minutes, and old Blue Books. The magazine is situated in the breech of the gun-ship, the remainder of the bore serves for the housing of the crew, stores, &c. The great peculiarity of the ship is that if the Captain desires to strike a decisive blow, he pipes his men on deck, which is reached through the touch-hole, and at the right moment explodes the magazine!!! I remain, dear Punch, your obedient servant,  
THOROUGH.

## THE BRITON ABROAD.

(A few useful Sentences, to be translated into French and German, for the use of all true Britons.)

Be good enough to show me a Room furnished in the English fashion.

Please get me some Brandy and Soda Water.

I want some Eggs and Bacon and three cups of Tea for my Breakfast.

Will you show me a Shop where I can get Buns for my Wife's lunch, and Muffins and Crumpets for the Children's tea.

I shall require a Beefsteak and a bottle of Bass's Ale at one o'clock.

Get me a Cab—a Hansom, if possible.

Where is the English Church?

Where does the English Doctor live?

Where can I see all the English papers?

Where can my Wife get English dresses?

Where can I get English cigars?

For dinner I shall want some Oxtail Soup, a Cod's head and Oyster Sauce, and a Sirloin.

I should like half a dozen bottles of Ginger-beer.

Do you know how to mix Shandy-gaff?

Have you a copy of Bradshaw?

I see that there is a "Jardin Anglais" in this town. Be good enough to direct me to it.

Bring me the Times and this week's Punch.

What do they think here of the Prisons Bill, the Education Act, and the new Statue to the late Prince Consort at Edinburgh?

I shall want a Tub in the morning.

Not know what a "Tub" is! Why a Bath, to be sure.

No Bath in this town?

What? you don't think I shall be able to get a Bath in the whole country?

Order my traps to be put back into the Omnibus. I shall leave for England by the next train!

## Learning for Lubbers.

It appears that great numbers of young Naval Officers, including Sub-lieutenants of the highest practical efficiency, who have served for six, seven, eight, or nine years at sea, are getting "dismissed the Service in consequence of their failure to attain a new standard of theoretical knowledge." The Post adds, that "out of twenty young Officers who have gone up for examination at Greenwich during the last two months, exactly one-half have been plucked." Let systematic pedants cease to pluck the flower of the British Navy.

## PRODIGIOUS!

THIS is an attractive advertisement in a Sporting Paper:—  
"TO NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN.—TO BE SOLD (by private arrangement only), a fine FREEHOLD ESTATE, in South Wales, containing upwards of 700 Acres, with a good family Mansion thereon. The Property commands, from the local advantages it possesses, a baronetcy, and a seat in Parliament. First-class Fishing and Shooting. Principals only treated with. Apply, &c."

What are the "local advantages" of the land? Turnips, mangel-wurzel, gooseberries, or what? Do these give the title, namely, for example, SIR TIMOTHY TURNIPS, Bart., SIR MANGEL-WURZEL, SIR GREGORY GOOSEBERRY, and so forth? Or do the Fishing and Shooting give the title, as, again, SIR FRANCIS FISH PHEASANT, SIR PETER PIKE PARTRIDGE? And then to be able to "command" a seat in Parliament!! Why, here's a big chance for DR. KENEALY and his son AHMED! The Doctor could be the Baronet, and his son could have a seat in Parliament, next to the Convict-Baronet's advocate, without a struggle. At all events, it is worthy of immediate attention.

## £1000 Reward!

WHAT is the object of the subscription for CAPTAIN WEBB? Only to reward merit. It surely cannot be to keep his head above water. He has shown us that he is able to do this for himself. However, no one knows better than the Hero—or, rather, the Leander—of the hour that "There is a tide in the affairs of man, which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune,"—*via* Dover and Calais.



1877

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1878

VERS NONSENSIQUES À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES

(Par ANATOLE DE LESTER-SCOUÈRE.)



Il existe une Espinstère à Tours,  
Un peu vite, et qui porte toujours  
Un ulsteur peau-de-phoque,  
Un chapeau bilicquo,  
Et des microbocqueurs en velours.



Il était un gendarme, à Nantouil,  
Qui n'avait qu'une dent et qu'un oeil;  
Mais cet oeil solitaire  
Était plein de mystère;  
Cette dent, d'importance et d'orgueil.



"Cassez-vous, cassez-vous, cassez-vous,  
O mer, sur vos froids gris cailloux!"  
Ainsi traduisait LAURE  
Au profit d'ISIDORE  
(Bon jeune homme, et son futur époux).



Oui, Français, votre patrie est belle,  
Et chez vous le soleil étincelle!  
Mais l'on n'a pas chez vous  
Ces deux objets si doux,  
Le Pôqueur, et la Côte-escoutelle!"

1879

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1880



## "THE UNSEEN WORLD."

*Scientific Gent (with his hair on end). "VE'Y STRANGE! BUT I COULD ALMOST SWEAR—I HEAR FOO'S STEPS—FOLLOWING ME DOWNSTAIRS—!"*  
*(Bolts into his bedroom, locks the door, and writes to the "Athenaeum" next day!)*

## NOTHING LIKE UNDERSTANDING EACH OTHER.

PEOPLE are constantly complaining to *Punch* of the "airs" of servants in these days. The following genuine letter has been sent him as a choice example of the sort of thing "Missuses" have now to put up with:—

"MADAM,

"March 10.

"IN answer to your letter which I received this morning, I cannot find out any thing in your letter I Object to, neither do I feel doubtful but what I might give Satisfaction. My wages is 11s. all found, including beer. I want to know, Madam, how many sills to late dinner, and what is the third girl, as I should like to feel I could settle after coming so far. Do you have a laid lunch, and all lunch together? Is the House large—as taking House and Parlour-work together, it makes a difference. My Height is pretty fair. I shall wait answer to this. Then I will give you the address for my references. If there is anything beside you would like to state to me, I shall be much Obliged to you to do so.

"I remain, your Humble Servant.

"P.S.—If I take your situation, I shall expect my expenses paid."

"The audacious hussy!" nineteen Missuses in twenty will after reading this letter burst out.

But is it more than a business-like attempt on the part of one party to a contract to ascertain its conditions, clearly and exactly, before concluding the bargain? For *Punch's* part, he—being a "Master," and not a "Missus"—would be inclined to augur very favourably of the writer's clear-headedness; would, in fact, call her decidedly a "business-like woman," though her letter, no doubt, reads rather "cool"—not to put too fine a point on it—to the Lady to whom it is addressed. But the sooner Ladies who want servants make up their minds to lay aside the old-fashioned feudal notion that they are a superior order of beings to those who undertake domestic duties in their establishments, and are content to treat with them *de pouvoir en pouvoir*, the better. "To this complexion," as *Hamlet* says, "they must come." *Punch* can't hope to "make them laugh at that," unless it be on the "grin, and bear it" principle. But let them ask themselves if it isn't the fact—pleasant or not.

(*Punch* would like to know, how a Mistress as capable in her upper or drawing-room sphere, as the writer in her lower or kitchen range, would answer this letter?)

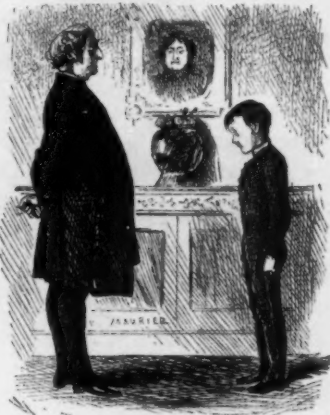
## YE SCAVENGERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye Scavengers of England!  
 Whose cart one seldom sees  
 Without unpleasant consciousness  
 There's something in the breeze!  
 Leave other garbage to its fate,  
 And here your prowess show!  
 And sweep through the heap  
 From King Street up to Bow;  
 Where the struggle rages all day long,  
 From King Street up to Bow!

The Duke may wish you farther,  
 The question try to waive;  
 But, bear in mind, that filthy slush  
 Might prove his Grace's grave!  
 And should he, by some chance, go down  
 Himself, he'd swear you're slow,  
 As ye sweep through the heap  
 From King Street up to Bow;  
 Where the struggle rages all day long,  
 From King Street up to Bow!

We boast we need no bulwarks  
 Our social rights to keep;  
 Yet, if we wish to purchase plums,  
 We do it—ankle deep!  
 And though we often, through the *Times*,  
 Our indignation show,  
 The while we roar, the loads still pour  
 From King Street and from Bow;  
 And the struggle lasts the whole day long,  
 From King Street down to Bow!

The dirty flags of Mudford  
 At last shall have their turn!—  
 No more for rotting refuse prove  
 A putrid public churn!  
 So up, ye British Scavengers,  
 A decent garden show,  
 Where Duchesses henceforth may—leap!  
 From King Street up to Bow,  
 And thank their stars you've made a sweep  
 From King Street up to Bow!



## NATURAL RELIGION.

Bishop (reproving delinquent Page).  
 "WRETCHED BOY! WHO IS IT THAT SEES AND  
 HEARS ALL WE DO, AND BEFORE WHOM EVEN I AM  
 BUT AS A CRUSHED WORM?"  
 Page. "THE MISSUS, MY LORD!"



## 1881—1890

**G**LADSTONE, with Disraeli no longer there to face him, begins his long battle for Irish Home Rule, harassed by such diversions and disasters as the Bradlaugh incident, Majuba, Gordon's death at Khartum, the Phoenix Park murders, Parnell's private morals, and the secession from his party of Joseph Chamberlain and his Liberal-Unionists. The Queen's Jubilee celebrations are attended by four Kings, four Crown Princes, a Grand Duke and innumerable lesser Princes and Potentates.

Women take up golf and boldly mount the safety bicycle. Still more startling to good Victorians, married women are given the right to keep their own property. The Fabian Society edges on to the scene and Bernard Shaw with it. Among the poets, Browning, Swinburne and Rossetti are joined by William Watson, Wilde and Kipling. In fiction we have reached the age of Hall Caine, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Rider Haggard, Marie Corelli and Conan Doyle.

London had electric light along the Embankment by 1881, and the Postmaster-General began to grant licences for telephones in the same year. But traffic jams were a nuisance. In 1882, when Mr. Joseph Aloysius Hanson died, there were nearly ten thousand of his "patent safety cabs" in the metropolis, together with some eighteen hundred omnibuses.

In "Punch," Burnand continued in the Editorial chair. H. W. Lucy took over "Essence of Parliament" as Toby M.P. The Grossmiths produced a classic in "The Diary of a Nobody," and F. Anstey (Guthrie) made his name with "Voices Populi," despite the criticism of older readers that they were "new-fangled." Other newcomers to the paper were R. C. Lehmann, Barry Pain and E. T. Reed. Tenniel's cartoon of the Kaiser discarding Bismarck raised the artist's fame to its peak.



*H. W. Lucy*



1881

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1882



## "PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY."

English Angler (on this side of the Tweed). "Hi, DONALD! COME OVER AND HELP ME TO LAND HIM—A 20-POUNDER I'LL SWEAR—"  
 Highlander (on the other). "IT WULL TAK' YE A LANG TIME TO LAN' THAT FISH, TOO, D'E KEN, SIR, WHATEVER!—YE HAN SHUKET THE KINGDOM O' AULD SCOTLAND!"

## THE WAY WE TALK NOW.

(From the Coming Conversation Book.)

"With the introduction of the Electrophone, distance will disappear, the intermediary will vanish, and, at one stroke, every method of communication be revolutionised."—*Scientific Gossip*.

REALLY, the first act of this new piece at the Français has gone capitally; and, here in Pimlico, in my shirt sleeves, sipping milk and soda, with my feet on the mantelpiece, I am enjoying it immensely.

The arrangement by which the whole 652 Members of the House of Commons can now sit in the midst of their respective constituents, and all talk at once, seems to me quite admirable.

My Serious Aunt is certainly right. It is foolish of me to have touched the wrong stop, and have turned on a *matinée* at the King's Cross Theatre instead of the Cathedral Service!

As the sermon has now commenced, will you oblige me with a cork?

It is most delightful to hear Mr. IRVING's speeches as *Synorix* issuing from the teapot when I choose to open the lid. Yet I miss his wig.

Will you just give a hint to the PREMIER that it is not the sound of feeding-time at the "Zoo" that he is listening to with such a pleasing smile, but a personal communication from the Emperor of CHINA on the subject of international pomade.

The page's waggish "I see you!" shouted into the Solicitor's receiver, has, I find, been charged to me on seventeen separate occasions at six-and-eightpence.

Good gracious! That must be the voice of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL! Turn off the current, and say I'm at Kamschatka.



## OUR WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT CHART.

## Heads and Tails.

(A Query for Mr. Darwin.)

[A Medical Gentleman at Manchester expresses his absolute conviction—based on the testimony of hatters, who find increasing demand for hats of a smaller size—that the adult human head is in course of diminution.]

MAKE answer, O Science, for courage quite quails

At a prospect which fills us with tremors and dreads:

If Apes became Men by slow loss of their tails,

What will Men become by slow loss of their heads?



1883

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1884

## THE BOILING POT OR, HOW TO KEEP IT UP.

(N.B.—It is done by a "Contents Bill" and a "Special" Edition—  
Vide below.)

## THREAT TO BLOW UP THE TOWER.

A LITTLE boy, who gave his age as eleven, was discovered in Thames Street this morning with a halfpenny squib and box of matches. On the explosives being taken away from him, he admitted, on cross-examination, that his intention was to blow up the Tower. The investigation was still proceeding when our reporter left.

## NARROW ESCAPE OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

THE Emperor of GERMANY was yesterday morning about to take a turn in the Garden Platz, at the rear of the Palace, when an extremely heavy and drenching shower of rain came suddenly down, and determined His Majesty to abandon his stroll. The escape was a most narrow one, and has excited lively comment and congratulation in Court circles.

## DISCOVERY OF ARMS IN THE REGENT'S CANAL.

THIS afternoon a dredging-machine, while clearing a portion of the Junction basin, brought up from the bed of mud at the bottom a couple of old kitchen knives and a carving-fork. The weapons had evidently been in the water for some time, and the circumstance has naturally caused much excitement in the immediate neighbourhood.

## SUSPECTED ANARCHISTS AT CAMBERWELL.

SOME strangers have lately been seen in the neighbourhood of Camberwell; and yesterday they lunched at a well-known public-house, without any apparent object. It is thought, therefore, that they are very likely Anarchists, a threatening, coloured, and illustrated letter of a scurrilous character having been received by the Vicar on the morning of the 14th February last.

## REPORTED EARTHQUAKE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

A CORRESPONDENT from Egham writes to us:—"I was visiting the State Apartments at Windsor in the usual manner yesterday, when it struck me that I noted a decided oscillation of the stone



## GOOD ADVERTISEMENT.

"I USED YOUR SOAP TWO YEARS AGO; SINCE THEN I HAVE USED  
NO OTHER."

bannisters on the grand staircase. As I had not long lunched, I could not possibly have been mistaken, and I called the attention of the Clerone to the fact. I have not the slightest doubt but that the phenomenon was due to a severe shock of earthquake."



## METROPOLITAN PRIZE PUZZLES NO. 1.

JUNE. NEAR THE MARBLE ARCH. Puzzle—To find the Policeman.

1885

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1886



## EXPERIENTIA DOCEP

Wife of Two Years' Standing. "OH, YES! I'M SURE HE'S NOT SO FOND OF ME AS AT FIRST. HE'S AWAY SO MUCH, NEGLECTS ME DREADFULLY, AND HE'S SO CROSS WHEN HE COMES HOME. WHAT SHALL I DO?"

Widow. "FEED THE BRUTE!"

## THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

(Something about it, from a couple of last week's Diaries.)

WELL, if this isn't enough to make a Ratepayer savage, I should like to know what is, that's all. The state of the road is simply disgraceful. Started this morning, to go to the office, and in ten minutes after leaving home, owing to having to wade through a drift, found myself soaked to my knees. Home again and changed, and started afresh, this time getting hold of a four-wheeler with two horses, that agreed to take me for treble fare. Both horses down several times, but drag on. Stuck at last. Cabman says he can't go on any further. Get out and find it freezing hard. Pick my way carefully, but presently slip backwards and sprain my right ankle badly. Luckily an omnibus comes by, sliding and staggering, and I limp in. We creep on for some time, but at length come to a dead halt. Both horses are down and we all have to get out. Driver says he's not going "to have any more of this fun," and is "going back." He does. I limp on citywards as well as I can. Get into another drift, and am again soaked to my knees. Try to walk quicker, and this time sprain my left ankle—sit on a heap of snow, and am now waiting for a policeman to help me on to a stretcher.

So the neighbourhood's snowed up, and we Westrymen has got to see to it. Anythink else, I should like to know! Why, what'll they be expecting of us next? To take a broom and sweep it up ourselves, I suppose? Not if I know it—no, nor hiring a lot of fellows to do it neither. Snow is snow, everybody knows that, and, of course, if it comes down heavy, it sticks—and why shouldn't it stick? I ask. How can a Westry be held responsible for that? Clear it away, indeed. Who's to clear it away? Why, if it comes to that, it will clear itself away. Give it time enough, and it will melt—any fool knows that. And what are people to do in the meantime? Why, slush through it as best they can. That's what the buses have to do and the cabs; and, for the matter of that, if a four-wheeler can't get along with two 'osses driving tandem, well, all I can say is, it must stay where it is. Oughtn't we Westrymen to try to get the muck moved away? 'Ow? Where's the carts to do it? D'you think it's our business to puzzle our 'eads over a set out like this 'ere, because it ill-conveniences a lot of chaps going to the City and back? Why, what do you think a Westryman is made for?

## THE PASSIONATE STATISTICIAN TO HIS LOVE.

"For my part, I am a passionate Statistician. Go with me into the study of statistics, and I will make you all enthusiastic in statistics."—*Mr. Gooches at Whitechapel.*

Come live with me and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That facts and figures can supply  
Unto the Statist's ravished eye.

And we will sit 'midst faction's  
shocks

And calculate the price of Stocks,  
The music of whose rise and fall  
Beats most melodious madrigal.

Per-centages shall stir our blood  
Analyses as clear as mud.  
Oh, if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me, and be my love.

The marriage rate, the price of meat,  
Shall yield us raptures calm and  
sweet;

And analytic "Tables" be  
Prepared each day to give us glee.

Economists our praise shall sing,  
The Statesman's eloquence we'll  
wing

If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

SUPERFLUOUS.—MR. STORY-MASKELYNE, M.P., has introduced a Bill for "preserving" the Thames above Teddington Lock. Preserve, indeed! Why, it is already a perfect jam—on Bank Holidays.



## "TEACH YEER GRAN'MITHER." &amp;C.

Englishman (to Highland Friend, who is on a visit South, and "fir-ri acquaintance" with Asparagus). "Mac! Mac!"—(in a whisper)—"YOU'RE EATING IT AT THE WRONG END!" Mac (who is not for learning anything from a "gawk of a Saxon"). "AIE, BUT YE DINNA KEEN, MAN, AH FR-RUFFUR-R-T!!!"

1887

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1888



## FOND AND FOOLISH.

Edwin (suddenly, after a long pause). "DARLING!" Angelina. "YES, DARLING!"  
Edwin. "NOTHING, DARLING. ONLY DARLING, DARLING!" [Bilious Old Gentleman feels quite sick.]

VOCES POPULI.  
AT THE FRENCH PLAY.

SCENE—A British Theatre, on stage of which that irresistibly funny farcical comedy, "Les Vivacités d'un Vrai Lapin," with the celebrated M. PATATRAS in the principal rôle, is in course of representation.

In the Stalls. British Matron (whose mirth is far less restrained than it would be in any other Stalls). Oh, it is really too funny! I'm sure I don't know what it is that makes one laugh so!

[And, to do her justice, she does not in the least, the only phrase she caught being—"Fit c'est toujours comme ça!" But it is so silly not to laugh when everybody else is in fits.]

British Parent (to his Daughter, whom he has brought here with a view to discovering how far she has profited by that year at the Boulogne Boarding School—he himself is "a little rusty in his French.") Well, I haven't heard you laugh much yet! Thought you understood the language?

The Daughter (hurt). I do, Papa, I understand every word they say—only, I don't always quite know what the jokes mean.

B. P. (indignantly). And this is what they call education nowadays! Ah, well, I might have spared my money, it seems.

In the Dress Circle. First Briton (with a smile of subtle appreciation). Very smartly written, this dialogue, eh?—that last bit!

[He chuckles wickedly.]

Second Briton (who has been secretly wishing they wouldn't speak so confoundedly fast). Full of esprit—full of esprit! We're no match for them there!

[An aside is spoken on stage, which convulses the initiated; both Britons a little late in laughing, and resolve to watch one another's face in future—result being that before end of Second Act each darkly suspects the other of being a humbug.]

British Fiancée (who is determined JOHN shall not think her dull, behind her handkerchief). Isn't it killing?

John (who has been beginning to think her rather too lively, with a slight stiffness). Well, some people might find it a trifle broad—but so long as you're amused—

B. F. (in extreme confusion). Oh, I thought this piece was all right—or I wouldn't . . . that's the worst of French, you never know!

[Wishes they had gone to "Dorothy" instead.]

In the Pit. Plain Man (to Quiet Neighbour). Comical kind o'

piece, eh? Find you manage to catch the drift of it at all?  
The Q. N. (who has spent much of his time abroad). Oh—yes, I—  
a—think so.

The P. M. So did I, first-rate, and without knowing a single word o' French either, mind you! I manage to pick up what it's all about as I go along, and I'll lay I'm not far out. I knew at once that that old chap in the smoking-cap was put out about the way his daughter carried on—that was very good, and then his old wife, she came in, and there was a shindy—

The Q. N. Oh, pardon me, but you're wrong there. The old lady was his mother-in-law, and the girl was his young wife. He has no daughter in the piece, and the idea is—

The P. M. Well, I made it out different myself, any way.

[He evidently prefers his own interpretation, which the Q. N. does not make any further efforts to correct.]

In the Stalls. Young Wife (who is always meaning "to take up her French again," to her husband, who has given her to understand that he is perfectly at home in the language). But, HARRY, what was there so very funny about that?

Harry (who has been laughing, solely to keep up his reputation). Well, you see—it's impossible to translate these things. (Which it is, for him.) It's Parisian, you know—very Parisian!

In the Upper Boxes. Portly Gaul, to Briton (who is laughing industriously at everything). Très égayante, la pièce, n'est-ce pas?

The Briton (who has a vague idea that the Gaul is apologising for being about to pass). Par de too, Mossoo!

The Gaul (astonished). Comment "pas du tout"? Et vous qu'pouffez de rire!

The Briton. Le Buffet? c'est derrière—on dessus, I—I mean—au dehors!

The Gaul. Ah, vous riez donc aux éclats sans avoir rien compris? Vous êtes un original, vous!

The Briton (who feels that he may expose himself if he goes on much longer). Wee, Mossoo, vous avez raison—say ear!

## AT THE CLOSE.

Critical Playgoer (who has understood, on an average, about one word in fifty). I must say I was a little disappointed with the dialogue—nothing like so witty as I expected!

His Friend (whose average was one in a hundred). There were one or two good things in it, though—but, of course, it's PAPA-PAPA one goes to see!

1889

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1890



DROPPING THE PILOT.



## 1891—1900

**T**HE G.O.M., grown old and deaf, gives way to Rosebery, but the Queen is still there to enjoy her Diamond Jubilee and travel largely on the Continent. Kitchener reconquers the Sudan, and the Jameson Raid serves as a prelude to the Boer War. Australia becomes a nation.

Death duties and Workmen's Compensation impose restrictions on capital; the I.L.P. is founded and the Manchester Ship Canal opened. Not everything in the 'nineties is naughty, despite Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley and the Tranby Croft Baccarat Case. The National Portrait Gallery, for instance, is opened, so are the Tate and the Wallace Collection. The Proms begin in the new Queen's Hall. New music includes the "Enigma Variations" and "Hiawatha." Leg-of-mutton sleeves come in as the bustle goes out.

Pater, Wilde and Max Beerbohm are the period's essayists, Yeats, Housman and Francis Thompson its poets. The Poet Laureate, Alfred Austin, is much



harried by "Punch"—which also, and less admirably, disapproves of Ibsen. This is a decade of awakening for the stage, with Pinero, Wilde and Shaw bringing new life to theatres that had relied too long on French translations or Irving in the classics.

Burnand is still Editor of "Punch," with Owen Seaman to assist him. Bernard Partridge becomes junior cartoonist to Tenniel, now nearing his fiftieth year with the paper. In 1892 appeared the first "process" block. Engraving of the photographic facsimile on the (metal) block was now carried out by chemical action, instead of by a "translator's" hand. This opened up a fresh vista of freedom of line and expression and made possible the "new style" of draughtsmanship, simple but virile, of which Phil May was the pioneer. From that date drawing for reproduction became progressively more "expressive" and less "documentary."

1891

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1892



## MILITARY EDUCATION.

*General.* "MR. DE BRIDOO, WHAT IS THE GENERAL USE OF CAVALRY IN MODERN WARFARE?"

*Mr. de Bridoon.* "WELL, I SUPPOSE TO GIVE TONE TO WHAT WOULD OTHERWISE BE A MERE VULGAR BRAWL!"

## THE "TA-RA-RA" BOOM.

(By Our Own Melancholy Musc.)

I AM shrouded in impenetrable gloom de-ay,  
For I feel I'm being driven to my doom-de-ay,  
By an aggravating ditty  
Which I don't consider witty;  
And they call the horrid thing "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

Every 'bus-conductor, errand-boy, and groom-de-ay,  
City clerk, and cheeky crossing-sweep with broom-de-ay  
Makes my nervous system bristle  
As he tries to sing or whistle  
That atrocious and absurd "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

So I sit in the seclusion of my room-de-ay,  
And deny myself to all—no matter whom-de-ay—  
For I dread a creature coming  
Whose involuntary humming  
May assume the fatal form, "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

Oh, I fear that when the Summer roses bloom-de-ay,  
You will read upon a well-appointed tomb-de-ay:—  
"Influenza never lick'd him,  
But he fell an easy victim  
To that universal scourge—"Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

## A ROUGH CROSSING.

THAT military-looking gentleman, with his arm in a sling, and his head covered with bandages, has, I suppose, just returned from fighting the Dacoits in Upper Burma?

I certainly am surprised when you inform me that he has only tried to cross a London street in a fog.

Do you really mean to say that the vehicle that just thundered past at twenty miles an hour, in the mist, was not a fire-engine, but only a covered Van?

Yes, I believe it is a fact that special beds in all the Hospitals are now reserved for Van-victims.

Of course it is difficult for a man in the Van to look to the Rear; still he need not swoop down on pedestrians quite so much like a highwayman, saying, "Your collar-bone or your life!"

If things go on as they are now doing, every covered Van will have to carry its own Surgeon and ambulance about with it.

What is that crowd for, and why is somebody shouting angrily? Oh, I suppose the old gentleman, who has been run over by the Coal-wagon and is lying bleeding on the asphalt, is remonstrating with the driver?

What? Can it really be the case that the driver is abusing the old gentleman for his stupidity in getting in his way?

I have heard that the Insurance Companies now insert in their policies a condition forbidding the crossing of any street in London, except under police escort.

And, finally, as nearly six thousand persons were run down in the streets of the Capital last year, is it not almost time that something were done to check the Van Mazeppa-Juggernaut in his wild career?

## MORE IBSENITRY.

*Ghost* at the Royalty. "Alas, poor Ghost!" A shady piece. "No money taken at the doors" on this occasion, which is making a virtue of necessity. This being the case, *Ghost* was, and if played again will be, witnessed by an audience mainly composed of "Deadheads." Lively this. The Critics have spoken out strongly, and those interested in this Ibsenitry should read the criticisms presumably by Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT in *The Telegraph* and Mr. MOY THOMAS in *The Daily News*. Stingers; but as outspoken as they are true and just in all their dealings with this Ibsenian craze.

## "AS EASY AS A B.C."

*Witness of the Labour Commission (under examination).* Yes, I think that employers should be forced by law to give in to their men.

*Question.* But should this lead to bankruptcy, what then?

*Witness.* Bankruptcy should be legally abolished.

*Question.* Should employers have no money to pay the employed?

*Witness.* That duty should be discharged by the Government.

*Question.* But how should the loss be supplied—by the imposition of new taxes?

*Witness.* Certainly not. Taxation should be entirely abolished.

*Question.* Then how could your scheme be carried out?

*Witness (courteously).* That is a matter I leave entirely to the discretion of the Government.

1893

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1894

## THE COMING CAR.

*At the Booking-Office.*—I want a Third-Class Circular Tourist People's Palace Carticket to Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Inverness, down the Caledonian Canal to Oban, and round to Glasgow by the Kyles of Bute, please, at your new reduced fare of eighteen shillings and sixpence for the round.

I believe this ticket allows me to stay at any town or village en route for any time up to ten years! Yes! Thank you!

What do you say? That merely taking the ticket acts as an Insurance of £2,000 a year to my relatives in case of a fatal accident, with £1,000 a year to myself if in any way disabled? Really, that is a most liberal arrangement.

*In the Third-Class Dining-Saloon.*—It certainly does seem surprising that the Company should be able to supply a dinner comprising turtle soup, lobster salad, ris de veau, cotelettes de volaille, ice pudding, and the best dry champagne, at two-and-sixpence a head, with the Band of the Grenadier Guards performing in the adjoining luggage-van during the meal.

The provision of free Turkish and other baths for the use of third-class passengers makes a long railway journey quite a "Travellers' Rest."

I hear that the Great East-Northern Company, in order to draw custom, is now offering gratuitous medical attendance for a year, a box at the Opera once a week during the season, and a three-guinea subscription to MUDIE'S, to every passenger who takes a couple of third-class tickets to Scotland and back.

*In a Third-Class Sleeping-Car Cubicle.*—MAPLE seems to have furnished this elegant sleeping chamber regardless of expense. We are landed (or perhaps it would be more correct to say Midlanded) in luxury!

Every passenger, it appears, is now entitled to one of these apartments for the night, with use of brass bedstead, eider-down quilt, feather mattress in winter, and unlimited hot water in the morning, without any extra payment. This is a distinct improvement on the old "Truck System" of five persons on each side, courting sleep bolt upright through a stuffy summer's night, and attempting to dispose of ten pairs of legs in a space intended by nature to hold two.

Go to bed singing—"Car of the Evening, Beautiful Car!" and wake up at Perth for my early cup of tea and buttered scones.

## MEMS. FROM THE O. W. UNCOMMON-PLACE BOOK.

"Essentials for success of modern play are 'Latitude and Platitude.' First being risky is saved by second."

*Receipt for Play-making.*—First catch your opigrams: preserve them for use: serve with sauce piquante un peu risquée distributed impartially among a variety of non-essential dramatic personae, invented for the purpose. Provide fine old crusted copybook moral sentiments, to suit bourgeois palate: throw in the safe situation of some one concealed, behind door or window, listening to private conversation. Add one well-tried effective dramatic situation to bring down curtain on penultimate Act, and there's a stage-dish to set before the appreciative B. P., if only it can be presented to them effectively garnished by a clever and popular Manager at a first-class theatre.

MODERN TRANSLATION BY OUR YOUNGEST SPORTING ETYMOLOGIST.—"In formid pauperis"—i.e., "in rather poor form."



Q. E. D.

"WHAT'S UP WI' SALT?"

"AIN'T YER ERD? SHE'S MARRIED AGIN!"

## A FALSE GALLOP OF ANALOGIES

[*"The chavender, or chub."*—ISAAC WALTON]

THERE is a fine stuffed chavender.

A chavender, or chub,  
That decks the rural pavender.

The pavender, or pub,  
Wherein I eat my gravender,  
My gravender, or grub.

How good the honest gravender!  
How snug the rustic pavender!  
From sheets as sweet as lavender.

As lavender, or lub,  
I jump into my tavender,  
My tavender, or tub.

Alas! for town and clavender,  
For business and club!  
They call me from my pavender  
To-night; ay, there's the ravender.  
Ay, there comes in the rub!  
To leave each blooming shravender,

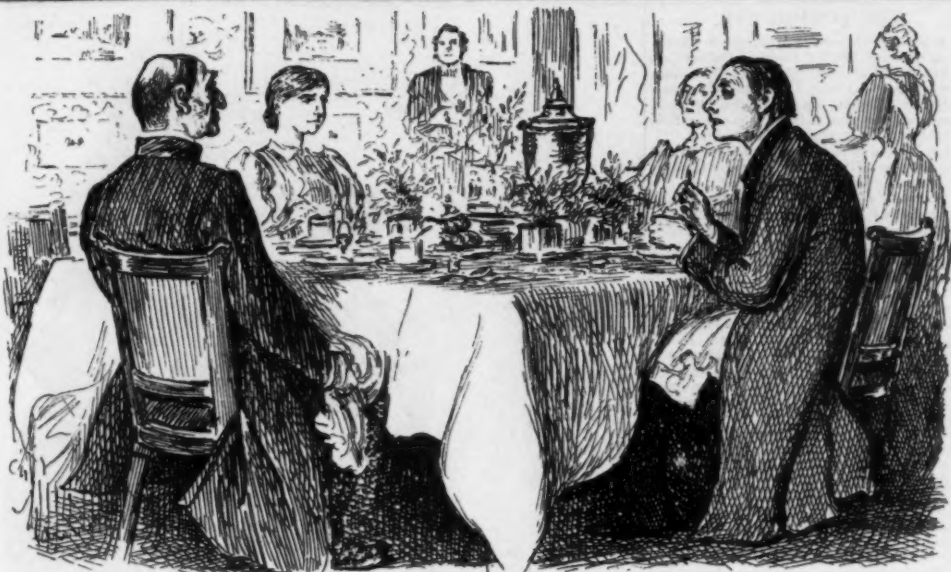
Each Spring-bedizened shrub.  
And meet the horry savender,  
The very forward sub,  
At dinner at the clavender,  
And then at billiards dravender.  
At billiards soundly drub  
The self-sufficient cavender.  
The not ill-meaning cub,  
Who me a bear will davender,  
A bear unfairly dub,  
Because I sometimes savender.  
Not too severely snub  
His setting right the clavender.  
His teaching all the club!

Farewell to peaceful pavender.  
My river-dreaming pub,  
To bed as sweet as lavender,  
To homely, wholesome gravender.  
And you, inspiring chavender,  
Stuff'd chavender, or chub.

1895

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1896



## TRUE HUMILITY.

Right Reverend Host. "I'M AFRAID YOU'VE GOT A BAD EGG, MR. JONES!"

The Curate. "OH NO, MY LORD, I ASSURE YOU! PARTS OF IT ARE EXCELLENT!"

## THE QUEEN'S LETTER TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

[We publish with all reserve the following letter, which has, we understand, been despatched from Osborne Castle to Berlin. From internal evidence we should judge that it was not written but suggested by the exalted lady by whom it purports to be signed. There is a nautical breeziness about it that inclines us to attribute the actual authorship to the Duke of Y-ER.—Ed. Punch.]

MEIN LIEBER WILLY,—Dies ist aber uber alle Berge. Was bedeutet eigentlich deine Depesche an den alten KRUGER der fur Dich doesn't care twopenny. Solch eine confounded Impertinenz habe ich nie gesehen. The fact of the matter is that Du ein furchtbarer Schwaggerer bist. Warum kannst Du nie ruhig bleiben, why can't you hold your blessed row? Musst Du deinen Finger in jeder Torte haben? Was ist for this that I made you an Admiral meiner Flotte and allowed you to rig yourself out in einer wunderschönen Uniform mit einem gekockten Hut? If you meant mir any of your blooming cheek zu gehen why did you make your Grandmamma Colonel eines Deutschen Cavallerie Regiments? Du auch bist Colonel of a British Cavallerie Regiment, desto mehr die Schade, the more's the pity. Als Du ein ganz kleiner Bube warst habe ich Dich oft tüchtig gespankt, and now that you're grown up you ought to be spanked too. Wenn Du deine Panzerschiffe nach Delagoa Bay schickst werde ich sie aus dem Wasser blasen, I'll blow your ironclads out of the water ehe Du dich umkehren kannst, before you can turn round. And look here, if you'll come over to this country werde ich Dich annehmen, I'll take you on, und ich wette drei gegen eins dass ich Dich in drei Runden ausklopfen werde, Queensberry rules, three minutes to a round. Also ich schnappe meine Finger in your face. Du weist nicht wo Du bist, you dunno where you are, and somebody must teach you. Is BISMARCK quite well? Das ist ein kolossaler Kerl, nicht wahr? So lange! Don't be foolish any more.

Deine Doch liebende

GRANDMAMMA.

Note by a "New Novel" Reader.

CERTAIN unsavoury social crimes of old  
Were things on which pure ladies would not look.  
They're not so sternly censured now, I'm told,  
But they're (by women) oftener "brought to book."



## MUCH ADO.

"MAMMA-A-A! BOO-HOO! WE'RE CRYING! TUN UP 'TAIRS AN' SEE WHAT'S DE MATTER WIV US!"



1897

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1898



*Lunatic (suddenly popping his head over wall). "WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?"*  
*Brown. "FISHING." Lunatic. "CAUGHT ANYTHING?" Brown. "No."*  
*Lunatic. "HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN THERE?" Brown. "SIX HOURS."*  
*Lunatic. "Come Inside!"*

## RESERVED FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

**DIAMOND PROCESSION.**—An excellently situated Chimney Top (with every recent improvement) on the line of route. Ample accommodation for Six Persons or (with a little crowding) Sixty. Luncheon can be served (by arrangement) under cover in the space between the fifth and sixth floors. Price, cash down, £200.

**THE MARCH OF THE CENTURY.**—A really splendid panoramic view of the most interesting event of all time. A lofty pole (with real rope ladder) only a thousand yards from the nearest point. Telescopes 12s. 6d. an hour. Glimpses of Windsor Castle, the Tower, the Crystal Palace, and the Revolvers thrown in. Entrance conveniently situated away from the maddening crowd. A few places still to let. Twenty guineas a person.

**CHOICES OF VANTAGE FOR THE SELECT.**—A roomy Cupboard on the direct line of route. Lectures on the passing pageant every five minutes. A boon for the blind. Price (with spare shelf for refreshment) Five guineas a seat.

**A PERFECT POSITION,** commanding a view of the Procession from START TO FINISH. A party of twelve at £100 apiece. Persons weighing more than thirteen stone, a guinea a pound extra. Conveniently-sized luncheon-baskets (fowl, bread, salt, and half a bottle of Medoc) at thirty shillings apiece. The balloon (which will leave Battersea at 10 A.M.) will be under the superintendence of an experienced apprentice to a gas-fitter.

**THE NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN OCCASION.**—Five hundred comfortable easy-chairs, in a most convenient spot within the influence of the entire line of route. The company will be guaranteed a vivid impression of the minutest detail of all connected with the Diamond Celebration. The start from Buckingham Palace, the progress through the Strand and Fleet Street, and the ceremony at St. Paul's. To conclude with the immense enthusiasm of the return. Prices from £1 1s. to £500, to suit every pocket. The hypnotic *éclat* will commence at eleven o'clock. For further particulars write to "Professor," Post Office, Tooting.

**THE FINEST VIEW OF THE DAY.**—A real genuine inspection of the Procession as it passes London Bridge. A beautifully decorated coal barge will be moored in the best part of the river. Only room for three hundred. Tickets Eight guineas apiece. Camp-stools ten shillings extra. Passengers are recommended (so that they may comply with the regulations of the Thames Conservancy) to bring their own life-belts.

## THIRTY YEARS HENCE.

(Echoes from a Twentieth Century Theatre.)

FANCY people wearing gowns without atmospheric extenders in 1898! How ridiculous they must have appeared!

And that funny, shapeless sack used to be called a Russian jacket!

How could they have put on those huge hats, all muslin and feathers?

And think of any one having twelve buttons to one's gloves!

You may be sure they *did* wear jewelled dog-collars round their necks.

Look at their hair! Why it's a regular bird's nest, with a bob at the top!

Imagine any one muffling up one's face with a veil nowadays!

Grandpapa used to put that stove pipe, silky-looking thing on his head and call it a "topper."

Taking tea at five and dining at eight, what hours!

Oh, dear! what a funny idea to nailoup plates to the walls and cover the floors with rugs!

How could they have managed to read with that antediluvian electric light?

Those rolled-up things were called umbrellas.

And yet there was something picturesquely quaint about the general discomfort of the period.

**FOR DISPOSAL BY PRIVATE TREATY,** first-class site on the Nile. Good river frontage. Present occupant anxious to retire. First-class opening for energetic man. Prospects on application.—Write or call Fashoda.

1899

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1900



Carrier. "TRY ZIDEWAYS, MRS. JONES, TRY ZIDEWAYS!" Mrs. Jones. "LAR' BLESS 'EE, JOHN, I AIN'T GOT NO ZIDEWAYS!"

## BRITANNIA LIBERATRIX:

Or, Lord Spencer's *Fairie Queen*.

[He (Lord SPENCER) tenders the public impossible suggestions for the application of 'good, sound liberal principles' to the gentlemen who are now in arms against the Queen. Lord SPENCER has had some experience of the application of these principles to these very people.—*Globe*.]

[The following lines are adapted from "The Morning Dream" of the late WILLIAM COWPER, with whose name the British Public has recently become familiar, owing to the occurrence of the centenary of his death.]

As asleep on my pillow of down  
Toward the finish of April I lay,  
With my turban attached to my crown  
In the mode I adopted by day,  
I dream'd in the course of the night  
Of the subsequent century's flux;  
They were keeping my memory bright  
In the village of Olney (in Bucks).

I imagined myself in a boat  
Going onward in front of a breeze;  
I may add that the thing was afloat  
On the breast of the billowy seas;  
I was throwing my foam to the wind  
As I laughed at the salt-swalling waves,  
For Britons have ever declined,  
And properly so, to be slaves.

In the stern was a shape like a star!  
Into poetry swiftly I dropped,  
But I only proceeded as far  
As "Imperious Madam!"—and stopped;  
For I noticed a shield at her side,  
And a lance that was lashed to the boom;  
So I lifted my turban and cried,  
"BRITANNIA! 'Tis she, I presume!

"Explain not your presence," I said,  
"Say not why you ride on the sea!  
Your intentions are easily read;  
You have sworn that the slave shall be free!

Some tyrant is working offence  
On Africa's brutalised shore,  
And regardless of pain and expense  
You are going to bathe in his gore!

"When he marks your approach on the  
wave,  
When he sees you arranging to land,  
Then the scourges that lather the slave  
Will fall from his paralysed hand;  
And the moment the monster receives  
The sharp end of your spear in his breast,  
Then the joy of the in-gathered sheaves  
Will be waft to the Isles of the West!"

"You mistake me," BRITANNIA replied,  
And her voice was as soft as a flute,  
"These weapons are not to be dyed  
With the blood of a barbarous brute;  
A brother has erred from the right;  
I have gently rebuked him in vain;  
But I feel, if I give him a fright,  
That it never will happen again.

"'Tis a radical rule of my creed  
To forgive and forget a rebuff;  
This is bound in the end to succeed,  
If you only keep at it enough.  
So to prove that my faith is refined,  
And my heart has a Liberal bent,  
I shall smack him a little behind,"  
And then leave him at large to repent!"

Awaking, I fell into rhyme,  
As I mused on the century's flux,  
And the changes at work since the time  
Of my sojourn at Olney (in Bucks);  
And I thought, with a spasm of doubt—  
If this is the way she behaves,  
How soon will BRITANNIA get out  
Of her habit of ruling the waves? O.S.

## CARNIVALS AND TOGAS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Who shall say that we are not a gay and joyous people? I have within the last fortnight attended three Patriotic Carnivals, in three different parts of the Metropolis, and have been regaled with khaki warriors, Britannias, Krugers, Armoured Trains and "Absent-minded Beggars" in all sorts of garb by the mile. But these items were not those which, for the most part, diverted the B.P. of London as distinct from the B.P. of Mafeking. The B.P. of London, I have discovered—in company, I presume, with many other spectators—delights in giving practical effect to its Patriotism by tickling the noses and ears of fellow-citizens with the tail feathers of the versatile peacock, by bombarding unsuspecting females with showers of battling paper-confetti and by assaulting complacent spectators with infernal machines known as "Cronje's Ticklers" and "Krugers' Whiskers," interspersed occasionally with diabolic hydraulic inventions known as "Ladies' Turmentors."

Having returned from the Festival of St. Pancras with my hat plastered with (apparently) damp violet powder, my back covered with miniature Union Jacks, and my trousers encircled with tricolour streamers, to say nothing of my beard filled with various hued morsels of paper, I distinctly advocate the general use, under similar circumstances, of Defensive Armour. Let it be made of papier-mache, khaki-coloured if you will, patriotic in sentiment but practical in form. Stout brown paper costumes, called "Mafekings," would have enormous sale.

Your obedient Servant,  
P. P. MAURY-TEWHRUS.  
Flag Point, Rosherville-on-Thames.



SOME NORTHERN ANIMALS IN THEIR SUMMER AND WINTER DRESS

(With apologies to the Natural History Museum)

EIGHTY YEARS OF CHANGE



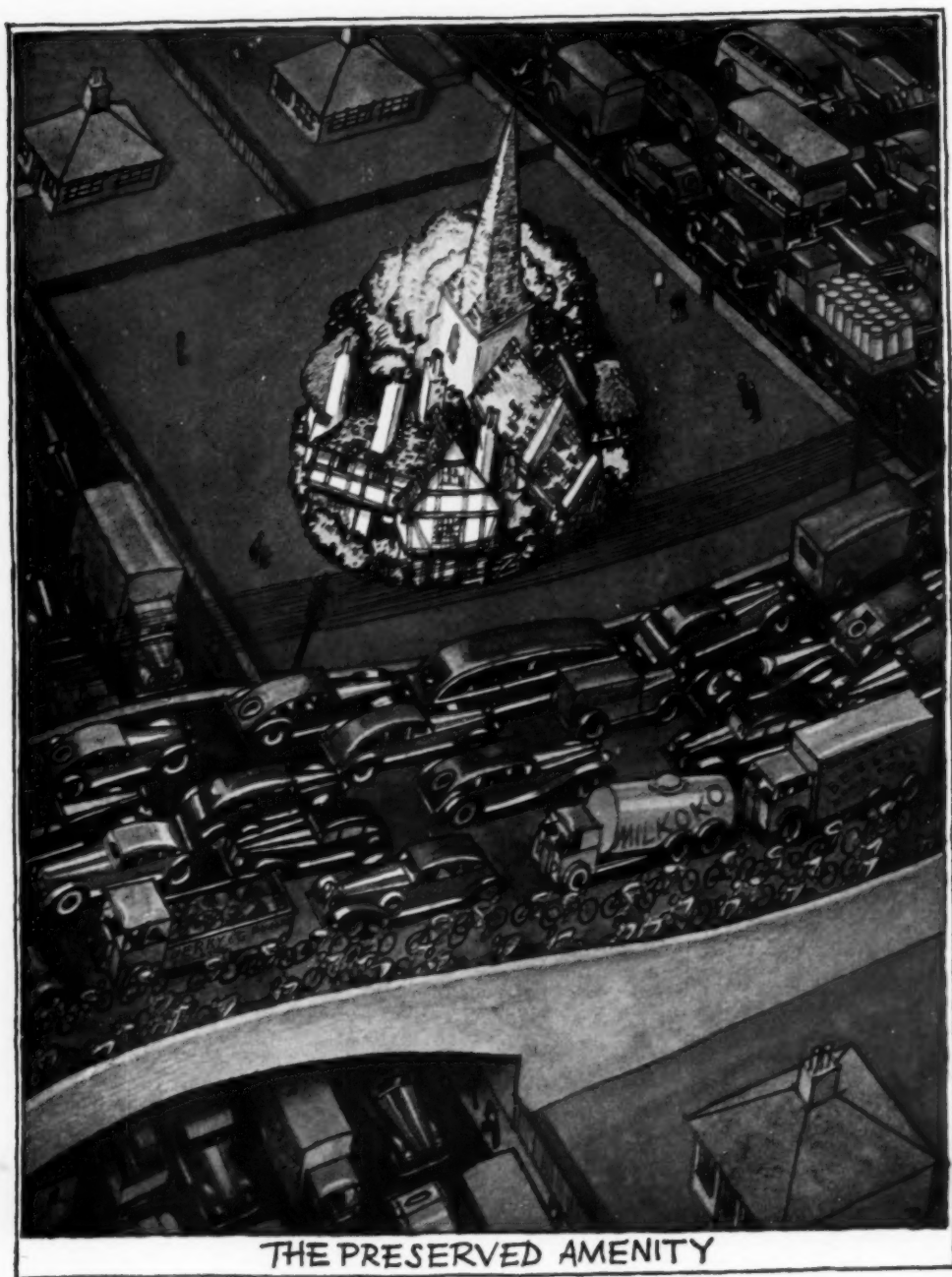
THE PARADE



EIGHTY YEARS OF CHANGE



THE PARADE



THE PRESERVED AMENITY



### 1901—1910

**A** NEW century, a new spirit, much gaiety, many reforms—and much activity in the naval yards on both sides of the North Sea. Haldane is at the War Office, and Fisher at the Admiralty. The Conservatives under Balfour split on the Free Trade issue and Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith lead the Liberals to power. The names of Lloyd George and Winston Churchill begin to reverberate in Westminster. Reforms include the introduction of Old Age Pensions, Labour Exchanges, Probation of Offenders and Trade Boards in sweated industries. Behind the scenes the Webbs are enormously influential.

The citizens of London travel in motor buses or use the Bakerloo, and Blériot flies the Channel. Elgar, Delius and Vaughan Williams grace English music—which is further revitalized by a new interest in folk songs and dances. The Cubists come to London and Dr. Crippen does his best to go to America, but wireless is too much for him. Women parade in uncomfortably tight skirts or chain themselves to railings, or both. Scientists of the calibre of J. J. Thomson and Ernest Rutherford explore the mysteries of nuclear physics.

Wells, Galsworthy, Barrie, Shaw, Belloc and Chesterton are hard at work—so, for that matter, are Edgar Wallace and Baroness Orczy.

Burnand, after twenty-five years as Editor of "Punch," hands over to Owen Seaman. The names of A. A. Milne and E. V. Knox begin to appear in the index.



1901

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1902

## "PING PONG."

*(A Ditty for the Dining-room.)*

(Most manly sports have, at one time or other, had their praises sung by poetic devotees. Why should not the prevailing pastime of "Ping Pong" be also immortalised in verse, especially as the papers have suggested that the Universities should compete in the game?)

I WILL not laud the football or  
The gentlemen who kick it;  
Nor ask your kind attention for  
Some eulogy on cricket.  
Though golf and hockey long ago  
Created a sensation,  
Old England's sons and daughters know  
A finer recreation.

It's oh, for the bounding celluloid!  
Oh, for the six-inch net!  
No one denies  
There is exercise  
In a fiercely fought out "set."  
Oh, for the rally that's much enjoyed,  
Oh, for the tuneful song,  
When the racquets sing,  
With a pong and a ping,  
And a ping, ping, pong!

And who would bike or ride or row,  
Since anyone is able  
To keep on rushing to and fro  
About the dining-table.  
The sweat from off your forehead falls  
When mighty is the tussle;  
And merely picking up the balls  
Develops ev'ry muscle.

It's oh, for the serve that's hard and  
Oh, for the wily twist! [fast!  
Oh, for the scores  
From the battledores,  
When the strokes are seldom  
missed.  
Oh, for the balls that crack at last,  
Though they are fairly strong;  
You'll send them wide  
If you never have tried  
To play ping, ping, pong!

For those of us whose blood is blue  
The time it quickly passes;  
It also gives enjoyment to  
The humbler middle classes.  
We bolt our meals, it must be feared,  
So eager is our longing  
To get the table quickly cleared  
And start once more "ping-ponging."

It's oh, for the polished table-tops,  
Losing their pristine bloom;  
Players don't care  
For the wear and tear  
In the average dining-room.  
Oh, for a game that seldom stops.  
Probably we, ere long  
Shall hie with despatch  
To the 'Varsity match  
Of this ping, ping, pong! P. G.



Part II  
MA 1901

## ON THE VILLAGE GREEN.

*Amateur Bowler (to Umpire).* "HERE, I SAY! I CAN'T SEE THE WICKET. HOW CAN I BOWL HIM?"

*Umpire.* "FIRE AWAY! IF YOU 'IT' IM IN FRONT, IT'S 'LEG BEFORE.' IF YOU 'IT' IM BEHIND, IT'S A 'WIDE'!"

## SUGGESTED ADDITIONAL TAXATION.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
For every Motor Car -	- 4 4 0	ten miles an hour, for each	
If with smell -	- 5 5 0	additional mile -	- 1 1 0
Extra offensive ditto -	- 6 6 0	For "every Bicycle used for	
Motor Car proceeding at over		"scorching" -	- 0 10 0

## THE VERY LATEST.

WHEN did the lobster blush?

When he saw the salad dressing.





1903

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1904



## HIS BITTER HALF.

John. "DRINK 'EARTY, MARIA. DRINK WERRY NIGH 'ARP."

## A UNION OF ARTS.

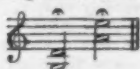
*Prefatory Note.*—DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In a serial now running in *Longman's Magazine* "M. E. FRANCIS" has adopted the pleasing novelty of placing a few bars of music at the head of each chapter. But, glancing at *The Queen*, I see that Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN has gone one better. In the chapter of her tale which is printed this week her characters sing four songs, and the music of them all is given in full. Of course the rest of us who write fiction will have to follow suit. My musical knowledge is limited, but I've done the best I can. This is a brief extract from my next novel:

And so, in the mysterious twilight hour, LEONARD and MARGARET found themselves in the drawing-room—alone. For some moments there was silence. At last the man's pent-up emotion burst forth.

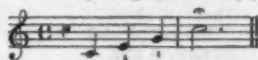
"MARGARET!" he cried, "adorable, divine MARGARET! You know what I would say—but words are all too weak and inadequate! Therefore I have taken the precaution of bringing my violin with me, and with your permission—"

As he spoke he lifted tenderly from its case his cherished Stradivarius.

And there resounded through the room, in all its rich fulness, that superb, unforgettable strain:



MARGARET was deeply moved. Her lips trembled as if she would have spoken. Then, changing her mind, she rose and moved to the piano. Clearly and decisively rang out her reply:



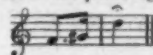
"Ah, thank you, thank you!" cried her lover; "my doubts are ended at last! But yet—what will Lady FULHAM say? Of course you will think me a silly—"



—put in the piano derisively. "But all the same—"



expostulated the girl, "you are really too ridiculous! So long as we love each other I don't care—oh, I don't care"—she touched the piano again—

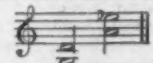


—"that much—for anyone!"

"Perhaps not," he sighed, rather dubiously. "Yet, from the point of view of ordinary prudence—"

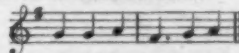
"Oh!" cried MARGARET, "I have been mistaken! You are a coward! I don't love you at all! Go quite away at once!"

LEONARD, pale with anger, rose to his feet. He seized his bow and played:



"Life," he added bitterly, "is like my E string. It has gone half a tone flat. And—MARGARET—is this the end?"

The girl could not speak. But beneath her touch the awful, fated tones trembled forth:



And, hearing them, LEONARD flung out of the room.

1905

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1906



## CHANGE OF OCCUPATION.

*Vicar's Wife (sympathisingly).* "NOW THAT YOU CAN'T GET ABOUT, AND ARE NOT ABLE TO READ, HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO OCCUPY THE TIME?"

*Old Man.* "WELL, MUM, SOMETIMES I SITS AND THINKS; AND THEN AGAIN I JUST SITS."

## ABBREVIATION'S ARTFUL AID.

THE Bard, at times,  
Is stumped for rhymes,  
Without the least excuse.  
He could defy  
Such moments by  
Abbreviation's use.  
For words like Bucks:  
Or even Ees:  
Are not a lux:  
But a necces:

So simp: a rule  
May seem pecul:  
And make the crit: indig:  
What matter if  
The scans: is diff:  
The meaning too ambig:?  
The net result,  
Lacon: and punct:  
Is worth a mult:  
Of needless unct:

We long for sile:  
From folks who pile  
Their wordy Pel: on Oss:

Extremely nox:  
And quite intox:  
By their exub: verbos:  
We curse their imp:  
In manner dras:  
And fail to symp:  
With their loquac:

In House of Com:  
They all abom:  
The periphrastic Pol:  
Reviewers sniff  
At auth: prolif:  
With semiannual vol:  
But we can pard:  
I do believe,  
The minor bard  
Who will abbrev:

With pen and ink  
In close propinq:  
The Poet, lucky fell:!  
Avoiding troub:  
May give his pub:  
The cred: for some intell:

And like an orph:  
In pose recumb:  
In arms of Morph:  
Securely slumb:  
Let corks explode  
With brand: and sod:  
Ye wearers of the mot:!  
Decant the cham:  
(What matt: the dam:?)  
And empt: the flowing bott:!  
And ne'er surren:  
The Laureate's palm,  
His haunch of ven:  
And butt of Malm:!

"Traveller wanted, to push motor accessory."—*Daily Telegraph.*

It is well said that what is the poor man's work is often the rich man's recreation.

"Miss PANKHURST said Mrs. MARTYN was still in the infirmary, but was determined to complete her sentence."—*Daily Paper.*

A WOMAN'S last word—as usual.

1907

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1908

## BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

(NEW STYLE.)

*The Turbine* has just celebrated the second anniversary of its first appearance in the crowded arena of journalism, and, as the result of despatching a number of telegrams to well-known people, is in the happy position of being able to publish many spontaneous messages from its well-wishers. These tributes to the extraordinary longevity of a paper which has unflinchingly striven to advocate Liberal principles in their most acute and uncompromising form are not unnaturally a source of profound satisfaction to the conductors of this journal.

Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN:—

I consider *The Turbine* to be by far the best penny Liberal morning paper published in London.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN (Poet Laureate):—

I raise my glass, brimming with sparkling Vouvray,

To hail the genius of the Street of Bouverie.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL:—

Your paper is sorely needed in Central Africa. Why not start special editions for the Pygmies and the Cannibals?

Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST:—

Male journalism does not appeal to me. But if I were a miserable man I suppose I should subscribe to *The Turbine*.

Mr. NAT GOULD:—

I have seen many two-year-olds, but none with an action quite like that of *The Turbine*.

The Hon. CHARLES PARSONS, F.R.S.:—

Best wishes. I hope you will be able to knock a few more knots out of the tangled skein of party politics.

Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN:—

Presents his congratulations.

Mlle. ADELINÉ GENÉE:—

I am never *gênée* when I read your sparkling criticisms.

Mr. H. BEERBOHM TREE:—

Hearty congratulations. "But I wish you would change the title to *The Treebune*."

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER:—

Heaven prosper your splendid efforts and those of your noble contributor, Mr. G. R. SIMS, to promote the cause of social reform.



## THE RULING PASSION.

First Examiner. "O CUCKOO, SHALL I CALL THEE BIRD,  
OR BUT A WANDERING VOICE?"

Second Examiner. "STATE THE ALTERNATIVE PREFERRED,  
WITH REASONS FOR YOUR CHOICE."

Professor ELIE METCHNIKOFF:—

I am greatly interested in an anniversary which proves that you have achieved longevity without senility.

ZBYSCO, the famous Galician athlete:—

You is a great paper. I wrestle with your leaders daily.

A Sincere Well-wisher writes:—

How time does fly! It seems only yesterday that your first number appeared. Well, well.

Subscriber from the very first number:—

May you live long and prosper! What I like about your sparkling columns is the dramatic gossip by the

frolicsome W. A. Whatever other changes you may be contemplating, my daughters and I implore you to retain him.

Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON:—

I like everything about you but your whiskers. One ought not to have whiskers at the age of two.

THOMAS ELWES:—

I cannot think of a better paper. Please quickly renew your six-months' gratis offer.

BERTIE FLUTTER:—

Is it *Tribune* or *Turbine*? I wish you would kindly let me know, as there is a bet on it. Anyway, I wish you many happy returns of the day.

1909

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1910

## HOLIDAY TIME.

## VI.—A LITTLE CRICKET FOR AN ENDING.

We came back from a "Men Only" sail to find Myra bubbling over with excitement.

"I've got some news for you," she said, "but I'm not going to tell you till dinner. Be quick and change."

"Bother, she's going to get married," I murmured.

Myra gurgled and drove us off.

"Put on all your medals and orders, Thomas," she called up the stairs; "and, Archie, it's a champagne night."

"I believe, old fellow," said Simpson, "she's married already."

Half an hour later we were all ready for the news.

"Just a moment, Myra," said Archie. "I'd better warn you that we're expecting a good deal, and that if you don't live up to the excitement you've created you'll be stood in the corner for the rest of dinner."

"She's quite safe," said Dahlia.

"Of course I am. Well, now I'm going to begin. This morning, about eleven, I went and had a bathe, and I met another girl in the sea."

"Horribly crowded the sea is getting nowadays," commented Archie.

"And she began to talk about what a jolly day it was and so on, and I gave her my card—I mean I said, 'I'm Myra Manning.' And she said, 'I'm sure you're keen on cricket.'"

"I like the way girls talk in the sea," said Archie. "So direct."

"What is there about our Myra," I asked, "that stamps her as a cricketer, even when she's only got her head above water?"

"She'd seen me on land, silly. Well, we went on talking, and at last she said, 'Will you play us at mixed cricket on Saturday?' And a big wave came along and went inside me just as I was saying yes."

"Hooray! Myra, your health."

"We're only six, though," added Archie. "Didn't you swim up against anybody else who looked like a cricketer and might play for us?"

"But we can easily pick up five people by Saturday," said Myra confidently. "And oh, I do hope we're in form; we haven't played for years."

We lost the toss, and Myra led her team out on to the field. The last five places in the eleven had been filled with care: a preparatory school-boy and his little sister (found by Dahlia on the beach), Miss Debenham (found by Simpson on the road with a punctured bicycle), Mrs. Oakley (found

by Archie at the station and re-discovered by Myra in the Channel), and Sarah, a jolly girl of sixteen (found by me and Thomas in the tobacconist's, where she was buying *The Sportman*).

"Where would you all like to field?" asked the captain.

"Let's stand round in groups, just at the start, and then see where we're wanted. Who's going to bowl?"

"Me and Samuel. I wonder if I dare bowl overhand."

"I'm going to," said Simpson.

"You can't, not with your left hand."

"Why not? Hinst does."

"Then I shan't field point," said Thomas with decision.

However, as it happened, it was short leg who received the first two balls, beautiful swerving wides, while the next two were well caught and returned by third man. Simpson's range being thus established, he made a determined attack on the over proper with lobs, and managed to wipe off half of it. Encouraged by this, he returned with such success to overhand that the very next ball got into the analysis, the batsman reaching out and hitting it over the hedge for six. Two more range-finders followed before Simpson scored another dot with a sneak; and then, at what should have been the last ball, a tragedy occurred.

"Wide," said the umpire.

"But—but I was b-bowling underhand," stammered Simpson.

"Now you've nothing to fall back on," I pointed out.

Simpson considered the new situation. "Then you chaps can't mind if I go on with overhand," he said joyfully, and he played his twelfth.

It was the batsman's own fault. Like a true gentleman he went after the ball, caught it up near point, and hit it hard in the direction of cover. Sarah shot up a hand unconcernedly.

"One for six," said Simpson, and went over to Miss Debenham to explain how he did it.

"He must come off," said Archie. "We have a reputation to keep up. It's his left hand, of course, but we can't go round to all the spectators and explain that he can really bowl quite decent long hops with his right."

In the next over nothing much happened, except that Miss Debenham missed a sitter. Subsequently Simpson caught her eye from another part of the field, and explained telegraphically to her how she should have drawn her hands in to receive the ball. The third over was entrusted to Sarah.

"So far," said Dahlia half an hour later, "the Rabbits have not shone. Sarah is doing it all."

"Hang it, Dahlia, Thomas and I discovered the child. Give the credit where it is due."

"Well, why don't you put my Bobby on, then? Boys are allowed to play right-handed, you know."

So Bobby went on, and with Sarah's help finished off the innings.

"Jolly good rot," he said to Simpson, "your having to bowl left-handed."

"My dear Robert," I said, "Mr. Simpson is a natural baseball pitcher, he has an acquired swerve at bandy, and he is a lepidopterist of considerable charm. But he can't bowl with either hand."

"Coo!" said Bobby.

The allies came out even more strongly when we went in to bat. I was the only Rabbit who made ten, and my whole innings was played in an atmosphere of suspicion very trying to a sensitive man. Mrs. Oakley was in when I took guard, and I played out the over with great care, being morally bowled by every ball. At the end of it a horrible thought occurred to me: I had been batting right-handed! Naturally I changed round for my next ball. (*Movements of surprise.*)

"Hallo," said the wicket-keeper, "I thought you were left-handed; why aren't you playing right?"

"No, I'm really right-handed," I said. "I played that way by mistake just now. Sorry."

He grunted sceptically, and the bowler came up to have things explained to her. The next ball I hit left-handed for six. (*Loud mutters.*)

"Is he really right-handed?" the bowler asked Mrs. Oakley.

"I don't know," she said, "I've never seen him before." (*Sensation.*)

"I think, if you don't mind, we'd rather you played right-handed."

"Certainly." The next ball was a full pitch, and I took a right-handed six. There was an awful hush. I looked round at the field and prepared to run for it. I felt that they suspected me of all the undiscovered crimes of the year.

"Look here," I said, nearly crying, "I'll play any way you like—sideways, or upside down, or hanging on to the branch of a tree, or—"

The atmosphere was too much for me. I trod on my wickets, burst into tears, and bolted to the tent.

"Well," said Dahlia, "we won."

"Yes," we all agreed, "we won."

"Even if we didn't do much of it ourselves," Simpson pointed out, "we had jolly good fun."

"We always have that," said Myra.

THE END.

A. A. M.



## 1911—1920

**T**HE great names in Parliament are Asquith, Lloyd George and Bonar Law.

The Ulster Volunteers and the Easter Rebellion are further stages in the embitterment of Anglo-Irish relations. The Welsh Church is disestablished and India takes another step towards self-government. Most women and all men win the Vote and women are admitted to many professions. Their emancipation is, perhaps, socially the most important aspect of the decade. The powers of the House of Lords are reduced, the Educational System is reformed and National Health and Unemployment Insurance are introduced.

The dragging horror of the First World War overshadows this decade, with its aftermath of devastation and unemployment for victor and vanquished alike. The Peace of Versailles ends in the false dawn of the League of Nations. The Russian Revolution alarms and fascinates the world.

The Panama Canal is opened, the Atlantic is crossed by airship and aeroplane. Amundsen and Scott reach the South Pole. Mass production in factories



begins. Rutherford realizes the dream of the alchemists by the artificial transmutation of elements and Einstein enunciates his General Theory of Relativity. The Kodak building, in Kingsway, and Adelaide House introduce new architectural methods to suit new materials of construction. Mr. Smith drowns his Brides in the Bath and becomes fabulous. "The Bing Boys" and "Chu Chin Chow" regale the tired business man and warrior. For more serious playgoers there are "Pygmalion" and "Dear Brutus." With "The Birth of a Nation" the cinema proves it has come of age.

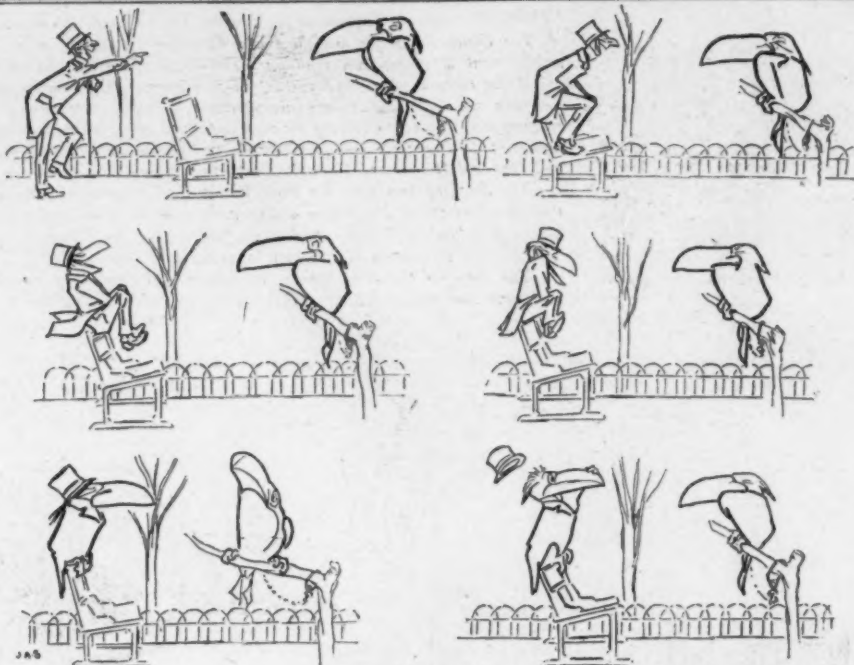
Among the newer names in poetry are Rupert Brooke, Masfield, De La Mare, Flecker, Eliot, Sassoon, Wilfred Owen and the Sitwells. For the bedside table there are "Zuleika Dobson," "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill," "Sinister Street," "South Wind," "The Thirty-nine Steps," "The Young Visitors," and a wide choice from Stephen Leacock and P. G. Wodehouse; or, for more determined readers, Wells' "Outline of History" and Keynes' "Economic Consequences of the Peace."

"Punch," after some agitated debate, decided that there was a place for humour in war-time and carried on. A. P. Herbert is a notable recruit.

1911

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1912



LIKE TO LIKE.

## THE UNFAIRNESS OF IT;

*Or, Lines to a Motorist in Spring.*

If through the icy mask of that disdain  
That leaves me in a cloud of odorous dust  
I could despatch some signal to your brain,  
Could puncture your conceit and hear it bust:

Or if some second-sight enabled you  
To learn the secret workings of a mind  
In one so awe-struck to the outer view,  
Cringing before your tempest, stunned and blind,

I were content. I do not carp at all  
Because you gaze at me, as some calm god,  
Holding creation in his dreadful thrall,  
Might gaze upon a beetle. I *am* odd.

I like to walk abroad and sniff the air  
Fraught with the scent of all the flowers of May;  
Poets (perhaps you chanced to see my hair)  
Are sometimes taken in this curious way.

I am well used, besides, to have the morn  
Hidden by vapours of your home, the Pit,  
And hear the blackbird silenced by a horn  
Shouting some happy stave of street-worn wit.

But what I do complain of is the fact  
That you can spout the spume of your contempt  
Over my dumb form like a cataract,  
But mine for you remains unguessed, undreamt.

I have no power to show what kind of bug,  
What vermin, I esteem you: how you taint  
The blessed hedgerows like a poison-drug  
Till the rats sicken and the toads turn faint.

How in the witches' broth (*cf. Macbeth*)  
Was no ingredient mingled by their art  
So utterly abhorred, so kin to death,  
As you and your confounded petrol-cart.

How for the wealth of palaces of Ind  
I would not sit beside you in that hearse,  
Woul' sooner by a lot be scalped and skinned,  
Or write no other line of deathless verse,

Than thus pollute the glories of the Spring;  
That is the point of view you cannot see,  
Rhinoceros! thrice-epithetted thing!  
And yet you deem me envious. Earthworm! flea!

Blind to all beauty, flattered by your fuss,  
Mere reveller in the pride and pomp of pelf,  
I know you, for I feel exactly thus  
When travelling in a motor-car myself. — EVOE.

"Watch a stick whittler and you will be able to tell whether he is civilized or savage. A civilized man cuts outward from himself, whereas a savage whittler will cut towards himself."  
*Daily Chronicle.*

We always employ the test now before asking a man to dinner.

1913

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1914



### UNCONQUERABLE.

THE KAISER. "SO, YOU SEE—YOU'VE LOST EVERYTHING."  
THE KING OF THE BELGIANS. "NOT MY SOUL"

1915

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1916



*Lady (to policeman on duty).* "OH, HAVE YOU SEEN THE ZEPPELIN? WHICH WAY DID IT GO?"

*Policeman (in best official manner).* "UP THE STREET OPPOSITE, MADAM, AND FIRST TURNING ON THE LEFT."

## TO BELGIUM IN EXILE.

*Lines dedicated to one of her priests, by whose words they were prompted.*

LAND of the desolate, Mother of tears,  
Weeping your beauty marred and torn,  
Your children tossed upon the spears,  
Your altars rent, your hearths forlorn,  
Where Spring has no renewing spell,  
And Love no language save a long Farewell!

Ah, precious tears, and each a pearl,  
Whose price—for so in God we trust  
Who saw them fall in that blind swirl  
Of ravening flame and reeking dust—  
The spoiler with his life shall pay,  
When Justice at the last demands her Day.

O tried and proved, whose record stands

Lettered in blood too deep to fade,  
Take courage! Never in our hands  
Shall the avenging sword be stayed  
Till you are healed of all your pain,  
And come with Honour to your own again.

O. S.

## OUR NEIGHBOUR'S DUTY.

[“We have thought out such a splendid way of national economy; we are going to give our maids less meat.”]

SOME further opinions gathered by our Special Correspondent confirm the impression that national economy is now uppermost in people's minds:—*Samuel Stoges, Esq. (M.P. for West Soapshire).*—“You may state that I have the matter of national economy deeply at heart, and shall urge with all the eloquence at my command that wasteful expenditure by local councils be summarily forbidden. Unfortunately it is impracticable that the emoluments of Members of Parliament should be curtailed.”

*A Member of the L.C.C.*—“There are reasons, which in the public interest it is undesirable to divulge, why we should continue to employ what you term ‘a battalion of able-bodied men’ on the building of our new Council Hall; but we are strenuously discouraging building enterprises on the part of private individuals.”

*An Official of the L.C.C. Tramways Department.*—“We set a public example of national economy early in the War by withdrawing free passes

from soldiers, nurses, special constables, and the like.”

*A Park Superintendent.*—“It is impossible to keep our flower-beds looking nice under £10,000 a year; but people's window-boxes, that's a different matter. Why don't they grow vegetables?”

*An Official of the Kennel Club.*—“It is, in my view, a disgrace to waste money over mere cat shows at a time of national crisis.”

## IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.



1917

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1918

## THE MUD LARKS.

If there is one man in France whom I do not envy it is the G.H.Q. Weather Prophet. I can picture the unfortunate wizard sitting in his bureau, gazing into a crystal, *Old Moore's Almanack* in one hand, a piece of seaweed in the other, trying to guess what tricks the weather will be up to next.

For there is nothing this climate cannot do. As a quick-change artist it stands *sanspareil* (French) and *nulli secundus* (Latin).

And now it seems to have mislaid the Spring altogether. Summer has come at one stride. Yesterday the staff-cars smothered one with mud as they whirled past; to-day they choke one with dust. Yesterday the authorities were issuing precautions against frostbite; to-day they are issuing precautions against sunstroke. Nevertheless we are not complaining. It will take a lot of sunshine to kill us; we like it, and we don't mind saying so.

The B.E.F. has cast from it its mitts and jenkins and whale-oil, emerged from its subterranean burrows into the open, and in every wood a mushroom town of bivouacs has sprung up overnight. Here and there amateur gardeners have planted flower-beds before their tents; one of my corporals is nursing some radishes in an ammunition-box and talks crop prospects by the hour. My troop-sergeant found two palm-plants in the ruins of a chateau glasshouse, and now has them standing sentry at his bivouac entrance. He sits between them after evening stables, smoking his pipe and fancying himself back in Zanzibar; he expects the coker-nuts along about August, he tells me.

Summer has come, and on every slope graze herds of winter-worn gun-horses and transport mules. The new grass has gone to the heads of the latter and they make continuous exhibitions of themselves, gambolling about like ungainly lambkins and roaring with unholy laughter. Summer has come, and my groom and countryman has started to whistle again, sure sign that Winter is over, for it is only during the Summer that he reconciles himself to the War. War, he admits, serves very well as a light gentlemanly diversion for the idle months, but with the first yellow leaf he grows restless and hints indirectly that both ourselves and the horses would be much better employed in the really serious business of showing the little foxes some sport back in our own green isle. "That Paddy," says he, slapping the bay with a hay wisp, "he wishes he was back in the county Kildare, he does

## THE FARMER AND THE NEW FARM-LABOURER.



FIRST WEEK.



SECOND WEEK.



THIRD WEEK.



FOURTH WEEK.

so, the dear knows. Pegeen, too, if she would be hearin' the houn's shoutin' out on her from the kennels beyond in Jigginstown she'd dhrop down dead wid the pleasure wid' in her, an' that's the thrue word," says he, presenting the chestnut lady with a grimy army biscuit. "Och musha, the poor foolish cratures," he says and sighs.

However, Summer has arrived, and by the sound of his cheery whistle at early stables shrilling "Flannigan's Wedding," I understand that the horses are settling down once more and we can proceed with the battle.

If my groom and countryman is not an advocate of war as a winter sport our Mr. MacTavish, on the other hand,

is of the directly opposite opinion. "War," he murmured dreamily to me yesterday as we lay on our backs beneath a spreading parasol of apple-blossom and watched our troop-horses making pigs of themselves in the young clover—"war! don't mention the word to me. Maidenhead, Canader, cushions, cigarettes, only girl in the world doing all the heavy paddle-work—that's the game in the good ole summertime. Call round again about October and I'll attend to your old war." It is fortunate that these gentlemen do not adorn any higher positions than those of private soldier and second-lieutenant, else, between them, they would stop the War altogether and we should all be out of jobs.

PATLANDER.

1919

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1920



Soldier (offering seat in French tram). "ERE, ASSEYER-VOUS, MADAME, S'IL VOUS PLAÎT."

French Dame. "AH, NON, MONSIEUR—C'EST À VOUS!"

Soldier. "GO ON, SIT DOWN, YER SILLY OLD GHEYRER!"

French Dame. "AH, MERCI, MONSIEUR—VOUS ÊTES BIEN GENTIL."

## THE PREMIER'S METAPHORS.

SOME time ago the PREMIER beheld the sunrise upon the mountains, and now he has plunged his thermometer into the lava to discover that the stream is cooling—indicating comfort, let us hope, to any who may be buried beneath it. Only by an oversight, we understand, did he omit to mention in his speech at the Guildhall that the chamois is once more browsing happily among the blooming edelweiss.

But in continuing his lofty metaphors Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will find himself confronted by no small difficulty when dealing with the glacier. What can he say that the glacier is doing? It must do something. A glacier is of no rhetorical value if it merely stays where it is. One may take in hand the ice-axe

of resolution and the alpenstock of enterprise and pull over one's boots the socks of Coalition, but the glacier remains practically unchanged by these preparations. It would be of little use to declare that its uneven surface is being levelled by the steam-roller of progress and its crevasses filled in by the cement of human kindness, because the Opposition Press would soon get scientists, engineers and statisticians to establish the absurdity of such a claim. Unless he is very, very careful Mr. LLOYD GEORGE may make a grave slip in negotiating the glacier.

Then the "awful avalanche" has not yet been dealt with. A few helpful words on the direction this is likely to take might be welcomed by the PREMIER's followers. He may argue that it is folly to meet trouble half-

way, but on the other hand, if he does not speak on this subject soon, the opportunity may disappear. Let him avoid the glacier if he chooses; he cannot (so we are informed) escape the avalanche.

## NOW—AND THEN.

(The style of Mr. PHILIP GIBBS is so infectious.)

TO-DAY, as I went along the Barking-Ilford Road in one of my touring cars, there was nothing to show that, only a month ago, this was the scene of a grim struggle during the Great Strike, a fight which raged without respite for over a week. Our objective in those days was the City, and day after day our sturdy Londoners, grimly humorous, and with their round bowler hats cocked at an angle, fought in a bitter, unceasing conflict for the cars. . . .

Where the line intersects the Road there still stands an estaminet. Within, a comely lass of the district used to dispense refreshment during those momentous days of last month. Sunbeams lurked in her hair, and the blue of the East Ham heavens was in her eyes, so that one rejoiced to behold her. Here our boys would come, fresh from the conflict, to drink the bitter beers of the country, and to glory in the light and warmth of the place, so that I, sipping a more expensive potation, would marvel at their high spirits and the indomitable angle of their round bowler hats. To-day I have visited the place again. Outwardly it was little changed, but within the girl was no longer there. Mine host told me sorrowfully that she had gone beyond recall. "But yes, we are desolate," he said in his *patois*; "but what would you? Always the poor little one found herself milking the till. . . ."

To-day I have travelled to London by way of the G.E.R. From the window of a first-class carriage I saw flash by the strong places by the soap-works and the tanning-yards which made our progress so difficult in the mighty struggle of last month, when London was our objective. . . . And so one came to the end of the journey, and through it all one could not but admire the chivalrous spirit of our clean-limbed fellows towards their former foes. The latter were much in evidence, still in their blue uniforms, with here and there the gold-laced cap of the High Command. Occasionally one saw their Guards—big burly fellows these, with silver buttons and badges. . . . They suffered from no shortage of foodstuffs, for I tasted a sandwich at the terminus which had come through the Strike remarkably well.



## 1921—1930

**L**LOYD GEORGE and Bonar Law are followed on the political stage by Baldwin and MacDonald. The Coalition breaks up and the first Labour Government is formed. The Irish Treaty gives Dominion status to the Irish Free State, leaving Ulster united to Britain. The General Strike is a nine-days wonder—or thereabouts. Crises, the Slump, unemployment and much distress end a period that began with a flush of hope and hectic gaiety.

Broadcasting begins, and Al Jolson and the Talkies arrive. Exhibitions of Flemish, Dutch and Italian painting at the Royal Academy lead to increased interest in Art. Newspaper readers follow with horror and enjoyment the trials of Landru, Sacco and Vanzetti, Armstrong, Ronald True, Bywaters and Mrs. Thompson.

Tilden and the "Three Musketeers"—Lacoste, Cochet and Borotra—are supreme at Wimbledon, Hagen and Bobby Jones at St. Andrews and Hoylake. Jack Hobbs passes W. G. Grace's record of one hundred and twenty-six centuries and Bradman makes his first ominous hundred in a Test match.

Leslie Henson, Beatrice Lillie and Jack Hulbert lead the lighter stage. More solid fare is provided by "Back to Methuselah," "St. Joan," "Hassan," "Loyalties" and "The Vortex." Housman's "Last Poems" and Eliot's "The Waste Land" are the poetic peaks. Auden ushers in a new age of poetry and Yeats still dominates this as so many other decades. Most talked-of book is probably "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," by T. E. Lawrence. The detective story attains enormous popularity—so does Priestley's "Good Companions." For higher brows there are Aldous Huxley, D. H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf.



1921

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1922

## ASTON VILLA v. TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR.

[I have never tried to describe a professional football match before, so I was rather nervous about it. I felt that it would be best to imitate the style of some very famous *littérateur* in order to do justice to the importance of the theme and, after a lot of thought, I selected Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON as my model. My little review comes ten days after the playing of the game, but what of that?]

FANCY might fairly speculate on whether Association Football is not the finest product of that sturdy idealism, that truly awful sanity which is the mystical birthright of the human race. For there is nothing more certain about any ideal than that to be absolutely ideal it must be thoroughly practical. A desire may be difficult to realize, like Self-determination, or fairly simple, like apple-tart; but, if frontiers had merely been the figment of a disordered brain or if cloves and pastry had been the wild imaginings of a dadaist philosopher, there would have been no problem in Silesia and no pie for lunch.

Democracy has noble ideals, but it must have bounds. One cannot have infinite freedom any more than infinite buns. And, just as one would describe a man who expressed a desire for the latter as an incorrigible though singularly beautiful romanticist, so, if democracy as an ideal was almost attained in the closing years of the last century, it was not so much because its prophets had a strange vision of being caught up amongst the cherubim in chariots of fire, as because they did actually succeed in riding to the Angel upon electrified trams.

But football is not only an ideal in the sense that it has boundaries and rules; it is also, very definitely, a struggle towards a mark. If there is one thing more obviously true of the Middle Ages than any of the thousands of things I have found obviously true of them before, it is that they did quite consciously aim their efforts at the silence of a goal, whereas modern religion and politics almost invariably aim them at the shouts of a gallery. Indeed, as I look at this match I feel more and more how much in common there is between professional football and the purposeful surge of Gothic architecture. The delicate interweaving of passes carries the mind instinctively to the tracery of clerestory windows, the swiftness of the outside forwards resembles the dash of flying buttresses, and the movements of half-backs are as agile, yet stubborn, as

trifuriums. One might even go so far as to say that the referee himself is fairly frequently regarded as a nave.

However this may be, no quality seems to set the game so much apart from the loose and slipshod enthusiasm of the present day as this very characteristic of strife towards a clear-cut end. Like a modern politician, the ball is uplifted, but uplifted only to be driven towards a goal. Like a modern politician it is raised aloft by the feet or heads of the people; but, unlike a modern politician, it is required after a time to come down. There can be little doubt, I imagine, that the football player who constantly endeavoured to lodge the ball per-

manent in the sky as soon as ever he got control of it (as is the manner of many of our political speeches of to-day) would be accused of a certain sad and cloudy mysticism by his fellow-players. They might even confront him with a strange eschatological paradox by inquiring at the very moment when he attempted to lose the ball in heaven, what in hell he thought he was at.



TWO KINDS OF PATIENCE.

I am informed by my next-door neighbour in the Press-box that half-time has arrived. Half-time, then, has arrived with the score

ASTON VILLA  
TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR.

I am not, to tell the truth, quite certain with what score half-time has arrived, but the very fact of the importance which is falsely attached by so many of the people round me here to a wholly irrelevant numeral is surely

significant of something I shall be able to think of after a moment or two of silent repose. . . . Yes, it is this. If there is one thing in the world which is more than another typical of the nebulous monstrosity and the cold yet cruel extravagance of paganism it is this worship of a mere array of Sanscrit numerals such as 1—0 or 2—1. Everyone is agreed that a moral victory is the only victory worth winning, yet for some reason or other we regard a moral victory as an abstraction and a numerical victory as a fact; more ridiculously still we take credit to ourselves for our sound common sense in doing so, whereas we ought rather to compliment ourselves on our exuberant funniness

or our fanatical fire. A man may argue that addition is more vitally important than eternity, but he ought to admit that it is also more fantastically absurd. Figures talk, but it must be remembered at the same time that they usually lie. I notice that the man next to me has written at the head of his report, "Tottenham Hotspur rarely succeed at Villa Park." There is, indeed, nothing to be wondered at in this, for surely the very names of the two sides are symbolical of that old struggle between feudal tyranny and the democratic instinct in whose very helplessness lies so vast a strength. I see ranged here all the countless rows of red-brick Balmorals, Laburnums and Acacias obstinately facing the castellated towers of the Percys in the long patient battle for liberty and right. And whereas the uniform of the Spurs is white with the terrible blank-

ness of a desert or the defeatism of a misty dawn, the men of Aston Villa are clothed in claret and light blue, emblematic of the two things for which men have always fought and died, and for which they will always fight and die: the tint of wine, the hue of heaven.

There is a whistle and a great roar. It appears that the game is over. Aston Villa has won. Hats are flying into the air. If there is any more beautiful human gesture than to throw one's hat into the air it is to stamp upon it when it comes down again. I have just stamped upon mine.

As I shoulder my way out I recognise in the almost mystical quietness that has succeeded catcalls and cries the instinctive reverence of democracy for noble ideas. For the shouting of democracy, like the singing of the stars, means Triumph. But the silence of democracy means Tea. EVOH.



1923

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1924



"I SHALL VOTE FOR LABOUR, MRS. GREEN. YER SEE, WHEN THE LABOUR GOVERNMENT GITS IN, WE'RE ALL TO BE EQUAL, AN' THEN I SHALL 'AVE A SERVANT TO DO ME WORK FOR ME."

# MR. PUNCH'S MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

## VI.—ENGLAND'S GLORY.

POOR old Britannier's a-going on the dole,  
They don't want our cotton and they don't want our coal;  
Steel's gone to glory, shipping's in the shade;  
But cheer up, Britannier,  
Buck up, Britannier,  
We've still got the money-lending trade—

Oy, yoy!

*Oy, yoy! Europe! step along and borror,  
You needn't pay to-day and you needn't pay to-morrow:*

*Oh, don't you fuss, my little Russ,  
It don't mean anything to us,  
We've got a lot of cash and we ain't got many calls:  
The Prussians, the Poles, the Frenchman and the Finn,  
They'll all find Britannier a-welcoming 'em in  
At the sign of the Three Gold Balls!*

Poor old Britannier's poorer than the Turk,  
She can't build a house and she can't find work,  
So we daren't worry if our debts aren't paid  
Or we'll see Britannier,  
Poor old Britannier,  
A-losing the money-lending trade—

Oy, yoy!

*Oy, yoy! Europe! step along and borror,  
You needn't pay to-day and you needn't pay to-morrow:  
Every little foreign cuss  
Can have an overdraft on us;  
John Bull's comfortable propping up the walls:  
The Letts and the Laps, the Kurds and the  
Croats  
They'll all find Britannier with a pocketful of  
notes*

*At the sign of the Three Gold Balls. A. P. H.*

1925

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1926

## SIMPLE STORIES.

## IV.—THE WELL.

Jessica and Peter were the children of Mr. and Mrs. Willing, and when their father was in a good humour he often said Barkis is willing though his Christian name was Herbert but he liked to say funny things out of books. They lived in a house called Woodleigh and there was a large garden with a well in it, but Jessica and Peter were not allowed to go near the well because their father and mother thought they might fall in.

Well one day they did go near the well and Peter fell in. But there was no water in the well so he was not drowned, and it was not so very deep and there were plenty of dead leaves at the bottom so he did not hurt himself, but he was frightened and began to cry, because he was only nine and two years younger than Jessica, and he said take me out take me out.

Jessica was frightened too when she first saw him fall in, but when she saw that he was not hurt at all she said look here let us play at you being Joseph and I will take your coat of many colours to father and say a wild beast has devoured him.

But Peter didn't want to play that game then and he said take me out take me out.

Then Jessica said I'll tell you what, we will play at me being a fireman and rescuing you, and I will go and fetch a ladder.

So first of all she got an old helmet that was in the hall and put it on for a fireman's helmet though she was not allowed to touch it, and then she got a small ladder from the potting-sheds and went to the well with it.

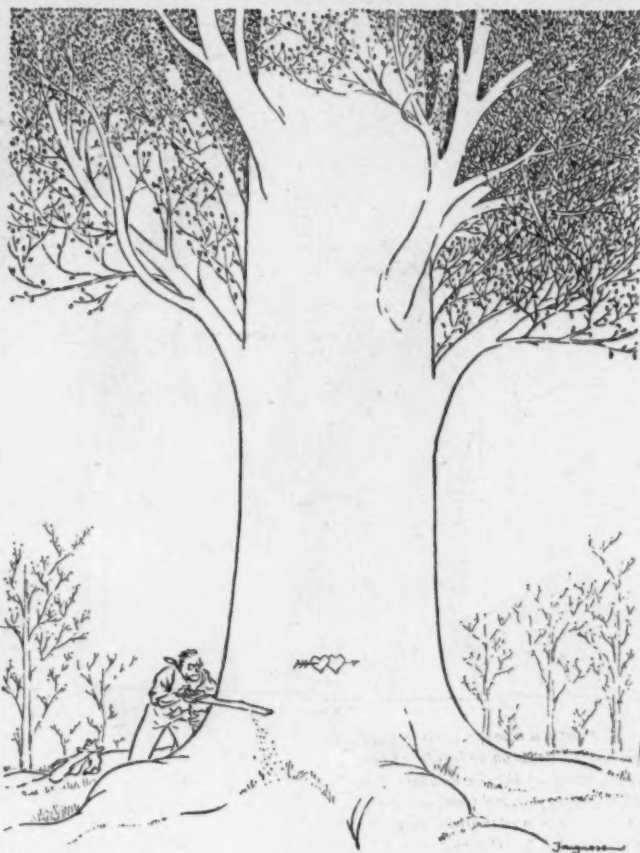
And when she got there Peter was crying because he wasn't very old, and he said why have you been so long I don't want to play at anything, I want to be taken out of this well, there is a great toad here and it is looking at me.

Then Jessica said I'll tell you what, you shall be St. George slaying the dragon and the toad shall be the dragon. I will just go and get a sword and you shall have it, you will like that, and I will give up the helmet to you too.

So she left the ladder and went in to get a sword out of the hall which she was not allowed to do, and when she got back to the well Peter was still crying because he was quite small and he said I want to be taken out it is so smelly down here.

Jessica said are there noxious fumes? and he said it smells simply disgusting.

So she said I'll tell you what, we



JILTED.

will play at you being a miner in a mine who has been overcome with noxious fumes and I will rescue you, but I must first go and get a gas mask.

So she went into the hall and got a gas mask which she was not allowed to do and went back to the well with it.

And Peter was crying and saying I want to be taken out. He was not really uncomfortable but he was only nine on his last birthday.

So Jessica put the ladder down the well and it was just long enough, and Peter got on her back because she was bigger than he was and she rescued him.

And her father said she was a very brave little girl for rescuing Peter out of the well, and he forgave her for taking the things out of the hall.

And he said Peter was a very naughty

boy for falling into the well when he had been told not to go near it and he would have the well filled up, and Peter should go to bed without any supper.

But his mother begged him off and he had some. A. M.

## A Burnt-offering.

From a clergyman's permit:—

"Two tons of coke for devotional purposes."

"Evidence for the plaintiff was to the effect that defendant's car ran into the bullock while going at a fast speed on the wrong side of the road; but defendant contended that the car was almost stationary when the animal ran into it."—*Irish paper*.

And to make the animal's conduct worse it does not appear to have sounded its horn.

OUR PREDECESSORS' GAMES

I DARESAY OUR PREDECESSORS GOT A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF PLEASURE OUT OF THEIR GAMES, BUT—



IT SEEMS HARD TO BELIEVE—

THAT—



THEY—

EVER—



ACTUALLY—

WON ANY.

*Jugwood*



506249 DOUGHTY S. D. GETS BACK TO BARRACKS, 1942



1927

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1928

## MISLEADING CASES.

XVII.—*Res v. The Licensing Justices of Muddletown.*

STARTLING charges were made in this case to-day at the Muddletown Assizes by Sir Oliver Bott, K.C., in his opening speech for the prosecution. The arrest and trial of the licensing justices have aroused great popular enthusiasm; cheering crowds surrounded the court, and the Judges have received five thousand anonymous letters, couched about equally in the language of menace and congratulation.

*Sir Oliver.* Milord, in this case the defendants are seventeen Justices of the Peace who are charged under the Public Health Acts with exposing the public to an unhealthy and insanitary condition of affairs in the public bar of "The Red Cow" inn, or, in the alternative, with conduct conducive to a public nuisance.

The facts are these. Until recent years there were two licensed houses in Sunset Street, "The Red Cow" at the western end, and "The Blue Swan" at the eastern. Each house had its own regular and sufficient clientèle, but neither was overcrowded. The guests took their refreshment seated comfortably on benches and watched with interest, in the case of "The Red Cow," the game called darts. "The Red Cow" was famous for darts, and "The Blue Swan" for skittles—

*The Judge.* What are skittles?

*Sir Oliver.* Milord, I am instructed that skittles are a sort of ninepin.

*The Judge.* I thought it was a beverage.

*Sir Oliver.* Perhaps your Lordship is thinking of the expression "Beer and skittles"? (*Laughter.*)

*The Judge.* Is not that the same as whisky-and-soda?

*Sir Oliver.* No, milord, it is a game.

*The Judge.* Very well. Don't waste time, Sir Oliver.

*Sir Oliver.* Your Lordship is very good. Well, milord, "The Blue Swan" was famous for skittles, and on several occasions had won the challenge shield of the Skittles Association, for which forty-seven public-houses in the district annually compete. Now at the Licensing Sessions it was represented to the Justices by certain virtuous persons that two public-houses in one street was an excessive number and out of proportion to the needs of the population. Their arguments were supported by counsel of the most learned and expensive kind; the Justices, all of whom were vegetarians, accepted them, and the licence of "The Blue Swan" was not renewed.

Now, milord, these well-meaning persons appear to be governed by two main assumptions, both of them, in my submission, milord, fallacious: One that the sole function and purpose of a public-house is the sale and consumption of alcohol; and, two, that where there are two public-houses there will be sold and consumed a greater quantity of alcohol than where there is only one.

*The Judge.* Two and two make four, Sir Oliver.

*Sir Oliver.* Milord, I am prepared to argue that. (*Laughter.*)

*The Judge.* Are you relying on *Stagger v. Root*?

*Sir Oliver.* No, milord; that was a *nisi prius* action.

*The Judge.* What has Mr. Wriggle to say to that?

*Mr. Wriggle, K.C.* Milord, I ask for a ruling.

*The Judge.* You must not ask me for a ruling before lunch.

*Sir Oliver* (continuing) said: Now, milord, neither the Licensing Justices nor the persons who appeared before them to oppose the renewal of the licence of "The Blue Swan" had ever entered "The Blue Swan."

*The Judge.* I never went to "The Blue Swan."

*Sir Oliver.* But no doubt you were called to the bar, milord. (*Laughter.*)

*The Judge.* Many are called but few chosen. (*Laughter.*)

*Sir Oliver.* And therefore, milord, they were wholly unacquainted with the character of "The Blue Swan." Both "The Blue Swan" and "The Red Cow" were social centres corresponding, milord, in their different ways to the Athenæum or the Bath Club. The Bottle and Jug Department—

*The Judge.* What is that?

*Sir Oliver.* Milord, I am instructed it is a special counter at which patrons attend with their own jugs or other vessels to purchase liquor for removal and consumption off the premises.

*The Judge.* Is there a Bottle and Jug Department at the Athenæum?

*Sir Oliver.* No, milord; the Athenæum has an on-licence only.

*The Judge.* Then what has it got to do with this case?

*Sir Oliver.* Milord, if elderly Bishops were seen leaving the Athenæum with jugs of stout in their hands the casual observer would form an impression of the character of that institution which would be largely unjust. And that is what has happened in the case of these two houses. The residents of Sunset Street gathered at these places, milord, for the exchange of ideas and to discuss the news of the day, for the relation of

their misfortunes, for mutual comfort, encouragement and advice, and in short for the legitimate purposes of social intercourse. On those premises, milord, many a tired man and disappointed woman have received from the society of their fellows the spiritual contentment which arms them for the trials of the morrow and tends to develop in the mind a political outlook of a conservative rather than a revolutionary nature. An Englishman's home is his castle, milord, but the public-house is a fortress of the Constitution, in which the germs of Bolshevism, milord, are imprisoned and sterilized by the loyal forces of good-fellowship and beer. And it would ill become His Majesty's judges, milord, to countenance without good cause the diminution of these strongholds and so to encourage the growth of opinions which are hostile to existing institutions.

*The Judge.* What has this to do with sanitation?

*Sir Oliver.* I am very grateful for your Lordship's interruption. Milord, what happened, in fact, was this. After the closing of "The Blue Swan," milord, the clients of "The Blue Swan" did not, as was anticipated, abandon the pursuit of good-fellowship and beer, but they transferred their custom to "The Red Cow" instead. The only practice which they were forced to abandon was the innocent practice of skittles, for "The Red Cow" has no skittle-alley. It is not possible, milord, to drink beer and play skittles at the same time, so that the effect of the new conditions upon the former clients of "The Blue Swan" was that they drank not less beer but more.

Milord, "The Red Cow," catering for the clients of two houses instead of one, has become extremely over-crowded, so much so that at the busy hours of the day it is no longer possible to play darts with safety and satisfaction. Milord, a man cannot throw a dart at a small target and drink beer at the same time, so that the effect of the new conditions upon the old clients of "The Red Cow" has been that they drink not less beer but more.

Milord, it is the prosecution's case that for all these evils the Licensing Justices are responsible. . . . Milord, the defendants have turned the "Red Cow" into a squalid, unwholesome resort; they must be taken to have foreseen the natural and necessary consequences of their unfortunate act, and they must pay the penalty.

Loud cheers greeted the conclusion of Sir Oliver's speech. A. P. H.

1929

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1930

## 1066 AND ALL THAT.

[Being extracts from a forthcoming  
History of England (Absit Oman).]

## CÆSAR INVADÉS BRITAIN.

THE first date in English History is 55 B.C., in which year JULIUS CÆSAR (the memorable Roman Emperor) landed, like all other successful invaders of these islands, at Thanet. This was in the olden days when the Romans were top nation on account of their classical education, etc.

JULIUS CÆSAR advanced very energetically, throwing his cavalry several thousands of paces over the River Flumen; but the Ancient Britons, though all well over military age, painted themselves true blue, or wood, and fought as heroically under their dashing queen, BOADICEA, as they did later in thin red lines under their good queen, VICTORIA.

JULIUS CÆSAR was therefore compelled to invade Britain again the following year (54 B.C., not 56, owing to the peculiar Roman method of counting), and having defeated the Ancient Britons by unfair means, such as battering-rams, tortoisoes, hippocausts, centipedes, axes and bundles, set the memorable Latin sentence, "*Veni, Vidi, Vici*," which the Romans, who were all very well educated, construed correctly.

The Britons, however, who of course still used the old pronunciation, understanding him to have called them

"Weeny, Weedy and Weak," lost heart and gave up the struggle, thinking that he had already divided them all into three parts and had thus won the war.

The Roman Conquest was, however, a *Good Thing*, since the Britons were only natives at that time.

## THE ROMAN OCCUPATION.

For some reason the Romans neglected to overrun the country with fire and the sword, though they had both of these; in fact after the Conquest they did not mingle with the Britons at all, but lived a semi-detached life in villas. They occupied their time for two or three hundred years in building Roman roads and having Roman baths. The Roman roads ran absolutely straight in all directions and all led to Rome.

The Romans also built a wall between England and Scotland to keep out the savage Picts and Scots. This wall was the work of the memorable Roman Emperor BALBUS and was thus called HADRIAN'S Wall. The Picts, or painted men, were so called to distinguish them from the Britons.

## BRITAIN CONQUERED AGAIN.

The withdrawal of the Roman legions to take part in GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* left Britain defenceless and subjected to that long succession of Waves of which history

is chiefly composed. While the Roman Empire was overrun by Waves not only of Ostrogoths, Visigoths and even Goths but also of Vandals (who destroyed works of art) and Huns (who destroyed everything), Britain was attacked by Waves of Picts (and, of course, Scots), who had recently learnt how to climb the wall, and of Angles, Saxons and Jutes, who, landing at Thanet, soon overran the country with fire (and, of course, the sword).

## IMPORTANT NOTE.

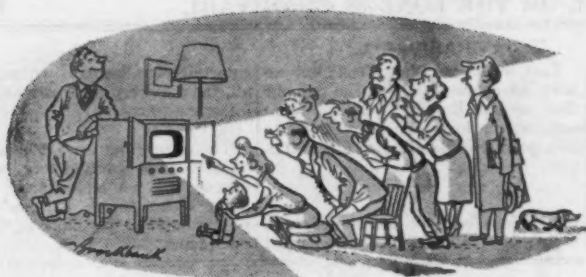
The Scots (originally Irish, but by now Scotch) were at this time inhabiting Ireland, having driven the Irish (Picts) out of Scotland; while the Picts (originally Scots) were now Irish (living in brackets) and *vice versa*. It is essential to keep these distinctions clearly in mind.

## HUMILIATION OF THE BRITONS.

The brutal Saxon invaders drove the Britons westward into Wales and compelled them to become Welsh; it is now considered doubtful whether this was a *Good Thing*. The country became almost entirely inhabited by Saxons and was therefore renamed England and thus (naturally) soon became C. of E. This was a *Good Thing*, because previously the Saxons had worshipped some dreadful gods of their own called Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.



THE AGE OF CHIVALRY: HALF-TIME.

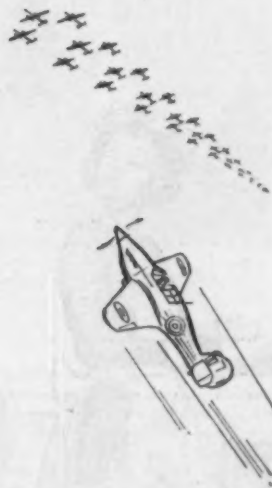


### 1931—1940

ON the fall of the second Labour Government a National Government, consisting mainly of Conservatives, took office and held it through one General Election until the War Coalition. The leading politicians are MacDonald, Baldwin, Chamberlain, Churchill, Lansbury and Attlee. England renounces Free Trade and, at the Ottawa Conference, comes to agreement on Imperial Trade with the Dominions, which by the Statute of Westminster are recognized as Sovereign States. India progresses farther on the road to self-government. The social services are extended.

The immense popularity of King George V and Queen Mary is shown at their Silver Jubilee Celebrations. The short reign of Edward VIII is ended by his Abdication, and King George VI comes to the throne.

Uranium is split in the laboratory, M. and B. becomes a familiar name to sufferers from many diseases, and television broadcasts begin. Regular transatlantic air services are introduced and Everest is flown over but not conquered. In London, transport is unified and trolley-buses increasingly take over from trams. The "Normandie" and the "Queen Mary" increase the speed and luxury of ocean travel. The British Council and C.E.M.A. are established; so are Whipmade and the Police College at Hendon. The Crystal Palace is burned down and the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre and the De La Warr Pavilion at Bexhill keep the flag of architectural modernism flying. The National Trust gains many new properties.



Noël Coward, Rattigan, Dodie Smith, Priestley, Bridie and Ivor Novello are notable names in the theatre, René Clair and the Marx Brothers in the cinema. Britain won the Davis Cup, and the great bodyline controversy agitated cricketers all over the world.

But the rise of the Dictators overshadows all else in the second half of the decade. Britain slowly re-arms, tries appeasement at Munich and finally goes to war. Dunkirk, the Battle of Britain and the Blitz unite the people firmly under their great leader, Churchill. Wavell's victories in the Western Desert bring a ray of light at the end of 1940.

The great popularity at this time of films and the wireless, and the consequent quickening of the perception and reaction of audiences, were not without their effect on "Punch," which began, in the 'thirties, to drop the four-, five-, or six-line joke in favour of a brief single-line legend, or even no legend at all. At the same time, of course, humorous drawing tended to become more economical in line and feeling, concentrating on the point to be made rather than on fine drawing of background or "social grouping." "Pont" and "Paul Crum" are representative of the new method. Owen Seaman retired and was succeeded as Editor by E. V. Knox.

1931

## PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

1932

## CHARIVARIA.

A scientist asks us to imagine space as a croquet-lawn and light as the travelling ball deflected by mole-hills. What we can't imagine is where he has played croquet.

\*\*\*  
"Spain needs a Mussolini," says a headline. It is said that the Duce has offered to run over one afternoon and put things right.

Last week was Pipe Week; but we have no confirmation of the rumour that several Empire Crusaders were seen ostentatiously smoking cigarettes as a gesture of hostility to Mr. BALDWIN.

\*\*\*  
"Millions listen for dance-music each night in preference to any other

entertainment," says a writer. After all, there is very little rhythm in the fat-stock prices.

\*\*\*  
The future film-star, it is said, will have to have a round face, wide between the eyes and cheeks, with a fairly broad nose. This indicates a public demand for films of the wide open faces.



Holiday-maker. "I'LL HAVE A COUPLE OF KIDLEYS."  
Waitress. "D YOU MEAN KIDNEYS?"  
Holiday-maker. "WELL, DIDN'T I SAY KIDLEYS?"

## A PACIFIST'S LULLABY.

[A contemporary declares that the only real preventative of war is the good feeling which comes from good feeding. "The future of world peace," it asserts, "lies not with the conferences but with the cooks."]

Oh, stuff thee, my baby, and take your delight

In mushrooms at morning and oysters at night,

In turkeys and toffee and treacle and tea,

In kidneys and capons and cold kedgeroe.

What pleasure can come from a militant mind?

The trumpet is harsh but the crumpet is kind.

Make pancakes your passion, let jam be your joy;

Oh, stuff thee, my baby; oh, stuff thee, my boy!

Oh, stuff thee, my baby, with lobsters and stew

And pullets far softer than bullets to chew.

Can cavalry thrill you as caviar can?

Would Mars be as tasty as rich marzipan?

Yearn not for the fray; let the tramp of the troops

Be drowned by the nursery swilling its soups;

The dinner-bell, better than bugles of war,

Cries, "Stuff thee, my baby, and stay where you are!"

Oh, stuff thee, my baby; the banquet is spread;

A bombe on the plate is worth two on the head.

Treat war as an evil; eschew it, eschew it!

In soufflés seek peace and in suet ensue it!

With kippers for breakfast and crumpets for tea

And kidneys and capons and cold kedgeroe

Let Plenty abide in your banqueting-halls

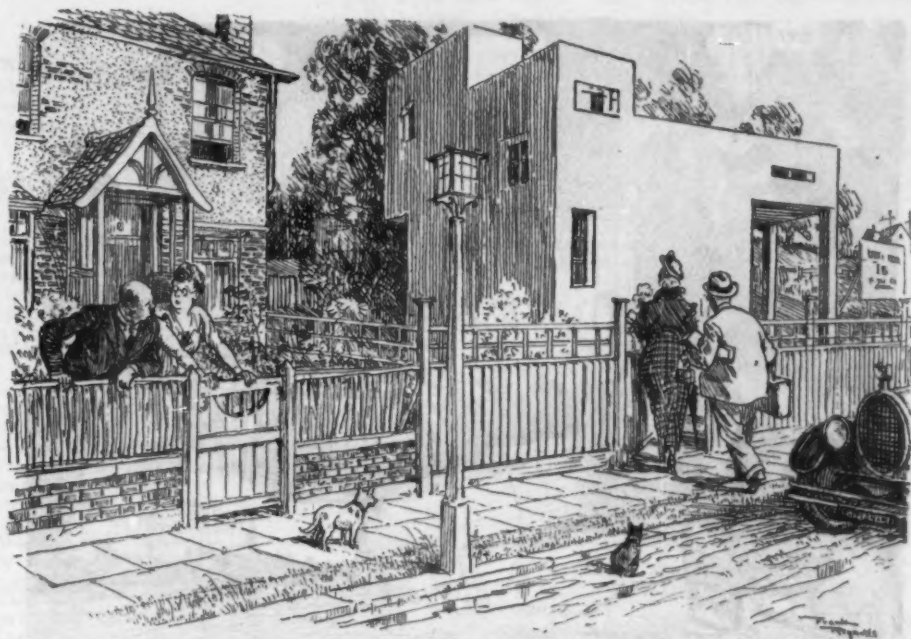
And Peace be within your abdominal walls!



1933

PUNCH, or *The London Charivari*

1934



"WELL, ANYWAY, THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE TAKEN IT SEEM TO BE THE USUAL SHAPE!"

### The Joke.

It was quite by mistake that I found myself in Pansy Street. Discovering that I had not enough money in my pocket to get back to the West End after delivering my lecture on "Beetles" at the Croxton Hall in the Mile End Road, I had taken a short cut.

Pansy Street is long and narrow, with high buildings on each side which seem to shut out the air. The roadway is littered with garbage and children, women and dogs. I felt embarrassed, especially as my silk-hat and white spats were attracting a good deal of comment, mostly adverse.

"E's one of the idle rich," said one woman.

"Blarsted capitalist!" said another.

"I reckon," said a third, "that 'e was on 'is way to get married and 'is 'eart failed 'im at the last moment. Lucky for the gal, if you ask me!"

I hurried on, but presently found my way blocked by a procession of children, all carrying little bags and looking amazingly clean and cheerful. I guessed that they were going away as guests of the Children's Country Hol-

days Fund. One little girl seemed to have more than she could carry, and I offered to take one of her bags. She assented rather haughtily, and the crowd of us proceeded in silence.

I noticed one boy, a very small fellow with a thin white face, who seemed positively covered with parcels and bags of various kinds. He had two cases in each hand, a cricket-bat under one arm and a semi-strung tennis racket under the other. Hanging from his belt were various parcels, a bottle of lemonade and a sun-hat.

"Looks as if you're going to have decent weather," I said. "It'll be grand fun down in the country, won't it? I suppose you'll play in the hay and have glorious games of cricket in the meadows. Match the village boys perhaps and lick 'em hollow! Then there will be bathing on a sheltered bit of the coast and long walks over the downs. . . . How long are you going for?"

The laden boy did not answer, but one of the other children promptly yelled, "A fortnight—a whole fourteen days. . . ."

Presently we came to the station and a capable-looking woman began to

count them. Then they passed through the barriers one by one, and I was surprised to see that my boy was handing over the parcels to his friends. Presently they had all passed through the barrier except him.

"Hurry up," I said, "or you'll miss the train."

He looked at me, and I noticed that the corners of his impish mouth were turned down. "I ain't goin'," he said, and his voice was shrill and exaggeratedly cheerful. "They 'adn't so much money as they used to 'ave, so someone 'ad to be left be'ind, and it 'appened to be me. . . . I 'ad you on a piece of string proper, didn't I? It isn't *arf* a good joke!"

And he swaggered off towards the street, his head held high and his hands stuck in his ragged pockets. His cap was on the side of his head and an unmusical whistle came from between his lips. . . .

The train puffed out of the station.

"The local ladies of the Voluntary Aid Detachment, who were on duty in the church and elsewhere, were by no means ornamental additions to the gatherings."

*Local Paper.*

Still, perhaps they were useful.

1935

PUNCH, or *The London Charivari*

1936



THE BRITISH CHARACTER.  
LOVE OF DETECTIVE FICTION.

### Oxford Be —

(Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS recently had an outpouring at the expense of Oxford, an institution of which he disapproves.)

I LET old Oxford have it hot and strong.  
I said, "Here is a seat of ancient wrong  
Which should be gone for. It need not take long."

"Sink of senility" I termed her. "Sink"  
Made a good start; "senility," I think,  
Should drive her dons, if they'd the guts, to drink.

As for those relics with their futile jobs,  
I called them "musty pedants, mouldy snobs";  
One, I'm inclined to fancy, for their nob.

Here's an expression, too, which none should miss:  
"Old men and women soaked in prejudice";  
I was most happy when I thought of this;

Nor should you lose that master-stroke "A cross  
"Twixt monkery and nunnery"—not hoss  
Or decent ass—that were too great a loss.

Lastly, when hunting round for something rich,  
I gained what I esteem my highest pitch  
With "doddering diehards left without a ditch

To die in." There, I hold, they had it hot.  
Without a ditch—one muddy, slimy spot  
For their demise—appalling, is it not?

It is perhaps a curious problem why,  
In some more contumacious moment, I  
At the bare thought of Oxford, must let fly;

More curious yet that there are some who dare  
To look on me with odium, and declare  
That I don't know, because I wasn't there;

Though, frankly be it said, of these I reck  
Not much. It would take more than them to check  
Me when I give it Oxford in the neck. DUM-DUM.

### Benevolence

"WOULD you like to hear what happened to General Battlegate?" asked Laura on her return from London.

Charles said rather wearily that if it was looking straight into the face of a tiger across the Mess-table at Ponang in 1891, he knew about it already.

"It's something that happened to him only last Saturday, and I was there at the time," Laura said.

I returned courteously that an eyewitness's account of any incident however trivial always had a certain value.

Charles just went back to his cross-word puzzle.

"Well," said Laura, "you know they took me to the theatre—the Battlegates, I mean? And of course it was frightfully kind of them, and I did my absolute best with the Indian Civil Service nephew. He hadn't been home for years and years and years, and of course it was just like Rip van Winkle. He kept on looking for my gloves under the stalls."

"What made you," I asked Laura, "hide your gloves under the stalls? Just girlish fun?"

"They weren't really there. They weren't anywhere. But he thought that as I wasn't wearing them I must have dropped them," she explained.

"Did he look for your fan at the same time?"

Laura disregarded this rather satirical shaft. "When it was all over and we were coming out, Mrs. Battlegate suddenly said, 'Oh, look!'"

"And a minute later she said, 'No, don't look.' So of course I did."

"Naturally."

"And so did the General, and so did Rip van Winkle. And what do you think it was?"

I simply said that nowadays anybody might see anything, from a couple of incendiary bombs to a dove bearing an olive-branch in its beak.

Laura shook her head.

"It was a young man who couldn't even stand up."

"Speaking as a man of the world —" Charles began.

"Yes," said Laura, "the General spoke as a man of the world too, and said there was a great difference between being happy and being intoxicated."

"And which was the young man?"

"He wasn't happy. He looked terribly pale and kept on hunching about, and couldn't get the door of the car open. And Mrs. Battlegate said he was in no fit state to drive himself anywhere, and where were his parents?"

"And where were they?" one naturally inquired; but Laura explained that nobody knew, and in actual fact nobody except Mrs. Battlegate had even inquired. The General, however, had asked whether the young man knew where he was going.

"Like a tract, 'Whither art thou bound?' Only he really meant, where was his home, and the young man just said Nevern Square, and Mrs. Battlegate said that meant the whole length of Piccadilly, and it would be equivalent to murder to let him drive alone. And of course it would have been."

"Do you mean to say, Laura, that Mrs. Battlegate drove him home?"

"No. She made the General do it."

He didn't get back till long after midnight."

"I suppose he was telling the young man that he'd been a subaltern himself once upon a time."

"I don't know," said Laura thoughtfully. "He drove him all the way to Nevern Square and rang the bell for him and handed him over to his wife. And he even offered to take the car round to wherever their garage was for them."

"I've always said," Charles remarked, quite untruly, "that the General has a heart of gold. I hope the young man's wife was properly grateful. What did she do?"

"She said, 'Thank you very much, but we haven't got a car.'" E. M. D.



"COME ON, YOU CHAPS. SETTLE IT FAIRLY, LIKE ENGLISHMEN."

1939

PUNCH or The London Charivari

1940



"One misses a lot not understanding the lingo."

## The Axis

"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."—*Alice Through the Looking-Glass.*

"For the Axis, as distinct from the old, possessing, nations, the conception of the *status quo* ceases to have any meaning if it excludes the possibility of adjustments corresponding with the growing strength and youthful vigour of the totalitarian States."—*A Berlin view of the Italian occupation of Albania according to a correspondent of "The Times."*

**B**LUE was the sky, they declared, on the day that it thundered.  
The rivers ran upward, the foxes were eaten by geese.

There was only one thought in their hearts as they murdered and plundered—

They did it for peace.

And if you can hew down the forest before it is planted,

And if you can gather the grapes when the vineyard is bare,

They have spoken the truth. We shall listen again—as enchanted—

To all that they swear.

And those who resist them shall give them extreme provocation,

And those who resent being slain shall be makers of war

And the blast of their bombs be a justly-fulfilled aspiration  
Once more . . . and once more . . .

Their mercy and grace shall go out to a desolate region,

Their armies shall loot with a pitying tear in the eye,  
Yet counting it gain that what well might have cost them  
a legion

Was won with a lie.

And the mud and the dust in the street shall be useful for cleaning,

And the fish from the ocean shall nest in the tree-tops  
like birds,

And the day shall arrive when, all words being robbed of  
all meaning,

We shall weary of words.

EVOR.

## Air Raid Over

**T**HE twelve Hurricanes circle round and round,  
and we on the ground  
stand in a little knot

and wait, even as they are waiting, for we know not what.  
A woman comes out of "Chatsworth" and says:

"Anyone here seen Les?"

"He's out in the van," says the grocer; "went out  
about

ten minutes ago," and then he rather surprisingly places  
a pair of field-glasses to his eyes. We turn our faces  
skywards again. Phew! What a sight!

"Well, I hope he's all right,"

says the woman, "I hope he won't come to any harm."

I tuck my Salvage leaflets under my arm.

(Madam, do you keep your pig-food in a separate bin?

It is a sin

against the nation not to preserve each bone.)

Suddenly over the house-tops we hear a drone.

Dear Heavens, look at them! A hundred or more!

Wouldn't you say a hundred? I retire to the door

of a china shop. "Hi, Mr. Bates, are they Jerries

or ours?" screams "Sans Souci." "Jerries?"

taunts the grocer, peering through his glasses again.

"Good Lord, no, they're ours—positive." With disdain

he smiles, "I'd know ours anywhere."

Immediately the air

is rent by wildest gun-fire. Across the sky

the twelve Hurricanes fly . . .

I retreat into the china shop rather fast

and am at once cast

into a sort of iron dungeon under the stair-

case by the proprietress. Her mother is already there . . .

and I instantly realize we shall not survive,

and that I shall be buried alive.

Therefore I give a tremendously British smirk,

and say "Oh, well, I suppose it's all in the day's work."

"Kit

will be having a fit

at school," says the proprietress, and gives a heave.

"They have *superb* shelters in *all* the schools, I believe,"

I reply, and very carefully remove some candle-grease

from the crease

of my coat-lining.

There is a shrill tormented whining

coming nearer and nearer,

clearer and clearer.

All that is British in me falters and flies,

I put my fingers in my ears and close my eyes.

It is aiming straight for the shop's portal.

We shall not die, we are immortal

(and, please, beside your dust bins

put, *separately*, all your tins).

No, I am not dead, I feel well, and wonderfully clever.

The proprietress remarks appropriately, "Well, I never!"

and crawls out on all-fours.

We rush to the doors

to greet

"Chatsworth" and the others who are scouring the street

for shrapnel. They are oh, so merry.

Yes, it was a Jerry . . .

"Well," I murmur, "thank you so much, I musn't stop."

I bow to the proprietress of the china shop,

and now that I mysteriously feel such a credit to the nation

I hand her a leaflet on Salvage from the Corporation.

V. G.



## 1941—1950

**SUPREMACY** in the air, coupled with the genius of Britain and America for seaborne invasion and the grinding might of Russia's armies, brought about the defeat of Hitler's Germany. Japan crumpled, after the dropping of the Atom Bomb had opened a new stage in the world's history. The victors established the United Nations, but a dangerous rift soon appeared between East and West.

Two Labour Governments under Attlee grappled with the problems of reconstruction and the simultaneous establishment of the welfare state. Family allowances, a comprehensive system of Insurance and the National Health Scheme were introduced, educational opportunities were extended, the Bank of England, Coal, Gas, Electricity, the Railways, Road Transport and Steel were nationalized. India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma and Israel became nations. Marshall Aid and Regional Defence Pacts brought Britain into closer contact with the U.S.A.

The marriage of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, and the births of Prince Charles and Princess Anne, gave great pleasure to the Royal Family and their subjects.

Penicillin begins its beneficent career. Jet-propelled aircraft appear, and rockets bring inter-planetary travel within the range of possibility. Cigarettes are 3s. 6d., or more, for twenty. Television gains rapidly in popularity. Increased interest in the Arts is shown by the institution of the Third Programme by the B.B.C., the success of the Edinburgh Festival, the public support for the Arts Council (as C.E.M.A. is renamed) and the accomplishment of the Vic-Wells Ballet, which wins a world-wide reputation.

In the theatre, verse drama returns, with such successes as "The Lady's Not For Burning" and "The Cocktail Party," and the partnership of Olivier and Richardson gives London its finest acting for many years. "Itma" has a long reign on the air. The Lynskey Tribunal, starring Sidney Stanley, also rates very high in the world of entertainment.

The Centenary of "Punch," obscured by even mightier events, passed quietly at the start of this decade. Towards its close E. V. Knox handed over the Editorship to Kenneth Bird, seventh in the line.



1941

PUNCH or *The London Charivari*

1942

## The Notebooks of Elgin Doggerel

### THESE DAYS

when one has to sprinkle sugar on one's bit of hard-won chocolate, and when a two-years-old newspaper feels like a telephone-directory . . .

### BUSHMEN DRAWINGS

"*Bushman* drawings? But they look extraordinarily modern . . ."

That's what nearly everybody said. People looking at pictures are usually exceedingly polite. But as five of the drawings were of aeroplanes the organizers of the exhibition had thought it superfluous to emphasize specifically that *Bushmen* did not mean the primitive inhabitants of Australia but was the artist's name.

### PROFILE

Oh yes, he's a music-lover. But when you can get him to listen to an orchestra as intently as he will listen to a cigar, you'll have got something.

### SURVIVAL

He does survive, the old-style doctor, with his square heavy face, his wing collar, his distinguished rather long grey hair, his frock-coat, his stern significant look, his blunt emphasizing finger—in the advertisements; where you may see him daily being astonished by the virtues of some cheap patent medicine or recommending you to drink beer, port or gin



"Right, there, in the distance. First a green, then an amber, then a red signal, and they keep on flashing one or two at a time."



"Can you send a horse along?—I have to get the effect of knocking two coconut-shells together."

### MYSTERY STORY

"There's somebody keeps coming round and putting pennies in our empty slot-machines . . . No, certainly I haven't kept watch to see who it is. Take me for a fool? He might stop."

### PHONETIC SPELLERS

How will they spell optionally-pronounced words? Who is to decide whether the papers about espionage ware in the envelope or whether they dealt with espionahzh and wer in the ennvelope?

### INTRICATE SIMILE

As imaginary as the tremendous impression that some people habitually behave as if they think they're making.

### PROBLEM

I should like to know how it is first discovered (as in households all over the country it constantly is) that an old clock will go only when it is lying on its back. Who first put it on its back? Why?

### COMMUNISM

seems to be based on the fallacy that a large number of doors can't share the same wolf.

### NIGHT IN THE HOTEL

"The shoes? Oh, we don't clean 'em. We just chalk the room-numbers on 'em." R. M.

o o

## Laughing Soldier

COURAGE and Fortitude are lovely words,  
And lovely are the virtues they define;  
Yours was the Courage, Laughing Soldier, may  
The Fortitude be mine. A. W. B.

1943

PUNCH or *The London Charivari*

1944

## The Phoney Phleet

III—H.M.S. *Etonian*

WHEN Sub-Lieutenant Gerald Cheese Had spent six weeks in M.T.Bs.

He asked for an immediate draft  
Because, he said, his skipper laughed  
When he (Cheese) stood upon his right  
To be tucked into bed at night.

The Second Sea Lord, who gets paid  
To see that no mistakes are made  
In officers' appointments, wrote  
A most apologetic note  
Beginning with "My dear old Cheese"  
And ending up by saying "Please  
Allow yourself a nice long leave  
And just you see what you'll receive."

He spent two months at home and then  
He had a signal saying "When  
You feel inclined, join H.M.S.  
*Etonian* at Inverness,  
You're in command."

Let's halt the tale  
One moment while I lift the veil.  
You'll notice in the Navy List  
That *two Etonians* exist.  
One is an ancient battered tug  
Whose only job it is to tug  
A target round near Scapa, while  
The other is the latest style  
In Tribal Class Destroyers, and,  
As any child will understand,  
The apple of their Lordships' eye.  
By now you've guessed (and so have I)  
The next instalment of the plot.

When Cheese some two days later got  
To Inverness, he threw a fit,  
For there, according to his chit,  
Lay his command *Etonian*—  
Our latest "Tribal." Well you can  
Conceive that Gerald felt like death.  
With clapping knees and failing breath  
He lurched aboard and tried to make  
The captain see the whole mistake.  
The latter, though, refused to play,  
His leave began at noon that day



And Gerald was the new C.O.—  
The signal clearly stated so—  
And he was off. His Number One  
(Who had the feeling he'd been done  
Because he hadn't got the job)  
Protested that he wouldn't rob  
Young Cheese of his command, not he,  
And said they had to put to sea  
In half an hour's time.

Poor Cheese  
Implored him on his bended knees  
For mercy, saying he could play  
The oboe, also Nuts-in-May,  
Or knit, or make banana-flip,  
But that he couldn't take a ship  
One-tenth that size across a lake,  
Much less to sea. It didn't shake  
The First Lieutenant's attitude.  
"Excuse me, sir, for being rude,  
But if their Lordships' make a mess  
It's not my bally business,"  
And there he left it.

Well, you know  
The worm, proverbially slow  
To anger, will in time gyrate.

83



"Are you together?"

At length young Cheese attained this state

And, knocking back a hefty gin,  
Said "Right, then, that's where I begin.  
You'll take your orders now from me.  
The first is 'Take her out to sea'—  
And make it snappy." Once begun  
The rest was just clean wholesome fun.  
So when, the eighth day of the trip,  
They met a Jerry battleship,  
A saner captain would have run,  
But Cheese said "Sink her, Number  
One,"  
And what is more, by sheer surprise,  
Succeeded in that enterprise.

As soon as they returned to port  
Two "Most Immediate" wires were  
brought

Aboard. The first, addressed to Cheese,  
Said "Gerald, do forgive us please.  
Someone has been an awful mug,  
We meant you to command the *tug*."  
The second, to *Etonian*,  
Marked "General Distribution," ran  
"Congrats to you and your C.O.  
We're sending him the D.S.O."

1945

PUNCH or *The London Charivari*

1946

## Report on VE Day

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I cannot refrain from telling you, just in simple unaffected terms, how much I enjoyed VE Day.

I woke with a feeling of exultation, the sort of light-headed sensation with which one used to wake up on the last day of term, and immediately sprang out of bed on the wrong side. This is said to make one bad-tempered for the rest of the day, but the immediate effect, when one's bed is against the wall, is to bruise the knees and drive the breath out of the body.

When I recovered consciousness it was too late to get any breakfast, so I dressed and went straight to the office. The staff at a military headquarters must be present and at the alert even on VE Day. We must be prepared at any moment to come to the aid of the Civil Power with all our resources, or to acknowledge a message of congratulation from the Army Council. Nothing came in, however, and at seventeen hundred hours I left for the Metropolis. It was crowded.

I failed to see the Royal Family on the balcony of Buckingham Palace, because at the time of their appearance my bruised knees gave way and a number of people stood on my body to get a better view. The crowd was very good-tempered and careful not to tread on my face more than could be helped.

I failed to see the Prime Minister because he did not appear during the time I was in Whitehall. I should not have seen him in any case since there were three very tall men in front of me with rather bulging necks, and I did not like to move sideways for fear of pushing the people at the far end of Whitehall out into Trafalgar Square. The thing to remember in a crowd is that any movement causes a sort of ripple right through the multitude, only instead of losing momentum as a ripple does, the movement

grows in volume like a snowball; so that a man trying to get his handkerchief out in Piccadilly Circus may easily crush a police horse to death against the Marble Arch.

I failed to get anything to eat, since the places I tried to enter were full and those I didn't try to enter were shut. However, I got jammed up against a man in the Mall who had had quite a good meal at some upstage place or other and very kindly described it to me. He said he had had *Fruits de mer à la Victorie, Consommé des Héros Alliés* and some sort of *Poulet with Choux-fleurs des Vainqueurs*. (I hold no brief for his French, I only attempt to reproduce what I heard.) He said the *poulet* was good, and described a pleasant wine to accompany it, but alas! he could only get a pint of ice-cold lager. I said I felt really upset to hear he had had no wine, but of course lager was better than nothing on a warm evening. He replied that in the right place and at the right time he was very fond of a good light beer. In Germany he had had much good beer, also excellent hock in quantity and aha! roast duck that could fairly be described as second to none. He didn't know of anything he had more of a weakness for than roast duck—unless it might be ortolans broiled in champagne.

This conversation for some reason made me rather hungry, and a sudden anxiety to get away from the man came over me. But it is not easy to get away from people in very big crowds, and he had recollected several more quite palatable dishes before I had managed to put a yard between us. And even then he still had my hand to talk to, which had got wedged into his waistcoat and wouldn't come adrift. In the end somebody prised it loose with an umbrella.

After this I slipped off to a quiet side street and linked arms with fourteen sailors, three Americans, a Pole and (I rather thought) M. Molotov, though the papers say he was in San Francisco. This party were making a sweep down the street, and it seemed better at my age to be the sweeper than the swept. The exercise made me thirsty, as well as hungry, and I went in search of water.

The public drinking troughs were full of bodies and I firmly believe I might have gone straight home by tube in a temper at this stage had not the Underground station I attempted to enter been closed. This was a bit of luck, because if the station had been open I should have missed the chance of linking arms with fourteen Americans, three Poles and a sailor, who had a plan to sweep away the Victoria Memorial in order to get a better view of Buckingham Palace. I asked them where M. Molotov was, but got no coherent reply.

It was now late enough for me not to have to worry about a train home, so I walked. When I had walked for six miles I suddenly realized I had only another five miles to go, and this thought cheered me so much that I sat down on the kerb for an hour in company with three R.A.F. men and a dozen assorted householders. We didn't sing or dance, but were just quietly happy and, for myself, just the tiniest bit hungry and thirsty.

When I got back to my billet I found somebody had put a Victory hedgehog in my bed. This was not mentioned in the papers next morning, though in other respects they gave a faithful account of VE Day.

Yours, etc.

H. F. E.



Ronald Searle.

"Yes, Fido is just like one of the family."

"When I look at the programme of development that you have here and the development that is taking place already in relation to the conditions and needs of other Caribbean colonies, it is difficult for me to have my whiskers wrung by the admitted smallness of Trinidad's allocation."—*Trinidad paper*.

Why not wring them by hand?





*"Fortunately I was able to get his likeness before he ran away."*

### *Song of the Man in the Middle*

**T**HE left-hand side of England  
is different from the right  
as ten to twelve from twelve-  
fifteen,  
as green of oats  
from barley-green,  
as Gimingham  
from Trimmingham,  
as cocker from Chinese white.

As cocker is from springer,  
as mild from bitter beer,  
the Pole star from its pointers,  
roebuck from fallow deer;  
as stitchwort is  
from speedwell,  
as rowan from wild cherry,

Coachman from Silver Doctor,  
a coble from a wherry;  
as greenfinches from chaffinches,  
as Cheshire is from Cheddar cheese,  
as Cox's Orange pippin  
from Bramley Seedling's bite  
the left-hand side of England  
it differs from the right.

Through half the "coloured counties"  
I've watched the world wheel by,  
with here a field of mustard,  
and there a crop of rye;  
past Tennysonian willows  
and elms straight out of Brooke—  
across my left-hand neighbour's hat  
my right-hand neighbour's book;

this river winds at random  
just like a child, in fact,  
who hears the cuckoo calling—  
but daisy-chains distract;  
yet straight is that canal-stretch  
that road which like the sword  
of Rome cuts through the village  
and thrusteth for the ford:

Oh, different, subtly different  
as swift from swallow's flight—  
in either side of England, the lovely  
face of England:  
but the clever ones in the corner  
seats  
can see but left  
or right.

R. C. S.



**SOUTHWARD HO!**

A Dream of the Other Bank

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FIRST COVER

Designed by A. S. Henning (July 1841)

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 Some Northern Animals (1939)  
     "Paul Crum"  
 The Parade (1921)... Frank Reynolds  
 The Preserved Amenity (1937)  
     Thomas Derrick  
 Our Predecessors (1927)... "Fougasse"  
 Private Doughty (1941)... F. R. Emmet



THIRD COVER

Designed by W. Harvey (July 1842)

## BLACK-AND-WHITE PAGES

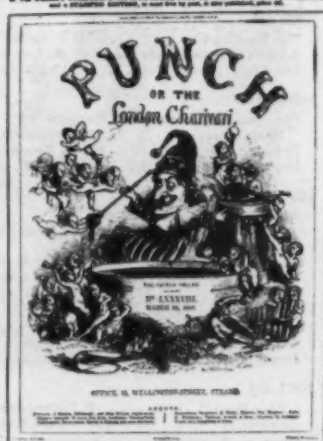
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 Stones"... Gilbert Abbott & Beckett  
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 Exhibition..... W. M. Thackeray  
 Drawing, bottom-right..... John Leech
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- 1855-56  
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- 1857-58  
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Designed by "Phiz" (January 1842)

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 Our Whether We Like it or Not  
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 The Boiling Pot... Gilbert Arthur & Beckett  
 Drawing, top-right..... Harry Furniss  
 Drawing, bottom..... A. C. Corbould



FOURTH COVER

Designed by Sir John Gilbert (January 1843)

OF THE WEEKLY PUNCHER, as well as the Monthly Parts, may be had of all Booksellers & News-  
men, and a STATIONER, in most towns by post, in due season, price 6s.



FIFTH COVER

Designed by Kenny Meadows (July 1843)

1885-86

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Drawing, bottom-right..... Chas. Keene

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1891-92

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1921-22

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Archibald Marshall  
Drawing..... "Fougasse"

1927-28

Misleading Cases (Rex v. The Licensing  
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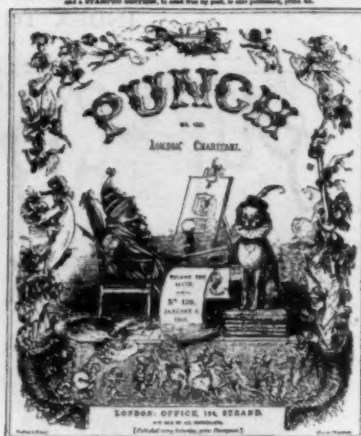


SEVENTH COVER

Designed by Richard Doyle (January 1849)

Punch Festival, April 30 1951

OF THE WEEKLY PUNCHER, as well as the Monthly Parts, may be had of all Booksellers & News-  
men, and a STATIONER, in most towns by post, in due season, price 6s.



SIXTH COVER

Designed by Richard Doyle (January 1844)

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1066 And All That  
W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman  
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Southward Ho!..... L. G. Illingworth



### Part III The Festival Charivari



MISTAKEN VIEWS OF THE BRITISH  
I. THE AMERICAN



MISTAKEN VIEWS OF THE BRITISH  
II. THE RUSSIAN

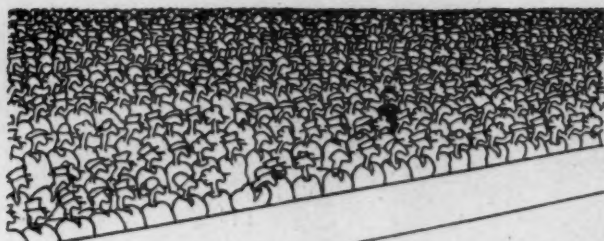


### EXHORTATION TO ALL PARISH AND RURAL DISTRICT COUNCILS

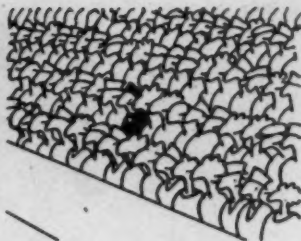
COME, local bodies, one and all unite  
To make our village greens a gladsome sight,  
Our rustic zones a rapture to behold  
With joy for youth and junket for the old.  
But let it be your special aim to please  
The people pouring in from overseas,  
Particularly those who heard our shore  
With fearful boots, not having been before,  
And those who, having been, yet view our cliffs  
With ghastly doubts and frequent "buts" and "ifs."  
For them the local bands must boom and thump  
And drink flow freely from the village pump;  
Masques must be held amid the murmuring trees  
And sales of work and super spelling-bees,  
And madcap midnight schemes must be discussed  
With extra whist drives obviously a must.  
Let bunting blow in all those places where  
There broods a chill or unresponsive air,  
Let local craftsmen cunningly devise  
For every common thing some quaint disguise,  
And artists soothe the strident pillar box  
With nodding ferns and seeming-scented stocks  
And rosebuds from whose petals there might rise  
The current P.M.G. in postcard size.  
All village shops might make, in playful mood,  
Facsimiles of appetizing food  
And publicans must resolutely strive  
To keep tradition splendidly alive  
By planning for the joy of those approaching  
A bustling scene of beaver hats and coaching.  
Blacksmiths should be on duty or at ease  
In reach of real or cardboard chestnut trees;  
All postal personnel should play their rôle  
As units in the glory of the whole;  
Pens could be found and rearranged in rows  
And pencils freshened up with fancy bows,  
And those with drab and cheerless overalls  
Or college blazers clashing with the walls  
Might introduce some gay, distracting stunt  
Like stamping them with post-marks down the front.

Stations and halts, where cash remains to spend,  
Should graciously reflect some local trend;  
In Leicestershire, to stress the sporting link,  
Employees could be asked to shunt in pink,  
And Cornish painters might contrive a scheme  
For cloakrooms carried out in clotted cream.  
Throughout these pleasing scenes, it must be stressed,  
Natives should not display excessive zest  
Nor dissipate the notions held so dear  
In foreign parts about our habits here.  
Beards should be worn for cricket, every shot  
Greeted with cries of "Jolly decent, what!"  
All houses should be quite devoid of heat  
And phrases such as "Gad, sir, what a seat!"  
And other courteous methods of address  
Will be prepared and held in readiness.  
All ladies would be well advised to wear  
Amorphous tweeds and incoherent hair,  
And gentlemen should talk through tie-on teeth  
Of absent fish and aunts in Hayward's Heath.  
Farmers, apart from glaring over stiles,  
Dining on straw and being known as Giles,  
Should wear the cubic bowler as in *Punch*  
And train their bulls to charge at picnic lunch.  
All milkmaids should be sweetly pink and shy,  
With bonnets, chintz, replacing hats, pork-pie;  
All rustics in the neighbourhood of flocks  
Should dress in spotted handkerchiefs and smocks,  
While cows and things like that should be in charge  
Of ancient idiots all entitled "Jarge."  
Excursions should be kept for when it rains  
But nothing done to rectify our trains.  
Lanes should be blocked by large immobile carts  
And sparsely manned by strangers in those parts.  
Fine views should be displayed in heavy fog  
And deep emotion squandered on the dog.  
All should, in short, rejoice to good effect  
But still remain unshrinkably correct.  
Though she may fondly wave her festive banners,  
Let rural Britain never waive her manners!

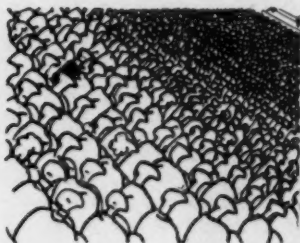
DANIEL PETTIWARD



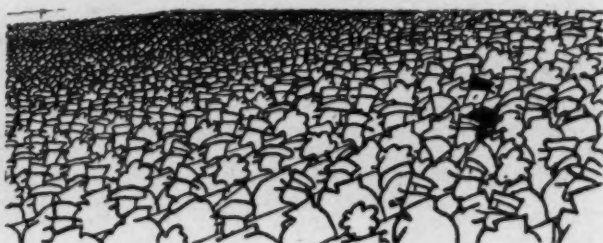
*The average Briton's—*



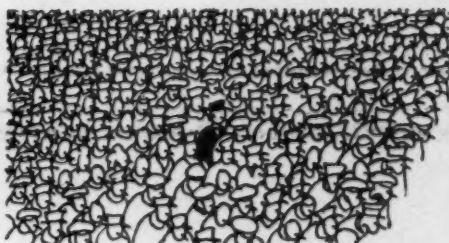
*idea of Heaven—*



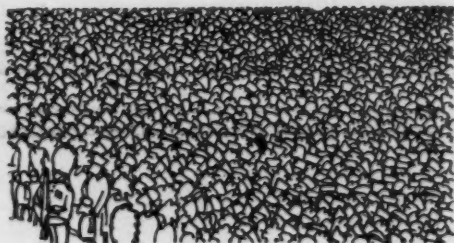
*is—*



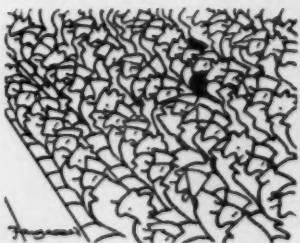
*to be—*



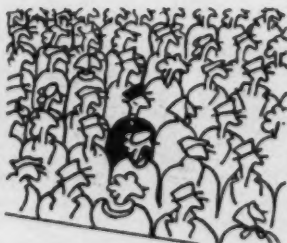
*among—*



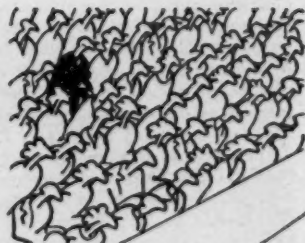
*as many—*



*of—*



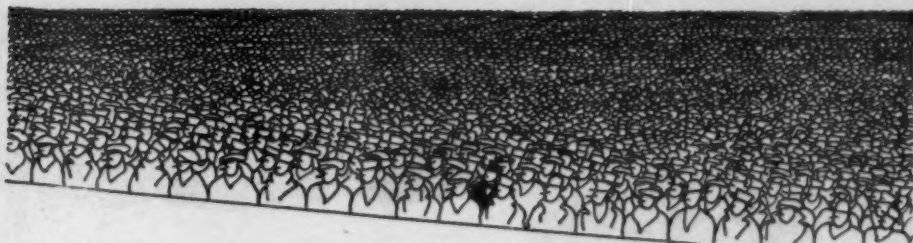
*his—*



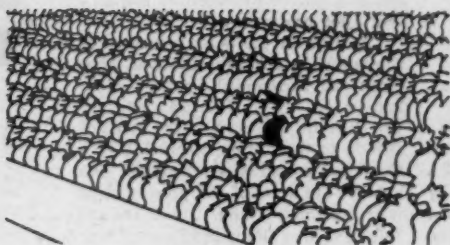
*compatriots . . .*

MASS OBSERVATION—I

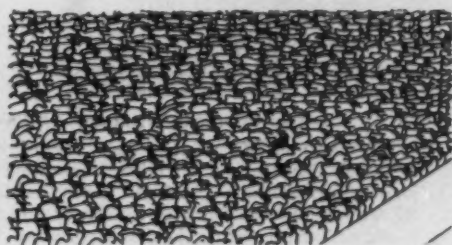




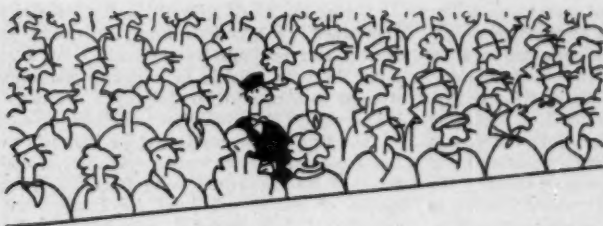
... as possible—



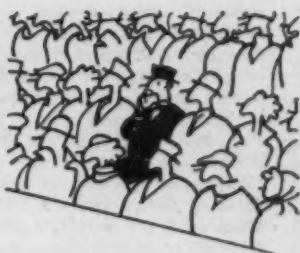
provided—



of course—



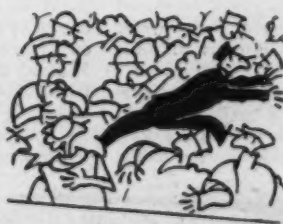
that—



none of them—



tries—



to—



speaks to him.

MASS OBSERVATION—II



## THE FESTIVAL JOURNEY

FEW plans for the Festival have aroused more interest than the bold and original conception of a journey from the Lake District to London, made by De Quincey and the Spirit of Britain, to present a message of good cheer from the Past to the editor of the *Economist*. The choice of De Quincey (played by one of the foremost actors in the country) naturally turns the mind both to our great literary heritage and to our present economic difficulties, and even his addiction to opium, though not stressed by the organizers, evokes thoughts of our sturdy British independence. Not only does the B.B.C. intend to cover the journey from start to finish but to stiffen the ranks of the observers, usual on such occasions, by the inclusion of several Governors.

The journey will begin at the head of Kirkstone Pass, down which in life the English Opium-eater was often driven at reckless pace. Here a procession will form, headed by a dog-cart containing De Quincey, the Spirit of Britain and a B.B.C. Governor dressed as Wordsworth and carrying a small portable transmitter. Next will come an open motor-coach with the Ministry of Town and Country Planning Choir and a few prominent economists in gorgeous Festival robes. Representatives of the Arts, Agriculture and Industry will follow in other coaches. The commentary will be shared between the Governor and a team of motor-cyclist observers, and from time to time listeners will hear selections from the choir.

At Pooley Bridge De Quincey will unveil a statue at the lake-side, erected in honour of the British black-coat worker—a gigantic granite figure seated at a desk. On the way to Penrith a local shepherd, carried on the

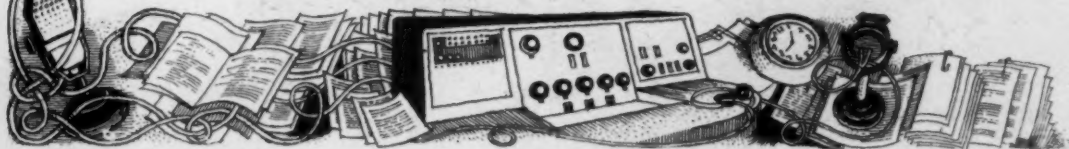
pillion of a motor-cyclist observer, will describe his emotions on this heart-stirring occasion, and tell something of the part played by sheep in Britain's battle for prosperity.

At Penrith the bank managers of the town, in colourful Festival trappings and surrounded by a guard of honour of British Railways officials, will chair De Quincey and the Spirit of Britain to the station, where a B.B.C. Governor, posted on the roof, will give a bird's-eye view of the procession as it moves towards him. Inside the station a Northern Infant Savings Group member will broadcast a message to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a British Railways choir will join the Ministry of Town and Country Planning Choir in a magnificent cantata based on the devaluation of the pound in 1949.

During the whole railway journey listeners will be entertained by selections from the choirs, quizzes, debates and readings from Ricardo. At a suitable point Treasury officials in a racing motor-car will attempt to throw to De Quincey a sovereign dated 1785, wrapped in a freshly printed Festival pound note.

The British Railway Queen for 1951 will welcome De Quincey in Crewe station refreshment-room, and here a B.B.C. Governor, slung from the ceiling in a species of cradle, will paint for listeners the ever-changing kaleidoscope of colour below him—the enormous lace-embroidered head-dresses of the porters, the rich glow of the economists' Festival robes, and the more sombre plumes and sables of the railway officials.

When De Quincey alights at Euston his guard of honour of British Railways officials will be replaced by one of accountants, led by the Governor of the Bank of England. Listeners will hear a description of a delightful little piece of miming as the Governor moves off, beckoning and tossing his head provocatively, while De Quincey follows as if doubtfully, past railway workers standing in attitudes expressive of dejection.





Then will come the roar of cheers from the crowd as the party emerges from the station and enters the waiting motor-buses.

At this point the commentary will be switched to the snug fireside of a Somersetshire cottage, where as De Quincey nears the end of his journey ninety-five-year-old ex-policeman Ezekiel Hodge will sum up the feelings of the nation. As Mr. Hodge finishes his broadcast listeners will hear the Spirit of Britain knock on the door of the *Economist* office. Then will come the editor's greeting and De Quincey's reply, followed by a burst of music from the Treasury Male Voice Chorus, supported by the massed choirs.

Throughout the journey it will be the aim of the B.B.C. to attempt to convey as vividly as possible the stirring atmosphere of the various scenes, and to help listeners to share to the full the emotions of those taking part.

Records of what will no doubt soon be widely known as the "Devaluation" cantata are already on sale, the proceeds being added to the Festival funds.

#### FESTIVAL DRAMA

"Early in 1851 I was sent upon a job of special official work, which for two years so completely absorbed my time that I was able to write nothing." (*Autobiography of Anthony Trollope.*)

"Siberia. January, 1850. . . . and let Fanny strangle the Dean. Fedor Dostoevsky." (*The Harting Letters.*)

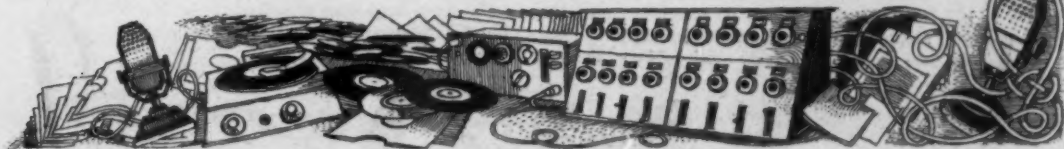
In April 1935, with the discovery of the first packet of the Harting Letters, certain doubts arose in the minds of experts as to Trollope's account of his activities in 1851. Later in the year the second packet was found, and since then a patient investigation has been carried out which has only lately come to an end.

Dostoevsky first made himself known to Trollope in 1847, sending details of a contrivance to simplify the

transmission of letters. (In his autobiography Trollope claims to have introduced the "pillar letter-box" into England—no word of his debt to the great Russian!) The correspondence continued steadily until 1849, when Dostoevsky was sent to Siberia, and intermittently thereafter. By 1850 arrangements for collaboration in a romantic play were pretty well advanced, but Trollope seems to have been dissuaded by his friends from having the work produced in the following year. A note, "Rusk disapproves," bears this out, and there is reason to believe that on one occasion Tennyson set upon Trollope and prevented him by brute force from showing the piece to a famous actor-manager. The affair was no doubt a keen disappointment, and perhaps we cannot wonder that it finds no place in the *Autobiography*.

On Thursday evening in the Home Service the B.B.C. will present *The Idiot Dean*, by Trollope and Dostoevsky. Why has this work been chosen as the principal offering for Festival Drama Week? First, because it was completed almost exactly one hundred years ago, and second, because it seemed not too much to hope that such a gesture might foster a little much-needed warmth in Anglo-Soviet relationships.

The swiftly-changing scenes of this remarkable play—from the hunting-field to the garish drinking-den, from the Deanery drawing-room to the poverty-stricken lodging-house: the colourful characters—the Dean, curiously unstable, now prowling the streets at midnight, now praising his daughter Fanny's home-made crumpets at the Deanery tea-table: the broken-down Inland Revenue official, in love with Fanny: and Fanny





herself, carrying calves-foot jelly to a neighbour or lashing her horse across country by moonlight to settle a madcap wager—all combine to produce an entertainment which will hardly be matched by the best that the Festival has to offer.

#### FICTION FORUM

"A hundred years of British fiction!"

It was just a random suggestion, shouted by a busy B.B.C. Governor to a passing member of the Features department, in the thick of all the fuss and hurly-burly of programme planning for the Festival of Britain. Nothing might have come of it—but something did: *Fiction Forum*.

On each Monday and Friday evening (Light Programme) during the whole Festival period listeners will be able to hear an unusual feature, half-debate, half-quiz, in which the participants will be characters born into British fiction within the last hundred years.

As an example of how *Fiction Forum* will work, let us take the opening session, when the team will consist of Mowgli, Lord Henry Wotton, Soames Forsyte and the Flaming Tinman. The composition of the teams for each session will be announced beforehand, and listeners will be invited to send in questions of a type suited to the capacities of the members. Thus in the opening session we shall expect questions dealing with jungle lore, culture, finance, and perhaps garrotting.

Now, it must not be imagined that when Mowgli, for example, is tackling some query about the behaviour of the rock-python, Forsyte,

Wotton and the Flaming Tinman will have nothing to say. They will hold their own opinions, perhaps strongly, but probably each will approach the subject from his own angle. Thus Lord Henry might throw out some observations about the delicate colours of the skin, Forsyte might get on to life insurance, and the Flaming Tinman would probably be reminded of some interesting rough-and-tumble in which he had taken part.

Each session will last for fifty-five minutes, the first half-hour being devoted to the quiz, and the remaining fifteen minutes to a debate on some question of universal interest.

The team for the second session—The Sheikh, Madame Defarge, Amyas Leigh and Jasper Petulengro—will be heard on "Self-discipline, the Key to Happiness," and we may expect some hard hitting.

Towards the end of the series listeners will be invited to take part in a popularity poll, and the result will decide the composition of the team for the final session. The order of popularity will be of some interest. Will Peter Pan beat Sherlock Holmes? Does the modern listener prefer the Little Minister to Sanders of the River? The answers will be supplied at the last session of *Fiction Forum*.

#### OTHER OUTSTANDING ITEMS

##### FESTIVAL PAGEANTRY

The mobbing of James Hargreaves and the destruction of his spinning jenny in 1768 will be re-enacted at Standhill, near Blackburn, and listeners will hear commentaries by Howard Marshall, with a summing-up by W. Barrington Dalby. The actors will include leading members of British Rugby Football clubs, and the part of Hargreaves will be played by a well-known Olympic hurdler.

##### THE FLYING DENTISTS

Inauguration of "Operation Molar." Commentators will describe the arrival of the Festival Dental Team at a London airport, and give eye-witness accounts of the first extraction.

##### THE ARTS AND INDUSTRY

Opening of the Festival campaign for the closer integration of the Arts and Industry. Listeners will hear Mr. T. S. Eliot's address to the Trades Union Congress on "Ever Let the Fancy Roam," and Dr. Edith Sitwell's reading to the same audience of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." A B.B.C. observer will accompany the President of the National Coal Board when he visits the Sadler's Wells School of Ballet, where he will chat in informal fashion on "Opencast Mining."

##### FESTIVAL LAUGHTER WEEK

During Laughter Week the public may obtain from any post office, on production of a fully-stamped National Insurance card, a Festival Fun Voucher, entitling the possessor to demand from any servant of the State the relation of a humorous anecdote. A roving microphone will attend members of the public, and listeners will hear jokes from a bus conductor, a gas inspector, an income-tax official and a railway porter.

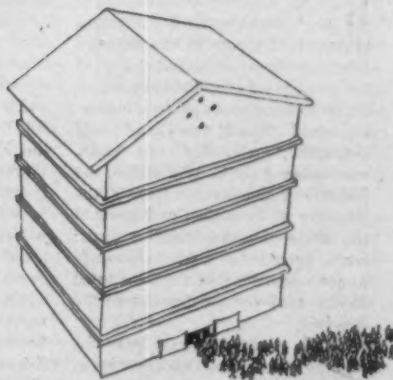
decide the composition of the team for the final session. The order of popularity will be of some interest. Will Peter Pan beat Sherlock Holmes? Does the modern listener prefer the Little Minister to Sanders of the River? The answers will be supplied at the last session of *Fiction Forum*.

#### COLOURFUL PLANS FOR THE THIRD

The first in the series of twenty-four lectures, to be given by a team of ecologists, on *Man's Waning Resources* will be entitled, appropriately enough, "A Barnecide Festival." T.S. WATT







ACANTHUS-



### THE MERRIE EFFORT

**R**URAL England is swiftly getting geared to its full Festival potential. Its part in the national effort has been hammered out amid a crescendo of give-and-take which ought to be an example to a bickering world. The Merrie Board Chief Controller, exhausted but elate, announces that the War Office, the Electricity and Cement Boards, the Ministry of Transport and most of the cities planning satellite towns have agreed to hold over their major operations in the scheduled Merrie Areas for the duration of the Festival.

"The countryside is safe for months ahead," the Chief Controller declares. "Time is on our side if we use it." So now the Merrie Board's bright young temporary and emergency staffs, hoping in a few months for intimations of immortality from

recollections of a triumphant Festival, are going all out. And while the young lambs bound, as to the tabor's sound, the shrewd old permanent staff have been busy thinking up slogans. The oldest, shrewdest and most permanent of all are sitting back and complimenting the Chief Controller on his own slogan, which is likely to be adopted as official: **MERRIE ENGLAND IS AT HOME TO THE WORLD.**

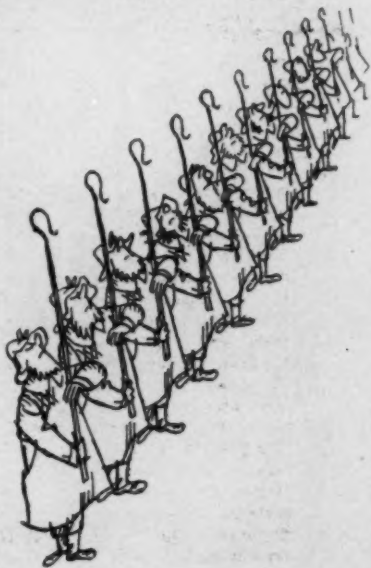
The healing serenity of the English countryside (the Chief Controller observes) is after all as eloquent as even the very best publicity; there are times when the most useful sort of propaganda is just to pipe down and let people get their ear to the good earth. The Merrie Board, by way of added encouragement, has removed for the time being many of the sterner rural notices: **THIS WIRE IS ELECTRIFIED** for instance, and **ARTILLERY FIRE NOW IN PROGRESS**; as well as the more ferociously jocular ones to be met with on Scottish deer forests like "Visitors are strongly advised to keep to the path as the modern rifle carries far and makes little noise." There is a sort of Scottish humour, it is surreptitiously considered, that could cost more dollars than it earned.

The campaign falls into two parts. There is a general plan for the scheduled Merrie Areas as a whole, in which local co-operation will be "desiderative rather than compulsory," and a more concentrated effort in a Central (Intensive Reconstruction) Area where no backchat will be tolerated and the population will be subject, for the duration of the Festival, to Rural Emergency Powers regulations—affectionately known at the green end of Whitehall as REP. The general scheme involves luring back to the broad acres as much as possible of their departed fauna. Some hundreds of squires have already been run to earth in converted barns and service flats, and are temporarily re-established (sneezing a little but game for almost anything) in the great houses where the occupying troops and Government staffs have been issued with livery for the duration.

Woods are being restocked with

badgers, lovesick swains, night-ingales and poachers (poaching is certain to be tolerated and may even be compulsory, with an official distribution of standardized flares, gaffs and trout-ticking apparatus). Rural poets and novelists are being asked to live in. And it is suggested in a firmly desiderative way that village smithies will not serve the Festival effort to the best advantage as curio shops and studios; their occupants have been issued with hammers, anvils and specially trained demonstration horses, and told in effect that they had better get clanging or make way for somebody who will.

All characteristic local festivals—Maypole and floral dances, Shrove Tuesday football matches, the chasing of choirboys round parish boundaries with hazel switches, and the like—are to go on non-stop, irrespective of their normal seasonal dates. The ancient Wayfarers' Doles, providing cheerful surprises like a horn of ale and a slice of white bread for the travel-weary, are being revived with necessary safeguards to prevent abuse: a Merrie Board regulation defines "wayfarer" as a bona-fide tourist who will be required to present passport, necessary





vines and a Merrie Areas official permit duly stamped by the Area Controller. If anybody thinks he can cash in on this new-found innocence he is likely to run into something a good deal more formidable than a prod with an empty ale-horn.

In the Central (Intensive Reconstruction) Area the return to medievalism has been rigorous and complete. The first idea was that one of the smaller counties should be taken over entire to serve as this hard core of Merriement; Rutland was suggested, but there was fierce objection from the hunting community. Foxes, they said, were conservative creatures which had got used to the bustle and racket of the modern countryside and, alarmed by any sudden return to medievalism, would be likely to slink away into Leicestershire or Northants and never come back. In view of the need for humouring the hunting people, who must somehow be persuaded to operate through the coming summer, the plan was changed. The Merrie Board and Festival of Britain Joint Committee settled on a corner of Herefordshire bounded by the River Wye and the Welsh border, thus cleverly cutting off the foxes' retreat on all sides. The chosen area abounds in black-and-white buildings of all periods, facilitating the enforcement of the rule that all dwellings, farm buildings, shops, garages and other structures that are post-Tudor in style must be demolished or else disguised by the use of the official prefabricated "glove" frontages,

and all slate roofs replaced by, or covered with, thatch. Horse-drawn folkwains are henceforward the only permitted transport, and on the farms the roar of the mechanized units has already given way to traditional methods of ploughing, mucking and raking, hedging and ditching, mopping and mowing, and other ancient crafts.

Thanks to REP, the human co-operation is virtually complete—ninety-nine point nine per cent, according to the official figures. The animals have been more difficult. Cows have become so used to automatic milking through complicated tubes, and sheep to being sheared by elaborate machinery, that the reversion to the stark simplicities of man-and-milkmaid-handling led to an outbreak of severe neurotic resistance; only after great anxiety have the Ministry of Agriculture psychiatrists at last got the situation in hand. Almost as serious at first was the supercilious attitude of the heavy horses to their ploughing duties. Most of these essential animals had to be brought back from the towns, where they had got used to N.U.R. and T. & G.W. conditions of labour. Ploughing, after this pampered life, they professed to find exacting, exhausting and dull.

This does not fool the Board. The official view is, indeed, that the horses have shown a deplorable spirit of self-centred non-co-operation and have wilfully ignored the fact that there is a Festival on. Some refused point blank to go within half a mile of the revived village smithies, even though Merrie

Board veterinary units and animal ambulances were standing by. Others, having discovered the facts of their supposed ancestry showed a quite ridiculous snobbishness and conceit; there was one incident where a whole squadron supposed to be engaged in a ploughing competition deserted their wavy furrows and galloped off to join an Agin court pageant in a nearby village, causing the utmost confusion and succeeding only in making themselves laughing stocks. These troubles have largely been overcome by incentives, supported by time-and-motion study and bribe dinner-hour lectures. But chiefly incentives.

The Merrie Board legal staff has been led quite a dance, too, over the revival of traditional drinks—sack, ale brue, hum, buttered ale and the like—in the village inns. This resulted in a head-on clash with the Excise, and several Merrie landlords have already been charged with adulterating their beer by adding unauthorized ingredients including brandy, lemon, nutmeg and cream. This has made them as angry as anybody dares to be in a REP area, and there has been a good deal of underground muttering to the effect that unless the Merrie Board can protect the trade better than this the village inns will go back to really traditional drinks like gin and dry Martini.

The local realists are not much impressed by this threat. With all those Merrie Board inspectors about, if anybody goes into an inn and asks for mulled ale, hum or wassail-bowl then mulled ale, hum or wassail-bowl it had better be.



IN DARKEST BRITAIN



## FESTIVAL FOR FORTY

"HANDS up all the children who can read this word."

"Feet!"

"Fence!"

"Don't call out. John, tell me."

"Thursday!"

"You're simply guessing. Some of you must have been very lazy at sound-building in your last class if you can't build up this simple word. . . . It is 'Festival.' Say it . . . There is no need to bellow. Gentle, clear voices are what we like to hear."

"I knew it was that, but you never asked me."

"So did I."

"It's a kind of party, isn't it?"

"Quite right, Patrick. You've all heard about the Festival of Britain, haven't you? Well, now—when John Todd has stopped crossing his eyes in that unpleasant manner—I am going to tell you what part this class is going to play in the Festival."

"My mum says it will be a crying shame if us school kids don't do nothing."

"Pamela, I have just said that we are going to do something. Attend! All the schools near here, that's nearly twenty altogether, are going to take part in a Grand Display of Work. It will be called 'Britain's Happy Children,' and it will show your parents and other visitors what lovely times you have in school these days, and give them some idea of modern education. Mr. Jones' big boys will do some drill, the girls are acting *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the babies will have their percussion band."

"Can we have that too?"

"No. We're going to do some of our lovely rhythmic work!"

"What, like we have to do every Tuesday in the hall?"

"Yes, only we shall really be acting some little plays without words. It is called miming. I shall play the piano for the dancing parts."

"You mean skipping about in a beautiful garden?"

"Rather like that."

"Like we did last week when

you smacked Kenneth for not looking happy in the beautiful garden?"

"Very much better than that, I hope."

"I don't like rhythmic work!"

"Nor me!"

"Why can't we have the band?"

"Children! This is called 'Britain's Happy Children'—we can't have long faces. We'll talk about our miming later. There is something else we are taking part in. All the schools are going to form the word 'FESTIVAL' when we meet together in the park where we hold the display. All the children will run close together and make the word with their bodies."

"Lying down?"

"Of course not, you would be trampled to death. Just by standing in formation."

"How will the people know we are making 'FESTIVAL'?"

"They'll have eyes in their heads, I should hope, and at a given signal you will all squat down so that the word will be below their eye-level."

"Suppose we fall over?"

"How shall we know where to run to?"

"Do we have to do it?"

"You will practise, naturally. Don't make difficulties. I can assure you that it is no idea of mine!"

"When we've made 'FESTIVAL' can we go home?"

"After that we have our plays, and then, right at the end, the local education committee have thought of something else lovely for you to do. You will all have a paper hat hidden in your pockets."

"I haven't got no pockets!"

"In your belts then!"

"I haven't got no belt!"

"Well, down your sock, up your sleeve, ANYWHERE! The fuss you make about a little thing like hiding a paper hat! I'm sure the committee would be very disappointed at this despairing attitude. Cheer up, do!"

"What do we do with the hats?"

"Some are red, some white, and some blue. When the whistle blows you will all run, cheering, to your places, putting on your hats as you run, and then form the Union Jack."

"Squatting down again?"

"I expect so. Now, I refuse to answer a lot of questions about the flag and the word 'FESTIVAL.' Miss Judd is in charge, and I know she wants you to spend all your P.T. lessons and games periods practising, so that the display will have a spontaneous air about it on the day."

"Is all this to show the people what we do in school every day?"

"Yes, dear. We shall all go together from school in a bus. Won't that be lovely?"

"I'm always sick in a bus."

"So am I."

"I don't get sick so much as black in the eyes. My mum thinks maybe—"

"Can my auntie's lodger come to see us?"

"Of course. Everyone can come. I expect there will be visitors from other countries, French people and Americans, and if you do your play really well they will go back and tell their own children how happy little British children are in school."

"Perhaps some of the Americans will take us back with them to act in the films?"

"Not if your hands are that colour, they won't! Tell your mothers that you are all going to take part in this lovely display of school work, and I am sure they will all be in the park to see you."

"If it's on a Wednesday my mum won't come. It's her day for the pictures."

"That's quite enough about the pictures. A little more attention to our own work, please. We shall have to rehearse for weeks to get you all looking happy and natural. I shall be looking out for some steady little people who can do as they are told. One of the mimes needs two sensible, trustworthy rabbits, and the other wants quite a large number of really intelligent frogs. Now, that's the sort of class I like to see—a credit to any Festival!"





## UP ALONG, DOWN ALONG

A WAY from the banners and bunting, the pomp and pageantry,  
the proud Prætorian jingling of the Household Cavalry,  
quiet delights await you if you but turn and tread  
the living map of England, the "coloured counties,"  
spread  
with hill and valley, fold on fold  
sprigged with silver, prinked with gold  
that roads and lanes and hedgerows lace and cressy  
rivers thread.

South or north or east or west each county plays her  
part  
to entertain and please her guest  
to make him smile at some odd jest—  
perchance to touch his heart.

In Somerset, in Somerset  
grows Glastonbury Thorn;  
grows from the staff, old legend taught,  
Joseph from Arimathæa brought  
and men believe it blossoms yet  
sometimes on Christmas morn.

Go you to Rochester, in Kent  
where the tides in the Basin roll:  
Poor travellers at Rochester,  
willed Richard Watts, good soul,  
"Not being rogues or proctors"  
should have Wayfarers' Dole.

Or go you into Worcestershire when apple orchards snow  
sweet petals all round Evesham  
and warm wine-breezes blow  
where the Black Prince broke the barons  
six centuries ago.

Go you into Oxford early on May Morning,  
and high from Magdalen Tower you'll hear *Te Deum*  
*Putrem* ring  
about the dewiest hour, and the birds answering,  
that in the blended madrigal both boys and birds do  
sing.

At Beverley, in Yorkshire, St. Mary's tower fell:  
The tall tower the Minstrels' Guild  
swore stone by stone they would rebuild:  
There Five Minstrels carved in wood,  
five jolly minstrels, long have stood:  
pipes raised, lutes strung, but fingers stilled  
they eye their work and like it well.

If travelling westward please you best—  
peace is homefast in the West—  
pause where our far-back fathers keep  
by Maiden Castle's ramparts steep  
their fifty-century's-crumbled sleep.

The bare flint and the short, dry thyme  
they knew; the blue butterflies; the climb  
of clouds from the sea. The sparse harebells  
swing in the wind but never chime.

A man may dream at midsummer  
when ev'n the trembling harebells stir  
seldom above the dreaming dead  
of all the coloured counties spread  
from Cotswold hills to Yorkshire dales  
and the strong lands that march with Wales,  
from Land's End rock to that last mile  
where England ends beyond Carlisle  
(that most English of all towns!).

The Weald lies yonder, the blue Downs.  
Here may a man muse, if he will,  
why Lion Lane's in Shottermill;  
on lovely place names: Timble, Hartleap,  
Midsomer Norton, Green Hammerton, Slepe,  
Appleton Roebuck, Amberley—  
and ponder on the reason why  
Gimingham, Trimmingham, Knapton and Trunch  
Northrepps and Southrepps are all of a bunch.

Custom and usage, though time stands  
not still, have tried with jealous hands  
to guard, yet treat as a matter of course;  
Jack-in-the-Green and Hobby Horse.  
Time-honour'd Lancaster we know—  
but some remember, long ago  
how John o' Gaunt with his blood at May  
danced with the mowers in the hay.  
How do we know? He gave away three good meadows  
with which to pay  
for a dinner after—and Rathby folk eat it in Leicester  
to this day.

They must be looked for, such joys as these,  
sought on the map, just over the edge  
of the next hill, if the gods so please.

Elusive? Yes. But you'll rest content  
for ever if luck be generous  
for just one day. And—for quit-rent!  
Pluck a wild rose from the nearest hedge  
for silver-tapered Hesperus  
tangled in the summer trees.

R. C. SCRIVEN



## A NOTE ON EXHIBITIONSHIP

"EXHIBITIONSHIP" is the name for the various plays and gambits connected with the art of being, or seeming to be, a visitor to an exhibition. It is not the art of exhibiting (Barryship).

The basic gambit is of course the achievement of the state of one-upness on the rest of the public. A word of advice, then—perhaps to the foreigner (always welcomed to our country by the Lifeman) on the subject of our exhibitions in general.

Though there are confusing exceptions to this rule, the British Family goes to exhibitions as a duty, not a pleasure. Note in the Egyptian Room at the British Museum, for instance, how grim the father and how quivering the mother. "Don't stand still, Frank," she says. Or, "You'll spoil everything," to the child who is visibly fermenting, having been fed on nothing but starch since they all left Colchester by bus at six in the morning.

To be out of the ruck, be gay. Come into the Egyptian Room, if necessary, with a smile and a wink. Roar with laughter as you approach the neolithic flints. If with a young child, it is possible to increase this effect, and sustain your reputation for child management at the same time, by constantly feeding it with the special glucose sweets we supply—dashed with opium or some other not quite harmless sedative.

## PRACTISE ON THE TATE

It is as well to practise these gambits on the permanent museums and exhibits before approaching the actual Festival buildings themselves.

Learn in the Tate Gallery, for instance, not to shuffle grimly from picture to picture, not to hang one methodical minute before each exhibit. Let it be known that you have come "to see the Steers." This refers of course to Wilson Steer, the artist. Say that there is one particular Steer of a luminous seascape with a patch of elephant grey (do not say "a small battleship") on the horizon and if it is not on view it must be in the vaults and can you please have access to them.\*

It is a fairly good gambit, certainly at the Tate, possibly also at the Festival, to be friendly with the attendants. At any rate address them by some name such as "Kemp," and say "Good morning, Kemp. Is Mr. Laver in to-day?" "Mr. Laver" is what is called an "O.K. exhibition name." Or you can say "Good afternoon, McIndoe, have you seen Sir Kenneth?"

With pictures, and with art in general, it is rather a good thing not to go to the places where everybody else goes. E.g., avoid the air-conditioned room at the National Gallery unless you can say that you personally had a hand in mixing the air or advised on the mean warmed-upness. Talk instead about something almost completely inaccessible.

\* If there is a drawing by Charles Keene or a cartoon by Veronese or a patch of landscape at the back of a Gainsborough picture or a Klee or a very late Pre-Raphaelite Christmas-supplement picture or anything else which is absolutely O.K. for 1951, take a chair, sit in front of it for half an hour and scribble little notes on your catalogue.

"Have you ever seen that little collection at the Walthamstow Waterworks?" you can ask. "Chiefly Saxon, of course—Saxon coins picked out of the King's Scholars' Pond Sewer. The design is debased Roman, and if you are as keen on debased Roman as I am you won't grudge an hour or two at Walthamstow."

Be fairly ruthless, I think, with opponents of "modern" painting. If you are lucky enough to find



GALLERYSHIP  
The Carpet Gambit

a man who still says "I don't know about pictures, but I know what I like" point out to him that because he does not know about pictures he does not know what he likes. If he thinks it is all too advanced for him point out to him exactly how many years Cézanne died before he was born, and the precise date of the exhibition of the first Modiglianis in London. If your man says "Yes, but what does it mean?" ask him, and keep on asking him, what his carpet means.

The safest subject for criticism is the accuracy of the descriptive notice. At Kew Gardens it is no bad thing, when wandering in the shade of the collection of elm-tree species, to read out "Ulmus flavescens" from the label and say "It's not, now, classified as a true elm at all." Or with a display of musical instruments, better still, read out "Violin, by Armedió. 1760-1820," and then say "1760, of course, is complete and utter guesswork." It is always possible, when in doubt, to criticize "the lack of information for ordinary simple people like myself."

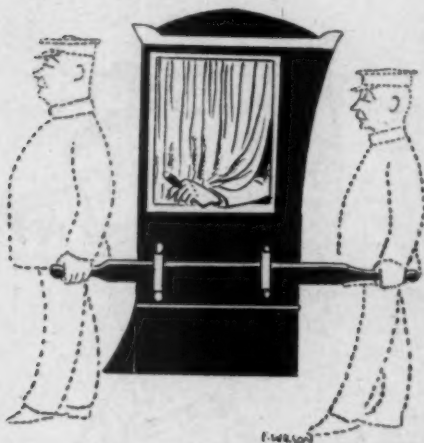


Another useful ploy is to criticize something for what it isn't, even if what it isn't isn't what it is trying to be.

For example, take an exhibition of beautiful books. The basic gambit (since the object of the exhibition is to demonstrate the aesthetic quality of type, binding, etc.) is to say *plonkingly* that "to me personally a book is something to be read."

You can then pick up three books at random and say of No. 1 that "you'd like to read it if you could see the wood for the trees"; of No. 2 that "the binding is certainly expensive, but does the book *fall open* easily and naturally?" and of No. 3 (*Paradise Lost*, printed in italics) you can say "Of course if you like reading poetry at an angle . . . but after ten pages I should be in italics myself."

In the same way, at the pottery part of an exhibition it is always possible to say "What a pity there is no example of Leeds Glaze." When looking at plants or animals at any kind of Natural History show or zoo or gardens just say "Oh, but it is not the same . . . not the same behind bars." You can say that all round the rock garden at Kew, for instance, "Pyrenean Iris. Terrible if one has ever been overcome by the miracle of this thing bravely clasp the crevice of the perpendicular cliff-face at Luchesse—terrible to see it here, tamed and humbled by man." I like and recommend this gambit.



EXHIBITION MALAISE  
A Useful Device for Avoiding Fatigue

#### TACTICS FOR THE SOUTH BANK

For the Festival itself, therefore, remember, in general, that you are different from the crowd, in quite small and delicate points, even. For instance, if the notice says "Turn Left" instantly turn right. Do not trudge round in a crocodile. If there is an injunction

to keep moving stand stock still, eyes fixed on the ceiling.

Again, to suggest that you have the artistically awakened eye and can form your own opinion in perfect independence of the kind of judgment which the lay-out and emphasis of the exhibition seems to demand, pause a long time before some object which has nothing to do with the exhibits—say a fire extinguisher or a grating in the floor through which warmed-up museum air rises—and say "The influence of William Morris, even here" or just "Now *that*, to me, is a beautiful object."

The best way to praise the exhibition is to say "It's a great jaunt, a delightful affair, and a huge success. Exhibitions always are a huge success."

You can then criticize.

After showing that you yourself are a jolly and exhibition-minded person, and have enjoyed, in the old days at the White City, the model of the Astronomer Royal in margarine, you can then be generally nasty by complaining that this particular show lacks the indefinable something, the gaiety, perhaps, of the Petit Palais Exhibition at Varence in 1931 (designed by Pompiere), or the feeling for Internationalism which one got frightfully from that wonderful Földenbliegen Collection in the Rond Tor at Uppsala. Behaviouristically, one should be alert and clever, also an expert in exhibition technique. Know how to park your car three miles away and walk, because it saves time in the end. Know how to come in ten minutes before closing time, because that is the only way to see the rooms in comfort, if rather quickly. Know how to avoid exhibition malaise, how to diet for exhibitions, the importance of light salads with a touch of garlic—because the rooms will smell of garlic anyhow. Know how to keep your mind off what you are looking at, and how to bring pass-the-time puzzles of the kind, for instance, where you separate two twisted nails.

Finally, remember that the best way to go to an exhibition with a person is to be in love with the person and for the person to be in love with you. This not only places you in a position of inaccessible one-upness but also puts the exhibition to its right use, as a wooing ground. Experience will suggest how the Festival Buildings may be employed. Use as guide Billington's OLD WICKET GATE list (Billington's Woo Aids) of Museum Meeting Grounds.

List entries include a brief description of the kind of girl whom you will arrange to meet in Room 6 (English Glass) at the V and A, the quite different girl you meet by the Blakes at the Tate. And the third type, equally distinct in *climate of attraction* from the girl you will meet under the Epstein frieze at the St. James's Park Tube Station.

Don't forget also that there is a fourth type of girl whom you will meet jokingly outside the cages of the birds of prey at the Zoological Gardens. Perhaps one should add that for this joke to be completely successful you have to know the girl very well indeed. Perhaps you will prefer—for there is nothing dogmatic about this article—the genuine gaiety of the South Bank.

STEPHEN POTTER



*It is odd that a people who pride themselves on keeping themselves to themselves—*



*and on their profound dislike of the gift of the gab—*



*and their utter scorn of frills and frummery and unnecessary dressing up—*



*and their fanatical adherence to the plainest of home cooking...*

# SOCIAL STUDY—I



*Brockbank*

... should flock to functions like this.

**SOCIAL STUDY—II**



## OLD ENGLAND, ROAST BEEF OF

ALL we know about the document which follows is that it was found last year on All Souls' Day in a pie-dish secreted in a small manor house in the village of Starking, in Suffolk, during an abortive attempt to make a bathroom out of what was believed to have been a priest's hole. Its sole garnish was a withered bouquet of herbs. The evidence of ceramic experts suggests that the pie-dish could not have been earlier than the later part of the eighteenth century, a period also indicated by the paper, while those versed in handwriting declare that the author must have been a scholar of pedantic habit who was not in a hurry—a theory amply supported by his commentary.

Research into the deeds of the manor doesn't get us far with his identity, since at the time in question it belonged to a rabidly vegetarian family whose interest in food was notoriously confined to the hedges and ditches. Other testimony, however, too tedious to go into here, points to three possible candidates: an unfrocked clergyman named Chaffinch, an eccentric baronet, Sir Godfrey Poulter, and a retired Excise official who went by the name of either Hagge or Hugge. All three had time on their hands and an almost morbid preoccupation with the kitchen.

On the whole Nathaniel Chaffinch is my man.

Whoever it was, he was clearly engaged on a gigantic compendium of English food. These are merely fragmentary notes, but in spite of the bias and venom that sadly discolour them they indicate an eater and thinker of a certain stature. It will be seen that many of the places

he mentions seem to have disappeared, owing perhaps, as Professor Tumbriel has suggested, to coastal erosion, or, if beyond the reach of the ocean, to the restless swing of industry.

But let Chaffinch speak for himself:

"Hearing of my prodigious work, one John Ambergill wrote this morning to send receipts long in his family in Lincolnshire. After the sharp miff we had at Oxford forty years ago after the Mountain had been pushed round too briskly, I cannot but feel him a poor creature of hysteric substance. Yet I am tempted to include his account of Elizabeth Jerkin's Whack Tart, in which crabs, gilly-flowers and hop tops are mightily compounded. Ambergill reports it to have been eaten in Lincoln at the time of the Tithe Audit, and claims it as a sure specific for the chikblains. I would not trust him so far as that. . . .

Came home near starving from dinner with his Lordship yesterday. It was one of the poorest meals in such lofty circumstances I ever had in my life. Six of us were obliged to make do with the following: Salmon boiled with Shrimp Sauce, a mere wash of waterish Soup, a fore-quarter of Mutton, three boiled Chickens and a Pigg's Face, an indifferent Hash of Turkey and a Rice Pudding. For the second Course there was only: Fried Rabbits, Macaroni, Pigeons and Asparagus, Frilled Oysters, a Plumb Pudding, a sad mess of Lobster, and Quince Tarts. All very disagreeable. Stayed myself as best I could with filberts and apples till I could get away. Made my excuse a sudden cramp in the head, and getting

home fought off the heaviest throes with a cold Duck and one of Hetty's fine Trout Pies. On my way from the unhappy place I peeped into the great kitchen, and found it such as would have brought disgrace to a pothouse. Dirty pans and a stink of old fat that sat ill on a coronet. . . .

Shall devote a portion of my work, I think, to humble ditties carbonadoed in the cottage oven. My garden-man, Trug, vouches for the following, long rooted, he claims, in Rutland:

*'For us who go stooking,  
Good haffkins and skuets.  
For us who go plashing  
Sink giblets in suets.  
Let the hind's returning gaze  
Light upon the bacon fraize,  
And cheer him homewards with  
a tub  
Of flummery and syllabub.'*

I seem to detect two hands in this; but no matter, for it is the same thing with all eating. And I like this, too, that I have had by me a while:

*'Thou shalt have a Fidget-pie  
Now the chervil's green,  
And a tart of Hasty Tripe,  
Till the basil's been.  
Vent shall pout and smock shall bulge,  
While the fennel's here,  
But be the bine below the turf,  
Thou shalt have paltry cheer.'*

The Quantocks, I apprehend. . . .

It pinches me greatly to see what wretched trenchermen we are become, pecking at a few timid dishes as though more for delicacy than appetite. Our fathers were men of a proper and decent capacity, who could get the better of any



roasted beast. Could any of our nibbling minnies to-day match the feat of Roger Gannett, of Heckmondwike, who ate four sucking pigs at a sitting and, the richer for five guineas, tramped home twenty miles to a supper of collops? This was gusty swallowing, yet it pales beside Lord Charles Weevil's great meal of Hunting Stew, which I saw with my own eyes. This fine savoury Hot-Pot, in which a whole ox used to be plunged into Eternity, was served at the meets of the Snailcombe Stagbonds for as long as any man could remember. It came up in small buckets at the end of the day, topped by a thick gravy of molten goose-fat, and was a wonderful stayer of men much gone in the saddle. There was a young spark present who believed himself smart, and being somewhat disguised in liquor he taunted Lord Charles as a mere One Bucket Man. There being bounds to what nobility will tolerate, Lord Charles rapped out his challenge, and while we sat our beasts in a circle—it was in the rose garden of the parsonage—the two of them got to as prodigious a contest as ever I watched. At the start they

had each a bucket inside him, so the play was fair as could be. The youngster went at it like a mad fellow, and was into his third bucket while Lord Charles had scarce got down among the Beef; but he was far the cooler of the two, and a lifetime after hounds had taught him, if naught else, how to hold back on a long scent. At the fourth bucket his antagonist declared the goose-fat too hot to be borne, but Parson Coltsfoot, who held the stakes, bluntly admonished him to scald himself or tarry; and all the time Lord Charles was shovelling in the Stew at a steady jog-trot, his leathery old face shining with pleasure, for all the world as if he were at his own board. A rare pallor coming upon the youth at the sight of his fifth bucket, he turned the colour of a bolting cabbage and made off into the spinney; and by the time he was back Lord Charles had drawn level. I counted him to consume ten large spoonfuls to the minute, a pace he maintained without any fatigue or uneasiness to the end, which came very soon after. His unhappy adversary attempted one last convulsive mouthful, and

then, in a voice grown mighty small, confessed himself worsted. Lord Charles went on hungrily to scrape his bucket, when he mounted his horse and made off, in eager anticipation, as he informed us, of a broiled Turkey stuffed with young Partridges awaiting him at home. He left us all marvellously elevated in spirit for having witnessed a feat worthy of a great gentleman. Am much saddened to consider how few men could match it in this modern pimpy England of ours. . . .

My brother William sends me this morning a likely receipt for a Salmagundy, out of Cheshire. Anchovies, eggs and onions are in waiting on the breasts of Chickens that have been roast in vine leaves. He says it makes a most pretty appearance, and may well pass even in episcopal company for a Lenten dish. . . .

Am quite determined that my Work shall make no bones about the damned Frenchification which is creeping into the English kitchen to the disgust of all honest men. Bringing the second dish of eggs to my breakfast to-day Hetty, who has never been herself again since she





was lady's-maid in Paris to that strutting old trout my Aunt Eustachia, had the imprudence to enquire if I would fancy a *tournedos* for my dinner. Before I got a word out the spectacle of my just cholera drove the silly girl from the room in a plethoric storm of tears. I trust she has learned her lesson. We want none of their fantasicated guzzling here. At the first frog in my Beef-steak Pudding she goes packing. . . .

There is a deal of local ritual, much of it now lamentably diminished, that I hope to bring within the scope of my Work. For instance, the great Whelk Feast held in ampler days at Cockleport on the first day of Rogation. In his vast, windy tome, *The Encyclopædia of English Mastication*, Fishwick is characteristically flabby in the matter. The sum total of his account is that by custom the first whelks were eaten by the burgesses out of the mayor's hat. However, I find a handsome relation in Swaffham wherein he mentions that the ceremony took place on the top of the church tower, and the empty shells being thence jettisoned to the churchyard below they raised the level of the ground most remarkably,

engulfing not a few of the tombs of lesser families. He adds that the whelks were hauled up the outside wall of the tower in baskets known in those parts as *umbles*, that the town band blew itself into a colic on the sward below until the last shell took flight, and that any burgesses failing to consume his hundred whelks was there and then very justly stripped of all privileges. . . .

This makes exceeding fine reading. Must not be unmindful in my Work of the great tunbelly cheese stuffed with spitch-cocked Eels that used to be floated at All Hallows' E'en on the lake at Fowlsham Parva, a beaker of brandy flaming at its neck. Men, women and children gave themselves up to rude song until at last it touched shore, when a prodigious rough scramble ensued which left the bank fringed with halt and maimed. Whoever could show the largest piece of cheese on the top of a whole Eel won rights of turbarry *in perpetuo*. Fishwick again very idle in his account, but I believe Rumblepin, in his *Refectio in the Bailiwick*, may be of help. . . .

Have made things up with Hetty, who has behaved very surly,

a decent creature once we have knocked the garlic out of her head. She brought to my dinner to-day as fine a Shad Turnover as I can remember, and has got from her mother in Market Henbane a new receipt for a Pork Cheese said to be efficacious for a swelling of the chaps.

Trug carried me this afternoon a bottle of his Bindweed Wine, and stood by me in some expectation while I drank a glass or two. It was his intention, I have no doubt, to have me whittled, but I stood up to it valiantly. His chagrin pleased me more than did the wine, which had a brutish taste of liquorice. It was not, however, without some small effect. I found myself immoderately amused by Trug's old tale of what he found in the well, and at that I sent the fellow away. . . .

I can see no end to my great Work. If the glories of the English table should ever be eclipsed by the feeble-gutted mumblers whose shadow I already detect, men of discernment may turn to me as they might to a memorable sunset. If only I am spared . . ."

Obviously Chaffinch ate himself into an early grave long before his gluttonous scholarship took final shape. I dare say Hetty, too long thwarted in her urge to dip into the French larder, saw to it that some irresistible surfeit carried him off. There must have been some limit even to his elephantine capacity. What interests me mainly is his conviction in an age of plenty that our powers would wither. Perhaps—he was by no means a nice man—he was getting at some poor dyspeptic marooned in his Gargantuan circle.

ERIC KEOWN



## LOCAL BODY MAKES GOOD

### Press Release

THE Farthingham Borough Council  
With the Festival year in view,  
Appointed a Sub-Committee  
Under Councillor Ambrose Gunn  
To make considered proposals  
On what the Borough should do  
To celebrate the occasion  
In 1951.

The Farthingham Borough Council  
At a meeting held to-day  
Unanimously adopted  
The Sub-Committee's report.  
A programme giving the details  
Will issue without delay,  
And the Council confidently relies  
On the public's full support.

### Interview

Our correspondent went to call on Mr. Gunn this evening

At the new and charming Council house to which  
he lately moved,  
And asked him for a statement on the Festival proposals  
His Committee had put forward and the Council has  
approved.

The Programme (said the Councillor) provides for  
sports and spectacles  
Both bright and educational, and sure to be enjoyed  
By every age and section of the Farthingham community,  
Whose beauty, youth and talent will be actively  
employed.

The New Town Corporation will put on an exhibition  
Showing "Farthingham Reconstituted, 1955,"  
With prizes for the children who within a given period  
Can spot the six existing buildings scheduled to  
survive.

The Farthing Valley Hunt and the United Mothers'  
Unions,  
To economize in effort and to make the party go,  
By permission of the Master and the vicar's wife  
respectively  
Are pooling their resources in a Mounted Baby Show.

A Morris Dance will be performed by men of the  
Constabulary.  
Members of the Music Club will sing a special glee,  
And a May Queen will be chosen with traditional  
solemnity  
And crowned by Mr. Protheroe, our popular M.P.

The preliminary judging has already been completed,  
And the public will be called on to decide by open  
vote

On the charms and queenly qualities of Miss Mulloy of  
Woolworth's,  
Miss Gregson of the dairy and Miss Dawkins of the  
Goat.

A masque has been commissioned for a cast of thirty  
players,  
With a minimum of movement and a maximum of  
noise,  
And elegantly written in the early Stuart manner  
By the mathematics master at the Grammar School  
for Boys.

In the evening the employees of the Eastern Gas  
Board office  
Will process along the High Street and subsidiary  
ways  
With flaring flambeaux, lighted links and coloured  
paper lanterns  
To illustrate the lighting used in less progressive days:

The streets along the route will be conveniently  
darkened  
(In order that the quaint effect may readily be seen)  
By the kindness of the local Electricity Authority,  
Who promise us a power-cut to start at 9.15.

A burst of coloured rockets will bring in the Grand  
Finale,  
When the players in their costumes will assemble in  
the square  
And march to the Arena singing "Land of Hope and  
Glory"  
For a Festival Oration by the Worshipful the Mayor.

As permanent reminders of the holding of the Festival  
The Council has decided to re-lay the old Town Drain  
And erect a new and beautifully situated drinking-  
trough  
(With suitable quotation) at the foot of Lovers' Lane.

We hope (said Mr. Gunn) to have the full co-operation  
Of the people of the Borough and the rural districts  
round.  
It is quite untrue (he added) that to meet the new  
expenditure  
The rates are to be raised another threepence in the  
pound.

### Official

The official Festival booklet  
Called "Farthingham Crowns its Queen,"  
Giving all the relevant detail  
And costing sixpence net,  
Will be sold at every bookstall.  
Events will be held on the Green  
In the specially constructed Arena—  
Or the Drill Hall if it's wet.

P. M. HUBBARD



## POMP FOR ALL CIRCUMSTANCES

CIRCULAR LETTER TO LOCAL FESTIVAL COUNCILS

Wapentake House,  
London, S.W.1

*From the Office of the Chairman of the Advisory  
Committee on Pageants and Displays*

**DEAR FESTIVAL ORGANIZER.**—The Advisory Committee of which I have the honour to be chairman has completed its scrutiny of the provisional programmes submitted by you in response to our request, and I have been instructed to convey the Committee's views to you without delay. Without delay, because time is short, and because in the opinion of my colleagues it would add to the general harmony of the occasion if we all appeared to be celebrating the same thing.

The queries raised in the missives which accompanied some of your programmes are dealt with in a special appendix.

### PAGEANTS

It was with regret that we observed the widespread preoccupation with pageantry of the familiar kind. The Committee has in its time sat on duckboards under a lowering sky, with its feet deep in wet grass, and watched the incoherent manoeuvres of people in fancy dress in a field a mile and a half distant. The Committee is accordingly of the opinion that performances of this kind, though diverting to the performer, yet induce in the spectator feelings of ennui, coupled with fears for his health. The knowledge, derived from a sodden programme, that he is watching the invasion of Britain by Jutes and Angles is no bulwark against the onsets of rheumatism; and in any case, vivid though the distinction may have been to our harassed ancestors, there are few people to-day outside the ranks of the professional anthropologists who can tell a Jute from an Angle, or want to.

If you are determined upon your historical references concentrate on events that did actually happen

in your locality. In this connection a word of caution against poaching. Charles II is reputed to have passed some hours in an oak tree; but this is insufficient evidence for making him a sort of seventeenth-century Tarzan. And Lady Godiva's fame rests upon a single exploit—she did not subsequently make a personal-appearance tour of Wessex and Mercia.

### INDUSTRY

Many of you plan to open your local industries to visitors. Good—but remember, your object is to interest, to instruct and to entertain. A prolonged tour of a warehouse full of asbestos achieves this object only to a limited degree. What visitors like is noise, streams of molten metal, and the sustaining hope of a small sample at the end of the tour, even if it is only a spiral of copper wire or a knob of synthetic granite. We do not feel happy about the suggestion, made in several programmes, that visitors should be encouraged to play with the machinery. The curiosity of the man who stands underneath a ten-ton steam hammer to see how it works is equalled by the curiosity of the man who pulls the lever which works the ten-ton steam hammer.

### PARADES

The Committee has nothing but admiration for the small community bent on putting up a good show; but it is inviting anticlimax to advertise a "Monster Procession" in a place where the uniformed population consists of one policeman, one railwayman and (by a long stretch of the imagination) the boy who drives Charlie's bus.

The co-operation of the military should be sought with discretion. This is *your* show; and the spectacle of civic dignitaries, well stricken in years, trying to keep pace with a light infantry regiment does not always make up in pathos what it lacks in dignity. We note with something approaching dismay that the organizers in a market town famed for its lace-making have secured the participation of an armoured brigade. The emphasis here is entirely wrong.







# MUSEUMS

In most of your programmes we observe, at the end, amongst a list of euphemistically styled "Attractions," the bleak announcement "Museum." This is a wise relegation. However much the sight of the case of flint arrowheads (Presented by J. Bodger, Esq., J.P.), the crayon sketch of the pumping-station (by Miss E. Thrake) and the "Boot-lace Discarded by Mr. D. Kaye" (Presented by sixteen young ladies) may fill your bosom with civic pride, these things are not festive. They are treasures to be contemplated, meditated over, the ideal companions of a wet early closing day. Put a notice—"Emergency Only"—on the museum door, and lock it. If an emergency should arise you can always take the notice down.

## THE LOCAL BOY (*the one who made good*)

This is a menace you are bound to encounter. We know that it is difficult for a community accurately to gauge the importance of its celebrities to the outside world; but nothing can justify the parochialism shown in the programme from which I am going to quote. It is that of a great industrial town, the native place of one Joseph Goodbody, who, in the middle of the nineteenth century, invented a device for putting the cart before the horse. Observe.

The Festival offices are in Goodbody Hall, Goodbody Street.

The list of "places of interest" includes:

112 Back End Lane (birthplace of Joseph Goodbody)  
 Steelyard Road Schools (J. Goodbody, 1843-4)  
 Goodbody Memorial, Woolmarket  
 Plot 432, Putty Bank Cemetery  
 Nethermost Pit (Goodbody, Sons and Co.).

And the crowning item of the final day's events is to be the unveiling by the Mayor (Alderman J. Goodbody-Smith) of an enormous canvas depicting his ancestor

in the act of putting the cart before the horse at a meeting of the Royal Society.

Do justice to your famous men, but do try to keep some sense of proportion.

It is the sincere hope of the Committee that this letter will assist you to fit your plans into the general scheme, and that this summer will see fewer instances of Lady Godiva, attended by Jutes and Angles, opening a new vat at the local tallow factory.

Yours sincerely,

J. MUSGRAVE TRING  
 Chairman

## APPENDIX. *Answers to Correspondents*

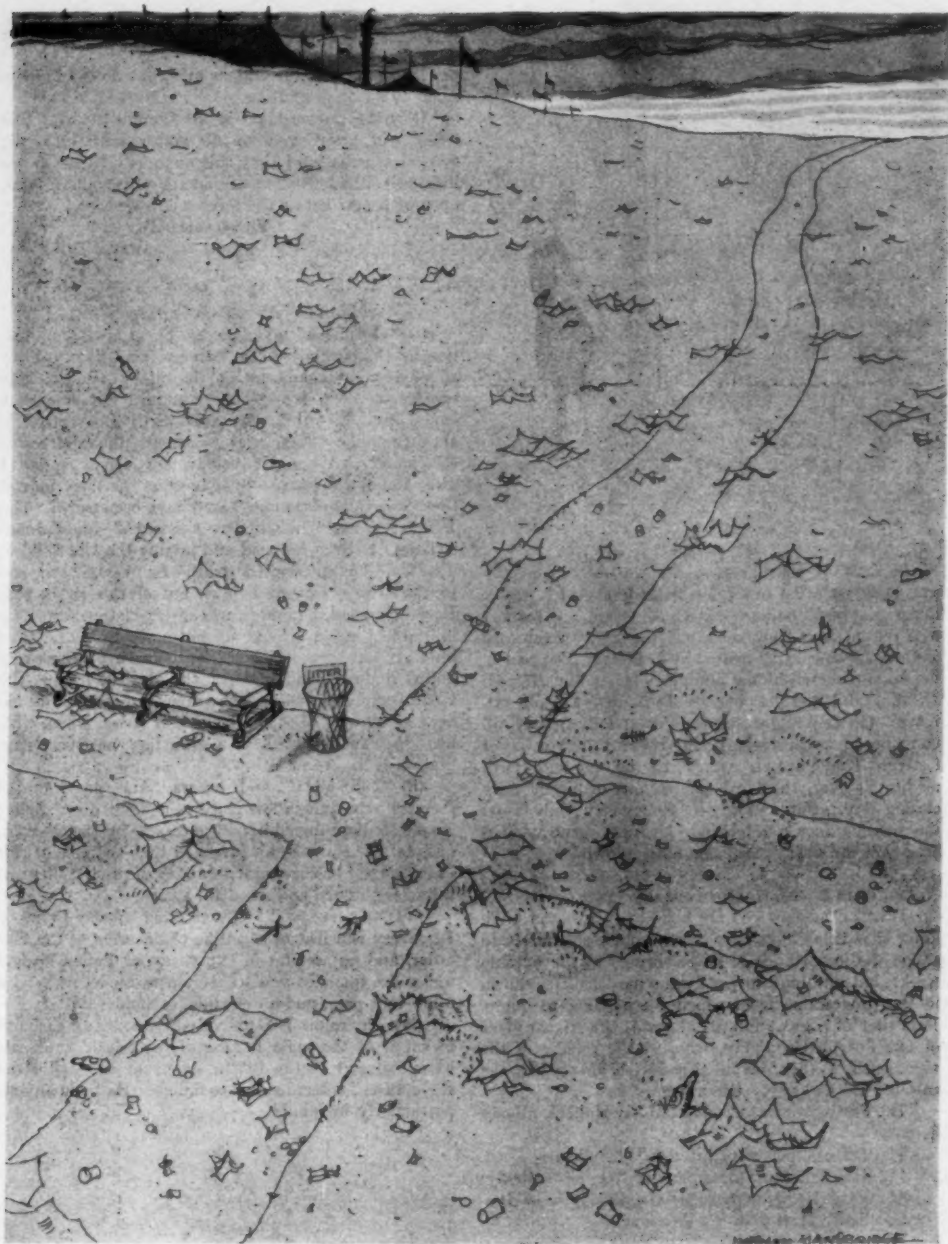
(i) "Morpheus" and others: There is no justification for the paralysis of initiative which seems to have affected you organizers in dormitory towns. The subject of sleep is, we freely admit, not one that lends itself to dramatic treatment. But there is another angle. These are new towns, their burgesses are pioneers. What of the old, rough, riproaring days? Take Jones, who lives at "The Laurels," and who moved there when the place might well have been called "The Hemlocks" or "The Old Men's Beards." Show Jones striking out from railhead and hitting the Old Wilderness Trail (or unadopted road). Show him, stripped to the braces, carving a lawn out of the virgin soil. Recall the mad, bad days, when, defying authority, he built a hen house without a licence; and how a posse of hirelings, led by the wicked county surveyor, came and pulled it down. Show Jones the idealist, lashing the Ratepayers' Association into a frenzy of revolt with his fiery eloquence. Let him be seen at dawn, when, with his egg-stained lips set in a grim line, he charges up Station Hill.

(ii) "Old Mole" and others. The provision of sleeping accommodation in the Clapham deep shelter is an expedient forced upon the capital by the shortage of hotel beds. It is not intended that the face of this island should be covered with a rash of rusty Andersons full of frightened and resentful aliens.

(iii) "Ex-Sapper." The erection of the Dome of Discovery is a feat of scientific engineering of the first order, and no amount of experience of Bailey bridges under fire qualifies you to attempt a model of it with a few tent-poles and a discarded gasholder lid.

(iv) Alderman J. Goodbody-Smith. Any attempt to supplant the main feature of the South Bank site by a colossal statue of "a leader of the Industrial Revolution" is foredoomed to failure. Had you anyone particularly in mind?





*"... And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind."*



MISTAKEN VIEWS OF THE BRITISH

III. THE FRENCH



#### MISTAKEN VIEWS OF THE BRITISH

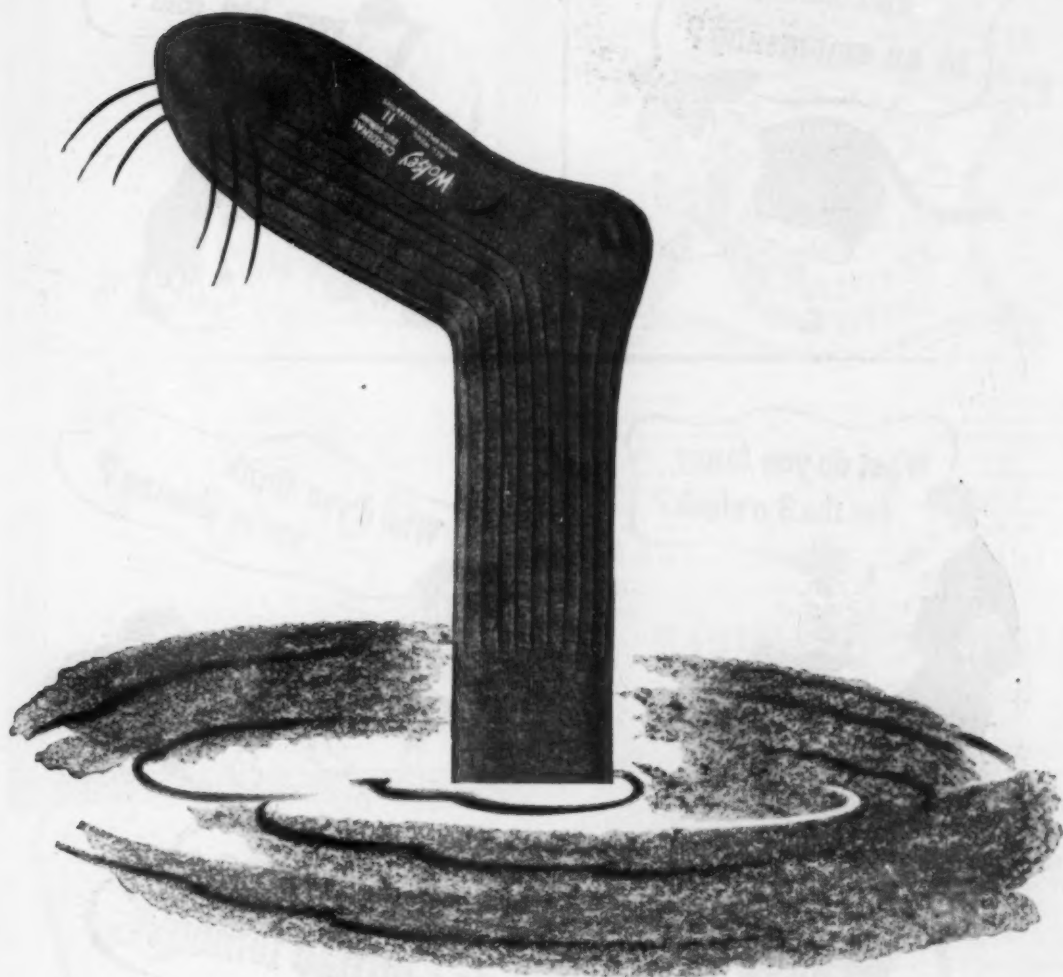
##### IV. THE BRITISH

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in an emergency?



What's the very  
best thing for a  
very bad cold?



What do you fancy  
for the 3 o'clock?



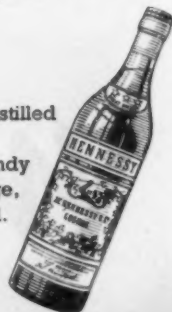
Who d'you think  
you're chasing?



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*Is there a Hennessy in the House?*





**Sharps**

*The word for Toffee*



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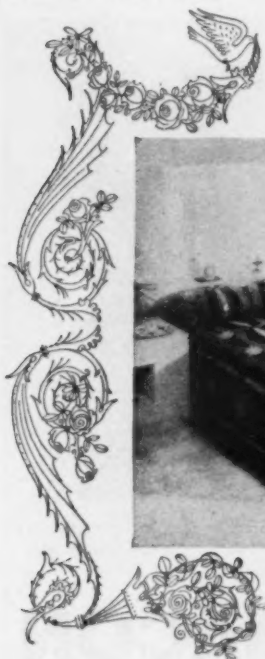
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bethought him that if he bought more pigs and applied to them his own method of curing the meat Wiltshire fashion, he would improve his affairs.


He did, and thus the Wiltshire cure was originated. Now there stands in Calne, high two centuries later, one of the greatest bacon factories in the world.



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**is there  
a fairy  
inside,  
Mummy?**

Who puts the light on, Mummy? (says Jane). Who makes the water into ice? Is there a fairy inside? Will we have ice-cream for breakfast and dinner and tea and . . .? Is that *snow*, Mummy? Mummy, can I have some ice-cream *now*?

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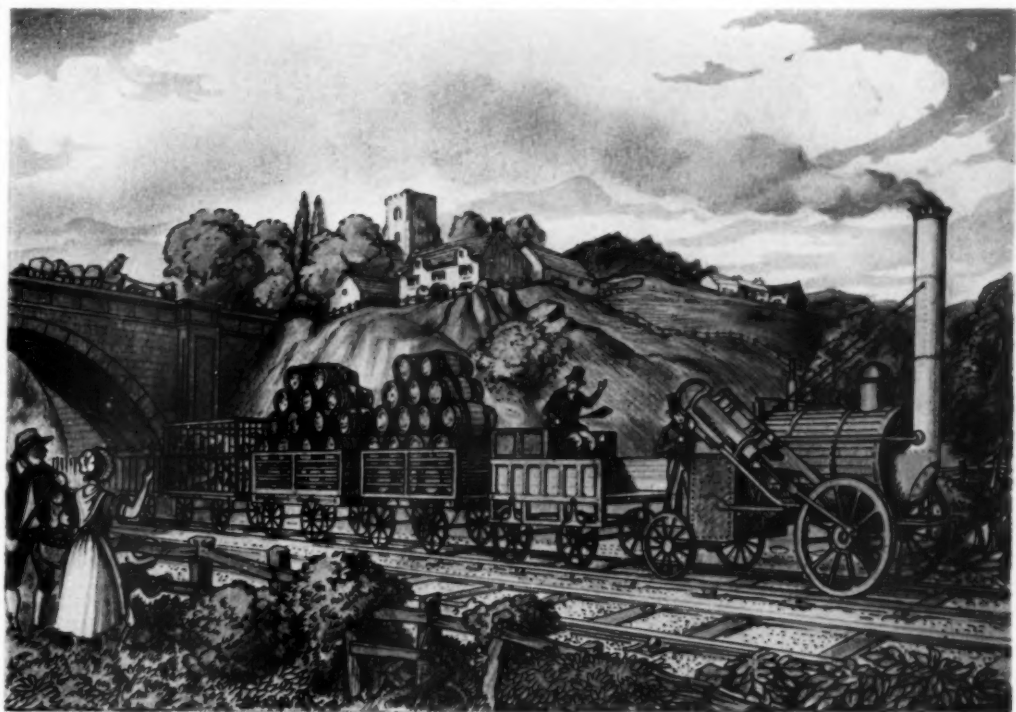
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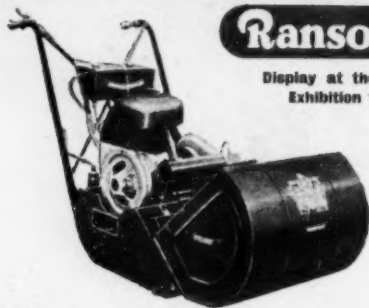
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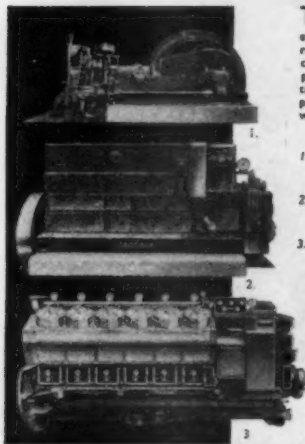
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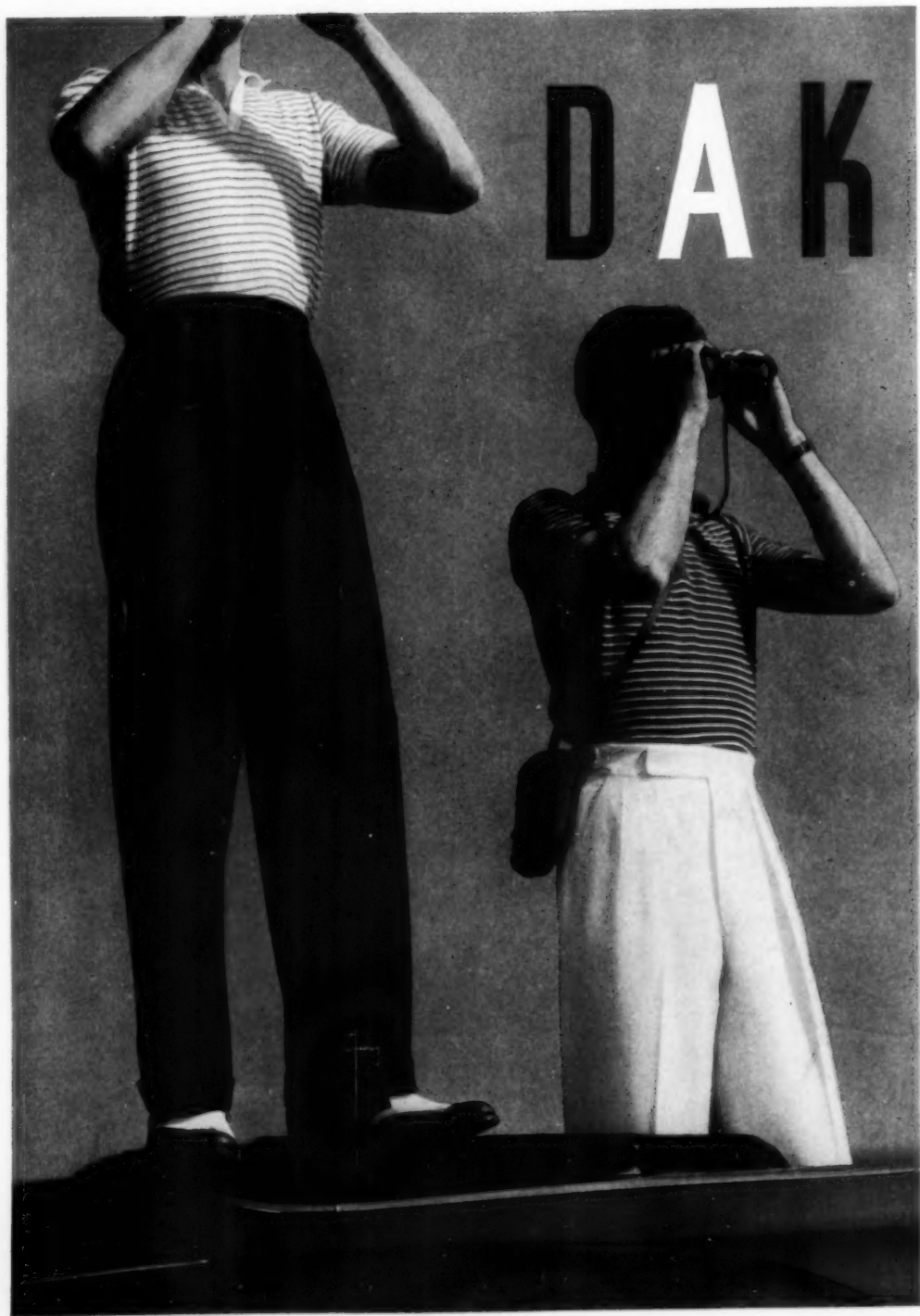
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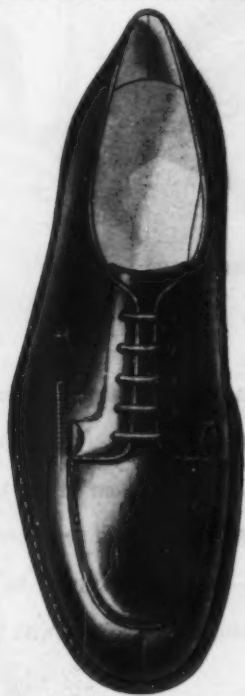
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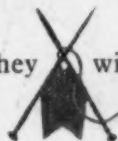
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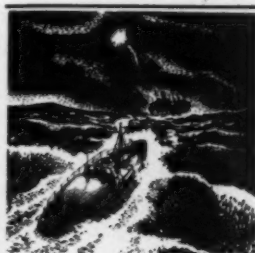
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### HOW TO CHOOSE A TOOTHBRUSH?

**M**OSTLY it's the woman who buys the toothbrushes—but do wives know what to look for. For instance:

**Bristle v Nylon.** Which is best? The best thing is to get your dentist's advice. But whichever sort you finally buy, make sure it's a Wisdom; then you'll know the design is correct.

**Hard, soft, or in-between?** Which to choose? It's up to you. Remember, though—bristle goes gradually softer in water—nylon doesn't! Your nylon toothbrush is going to stay

just as hard as when you bought it!

**Bristle and bristle.** All natural bristles aren't the same! Chungking and Siberian bristles are the best, and they're the only bristles used by Wisdom. That's why it's advisable to buy Wisdom. You're sure of getting the best bristle!

**Handle—with care.** We mean—choose it with care! The shape of the handle is very important. Only Wisdom's correct shape handle is specially designed for thorough cleaning of all the teeth.

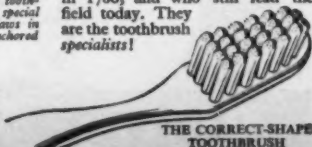
**What's in a name?** A lot! Experience and skill lie behind the name of Wisdom. They're made by Addis Ltd., who made the first toothbrush in 1780, and who still lead the field today. They are the toothbrush specialists!



**Proof of Wisdom.** We can X-ray toothbrushes at the Wisdom factory! A special X-ray machine searches out any flaws in material, makes sure that tufts are anchored securely.

**Wisdom** REGD.

MADE BY ADDIS LTD., SHERBORN



THE CORRECT-SHAPE  
TOOTHBRUSH



Did you **MACLEAN** your teeth today?



Of course I did!

# MACLEANS

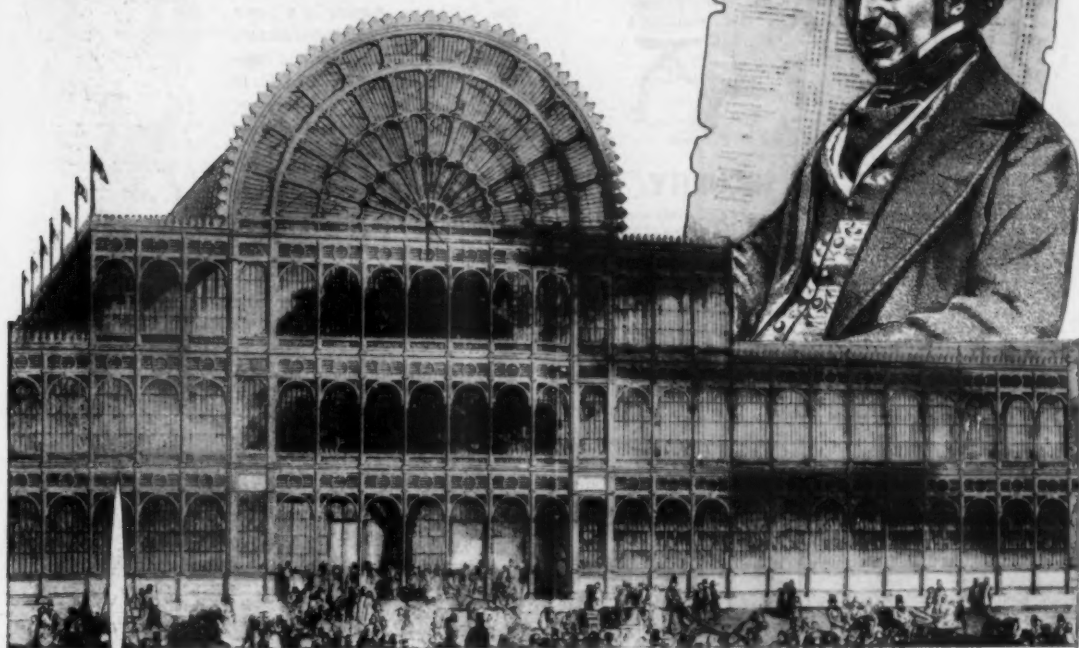
## Peroxide Tooth Paste

## makes teeth **WHITER**



GEORGE MEGGESON ISSUED HIS FIRST PRICE LIST  
OF PHARMACEUTICAL PRODUCTS IN 1796...

*fifty-five years before the  
Great Exhibition of 1851*



*In 1951*, the House of Meggeson, now specialising in the production of Medicated Pastilles and Lozenges, remains true to the tradition established by its founder when he headed his first price list with the words "Faithfully Prepared." Today, as in 1796, the name MEGGESON connotes, throughout the world, fidelity to the highest standards of pharmaceutical practice.

**Meggeson** PHARMACEUTICAL PRODUCTS

FOR THROAT COMFORT



FOR STOMACH COMFORT



RECOMMENDED WITH CONFIDENCE BY CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE



### SATISFACTORY SECURITY

"That's an interesting costume for a bank manager. It must have a profound effect on the customers."

"Oddly enough, this is not my business attire. I am preparing for tonight's Grand Costume Ball."

"But the conference over the merger tomorrow? An evening of heavy revelry may remove the razor edge from your faculties."

"On the contrary. By refreshing myself exclusively with gin and Rose's

*Lime Juice I shall awake as clear-eyed and alert as if I'd stayed at home reading some such work as 'The Smaller Overdraft'."*

"But this is a message that should be pasted in the cover of every business man's blotter."

"So it should. Now pass me the gin and the bottle of Rose's Lime Juice which you'll find in that deed box. I will demonstrate my confidence in the system."

**ROSE'S**—for Gin and Lime

Careful spending suggests

## DRIWAY

### WEATHERCOATS

The little more invested in a better quality article invariably produces a higher dividend of service and satisfaction. You will certainly find this to be true of Drivay Weathercoats, which bear the unmistakable signs of true tailoring craftsmanship.

"perhaps the finest made"

Drivay weathercoats and sportswear are stocked by leading stores and outfitters throughout the country.



**Barling**  
LONDON 1812

WHEN LONDON FLOCKED to Hyde Park's Crystal Palace in 1851 for the Great International Exhibition, Barling's were already recognised as "makers of the world's finest pipes". At the Great International Exhibition, 1851... at the Festival of Britain, 1911... the supremacy of Barling Pipes endures.



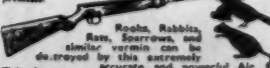
\*\*\*\*\*  
A sweet pipe, a comfortable pipe. A craftsman-made Barling, perfectly balanced, giving pleasure from the very first fill. Take care of your Barling—supplies are still limited.  
\*\*\*\*\*

**B. BARLING & SONS**

Pipe makers in London since 1812

### THE WEBLEY M. III AIR RIFLE

No license required in purchase for use on enclosed premises.



Rooks, Rabbits, Hens, Snipe, and similar vermin can be destroyed by this extremely accurate and powerful Air Rifle. Ideal for Target Practice.

Write for descriptive folder.

WEBLEY & SCOTT LTD., 174 NEWMAN STREET, BIRMINGHAM, 4.

## The pleasures of the Festival.



It's not necessarily how much you eat, but just as likely what you eat, that brings on indigestion; hurried meals and worry are other causes. 150 years ago "Dr. Jenner's" won world fame for the speedy relief of indigestion.

The stress of modern life and diet restrictions make the need for "Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges" equally great to-day. Prices 1/7 & 3/9 from Chemists, or address below. Send a post-card for Free Sample in Case.

**Dr. JENNER'S**  
for indigestion

Savory & Moore Ltd., 71, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1



## THE LADIES —bless 'em!

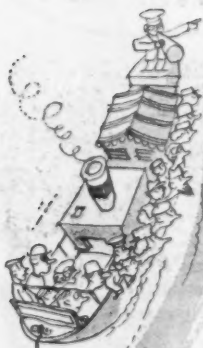
We've studied their needs since we first started making specialities over two centuries ago—and in 1837 we proudly received recognition from H.M. Queen Victoria. To-day hair-conscious women the world over depend and insist upon

The good tempered  
**"KIRBIGRIP"**

4 SIZES For all  
7 SHADES Hair Styles  
Also PINS, HAIR PINS, SAFETY PINS  
NEEDLES, CURLERS, etc.  
Obtainable from all good stores

Made in England by Kirby Beard & Co., Ltd.  
Birmingham, London, Roddick and Paris

## Do We Know Our Shot Tower?



"On your right," cries the man with the megaphone in the Greenwich bound pleasure steamer, "On your right is the celebrated Shot Tower! On your left . . ." As if we needed to be told! For the Shot Tower is... the Shot Tower was *our* Shot Tower. Not so many months ago our molten lead was falling\* from its dizzy upper heights into our tank of water at the bottom. Not so many years ago our lookouts were watching uneasily from its balcony for somebody else's flying bombs. Pneumatic drills stammer

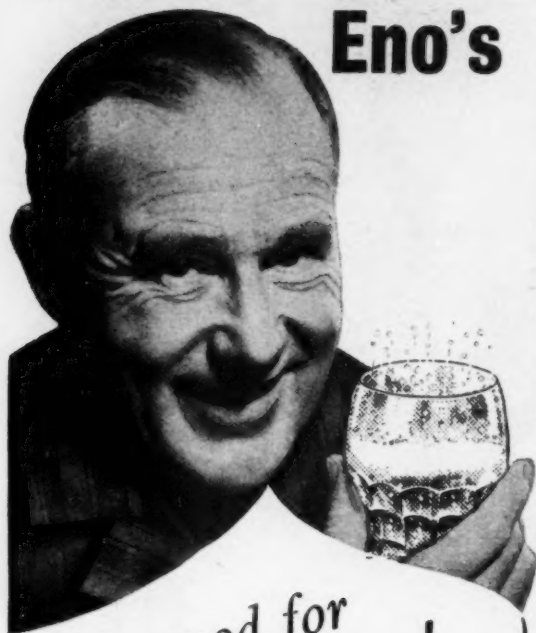
and stutter. The South Bank changes. Trumpets tootle. The Festival of Britain arises. Transformation triumphant . . . total turnabout . . . but no! For there stands the Shot Tower, as tall as ever — though it looks rather more like a lighthouse now, and we have heard murmurs of radar messages to the moon. Well, what of that? In the respectability of its age, in the adaptability of its outlook, our Shot Tower is a true representative of



\* As it still is from our tower in Chester.

SPECIALISTS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF LEAD AND ANTIMONY PRODUCTS

# I'm all for Eno's



*It's good for  
the liver!*

A glass of sparkling ENO'S first thing in the morning is good for the liver. It clears the head in no time. The wonderful effervescence is cleansing and refreshing to a stale nasty mouth. The non habit-forming laxative action keeps the system regular. ENO'S is pleasant to take. It contains no Glauber's Salt, no Epsom Salts and in its action it is gentle yet quickly effective. A real family remedy. Keep your 'Fruit Salt' handy!



## Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

**SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED**  
for IRREGULAR ACTION,  
SICK HEADACHE, LIVERISHNESS,  
BILIOUSNESS, HEARTBURN, etc.

*Sold in bottles for  
lasting freshness.*

The words "ENO", "ENO'S" and "FRUIT SALT" are registered Trade Marks.

### FAMOUS HOUSEHOLD WORDS

★ **THE BLUE  
WITH THE  
STICK**  
★ EDGES  
**DOLLY BLUE**

★ **DOLLY CREAM**  
THE CREAM FOR CURTAINS

★ **JEFFY DYES**

★ **DRUMMER  
DYES**



★ **DRUMMER  
PINE**  
DISINFECTANT

**WILLIAM EDGE & SONS LTD. BOLTON**

EST. 1872

**Your dentist  
is a very  
busy man**

Many dentists are overworked these days—so save their time and your trouble by protecting teeth and gums with Tek Bristle. Regular Tek cleaning and the gentle massage of the gums that keeps them firm and healthy saves many a visit. But remember—not even the best brush (and that means Tek) lasts for ever. Don't use it longer than its effective life—always keep a second Tek handy.



Save time and teeth with



# Tek

TRADE MARK

## bristle

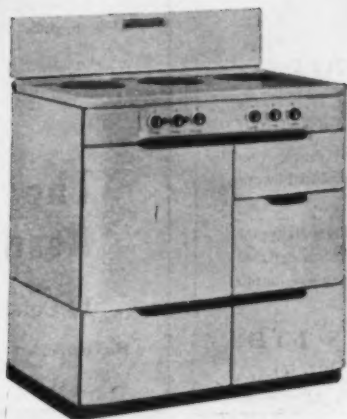
**FIRM WITH TEETH—KIND TO GUMS**

Tek Brushes available in Bristle or Nylon.  
Also a junior size for children.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON (ST. BRITAIN) LTD. LONDON & GARRISTY




ours is a nice house, ours is

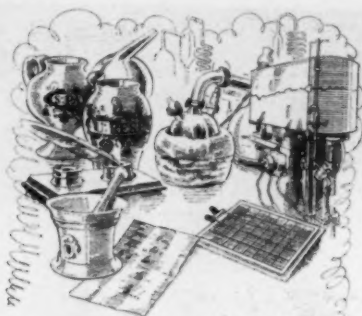


and in all the nicest houses from Hong Kong to Rio, from London to Sydney, you'll see Creda electric fires, water heaters, kettles, irons and electric cookers helping around the house. Creda is part of the House of Simplex, famous for industrial products too: low-tension switch and fuse gear, flameproof equipment, conduit and conduit fittings and so on. The cooker? That's the new Creda Comet — the last word in electric cookery.

## Creda and Simplex products from one house

Simplex Electric Company Ltd. Oldbury Birmingham & Branches

A  COMPANY



### MUTATIS MUTANDIS

"... and I think, for my part, in medicine Quality is always the first Object." So wrote, in 1777, a former Head of this House.

Very different from his pharmacopeia is the range, from Penicillin to bio-chemicals of the rarest sort, produced by our Laboratories to-day.

Yet in one thing we have never changed. Quality is always the first object in every Allenburys preparation—whether designed for family use or for the medical profession, for giving health or saving life.

**ALLEN & HANBURY LTD.**

(Established A.D. 1715)

For the Family: ALLENBURY'S FOODS • GLYCERINE AND BLACKCURRANT  
PASTILLES • LIXEN • ACHIFLEX • ALLENBURY'S DIET • HALIBORANGE

## WHO MADE THE LEMON SQUASH?



# IDRIS

The Quality Soft Drink



**SQUASHES 3/- PER BOTTLE**

## The Policy for Children

£12 a year invested for a child, if the first deposit is made within two months of birth, will provide

**at age 18**

£92 p.a. for three years, or

**at age 21**

£323 in cash, or a life policy for £1,044 with profits, or

**at age 25**

£399 in cash, or a life policy for £1,086 with profits.

Write for details for a child of any age up to 16.

## The Equitable Life Assurance Society

founded 1762

19 Coleman Street, London, E.C.2

No shareholders

No agents

No commission

*British Biscuits  
at their Best*

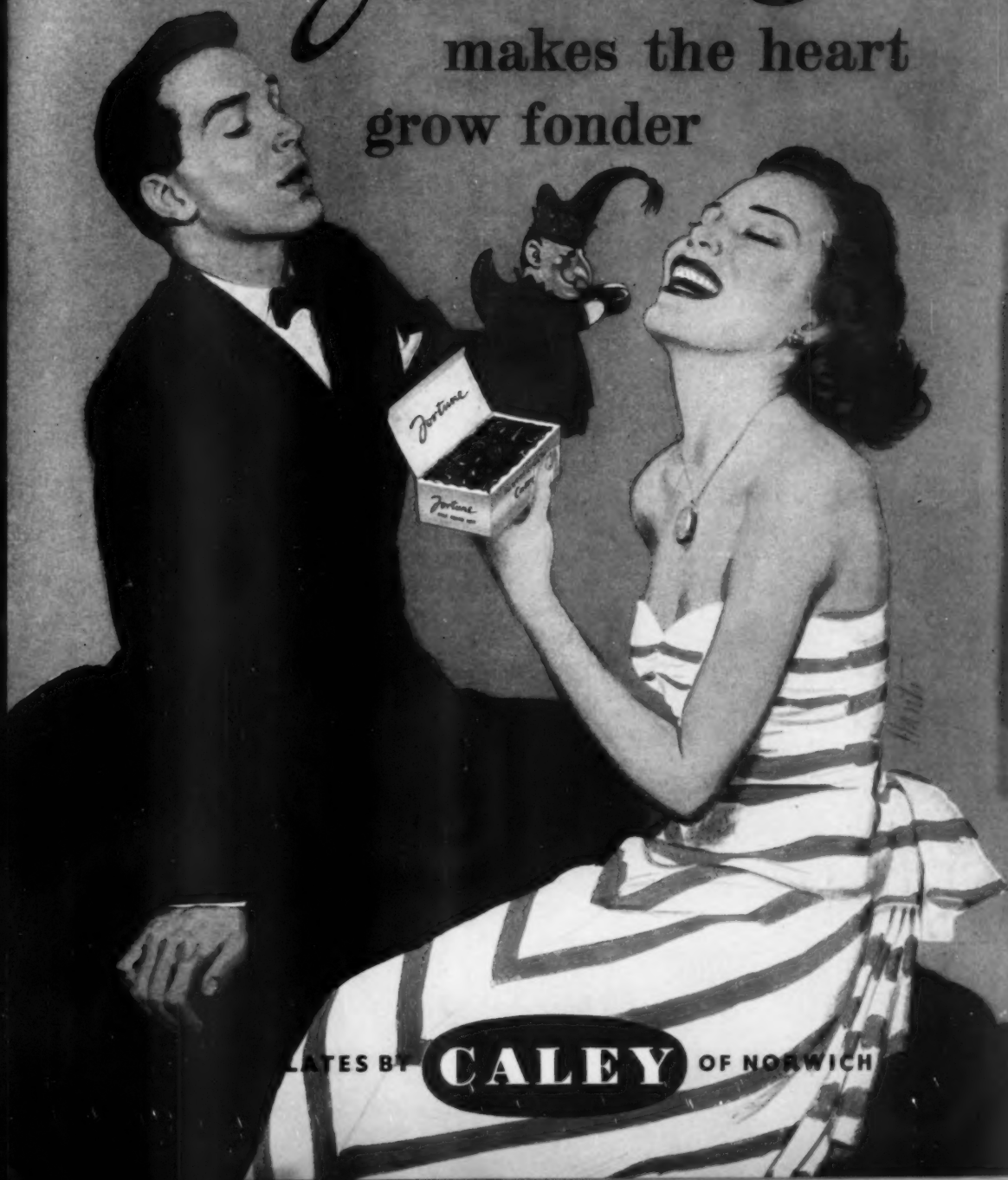
**Macfarlane  
lang**



ESTABLISHED 1817

Punch Festival, April 30 1931

*Fortune*  
makes the heart  
grow fonder



PLATES BY

**CALEY**

OF NORWICH

WRIGHT'S IS RIGHT  
FOR EVERYONE!



*Splashing about without a care*

*The bear acquires a stylish air.*

*His recipe is suited to*

*Skins of every kind and hue.*

*For freshness mornings, noons and nights*

*Nothing's quite so right as Wright's*



# Wright's Coal Tar Soap

IDEAL FOR TOILET, BATH, AND NURSERY

*For the freshness that feels so good. For care of the skin, to aid good health.  
For you and the whole family.*





## Progress in the home

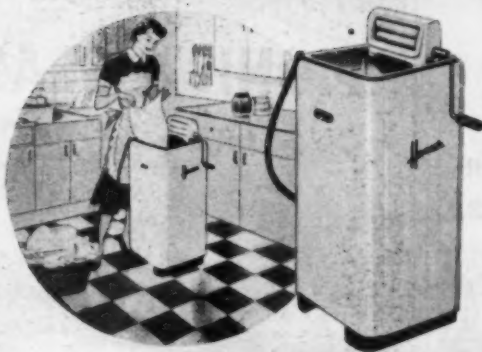
Hoover Limited take pride in the fact that their products are saving millions of housewives from hard, wearisome drudgery — not only in Britain but throughout the world. The name Hoover is always a guarantee of excellence.

### THE WORLD-FAMOUS HOOVER CLEANER



The Hoover Cleaner, with its famous triple-action principle — "It beats . . . as it sweeps . . . as it cleans" — is undeniably the World's Best Cleaner — best in design, best in materials, best in workmanship. There is a model for every size and type of home. Hoover Dealers will gladly demonstrate the model most suitable for your home.

### THE MARVELLOUS HOOVER ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE



The Hoover Electric Washing Machine has revolutionised the whole conception of washing-day in the home. It does the full weekly wash for a large family and yet is such a handy size — suitable for even the smallest kitchen. It works on an entirely new principle and washes spotlessly clean. Demonstrations gladly arranged by Hoover Dealers.

### HOOVER LIMITED

PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX · MERTHYR TYDFIL · HIGH WYCOMBE · CAMBUSLANG, SCOTLAND

### *Congratulations*

Hoover Limited offer heartiest congratulations to Mr. Punch on reaching his first century. May he go on to score many more.



# All round the Clock



there's  
always  
time for  
**NESCAFÉ**

Good coffee; with the full rich flavour, roaster-fresh fragrance! Yet so quick to make—put a spoonful of Nescafé in the cup, add near-boiling water.

With Nescafé too, you're sure of perfect coffee every time.

Nescafé retains all its strength and goodness, sealed in by the special Nestlé process, until the touch of hot water releases it for your enjoyment.

made in  
two ticks!



Nescafé is a soluble coffee product composed of coffee solids, combined and powdered with dextrins, maltose and dextrose added to protect the flavour.

51.7.

ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS

IT'S  
GOOD!



IT'S  
JOLLY  
GOOD!



IT'S  
**MONK & GLASS**  
CUSTARD



**JELLIES  
TOO!**

Monk & Glass Table Jellies have long been favourites for flavour.

# ... say Bulmer's for cider



For all  
Festive  
Occasions

Bulmer's satisfies the keenest judges of quality and value. For festive occasions, away or at home, Bulmer's is the popular favourite — Bulmer's Woodpecker in family flagons or "Extra-quality" in small bottles.

2½ lbs. of Apples  
to every Flagon

H.P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD



As fresh  
as a sea breeze  
*Shippam's*

Pilchard & Tomato Paste

Could anything be more delicious than a paste made from plump pilchards and rich juicy tomatoes ... in clean, tiled kitchens away from the smoke of big cities?



That's how we make  
Shippam's Pilchard &

Tomato Paste ... that's why it's the most wholesome you can buy.

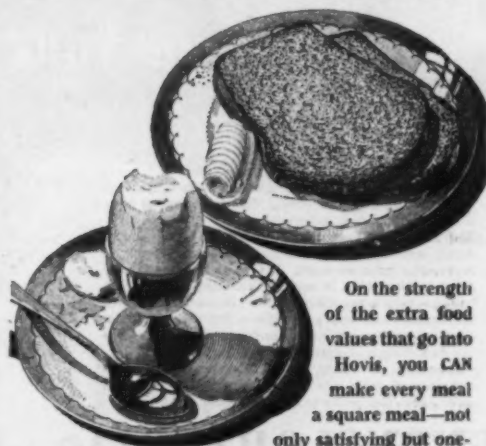


*Skipper Joe Brownfield of the Neoslyn Pilchard fleet knows that only the finest Cornish Pilchards will do for Shippam's*



C. SHIPPAM LTD., CHICHESTER

Every meal  
a square meal ...



On the strength of the extra food values that go into Hovis, you CAN make every meal a square meal—not only satisfying but one-and-a-half times more nourishing ...

and thank **Hovis**  
for that

# SEVEN REIGNS

1825-1951

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For 126 years the Standard Life Assurance Company has progressed from strength to strength. It is in the forefront of Mutual Life Assurance Companies, with low premiums, low rate of expense and good bonuses



Head Office: 3 George Street, Edinburgh

**BRITAIN**

*First with all that's best in Craftsmanship*

**PHILLIPS**

**FIRST with all that's**

**BEST in Bicycles**

On this occasion of Festival—Phillips are proud to be so closely associated with that great tradition of Quality and Craftsmanship which has made Britain's products—renowned the world over.



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The greatest story that's ever been told... the long march of Mankind through History. There's no reading more enthralling; no study so rewarding.

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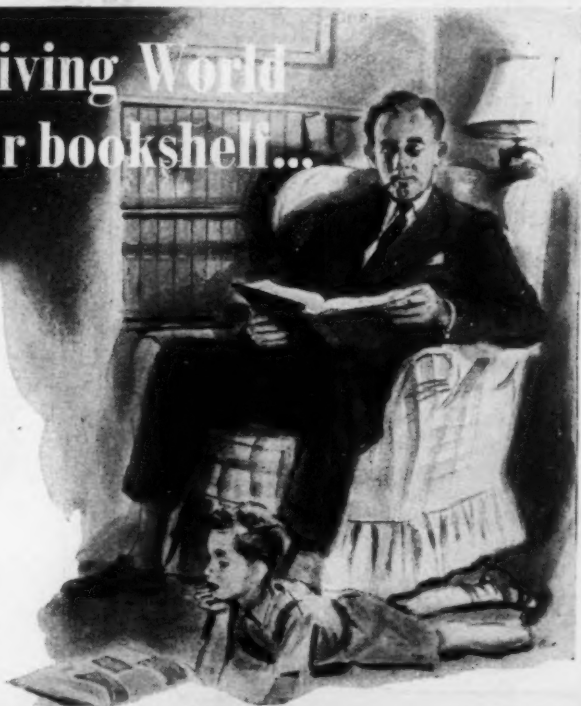
"Knowledge is Power" wrote Francis Bacon some hundreds of years ago. All Encyclopædia Britannica owners have that power at their command.

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**a handy GROUP to know**

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**Standard** introduce a new Loudspeaking Interphone incorporating modern design with the best engineering practice. Reliable communication between all Departments at the touch of a key. Systems available for one or two Loudspeaking Master Stations and up to 15 desk or wall pattern Sub-Stations.

### FOR THE EXECUTIVE

- Priority if a Sub-Station is engaged.
- Conference with two or more Sub-Stations.
- Freedom of movement during conversation.
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- Clear speech of adequate volume.

Sub-Stations incorporate red lamps to indicate a call from the Executive.

Available on rental or by purchase.

Specialists for nearly half a century in telecommunication systems for private and public use.

### Standard Telephones and Cables Limited

(Registered Office: Cannon Street, London, W.C.2)

INDUSTRIAL SUPPLIES DIVISION

Footscray, Sidcup, Kent.

Telephone: Footscray 3333



### The Medieval Bridge

The narrow-arched stone and timber bridges of the middle ages were picturesque enough, but they were a menace to life and limb and a hindrance to river and road traffic for hundreds of years. The modern bridge is in contrast, with its simplicity of line and its complete adequacy to the purpose for which it is built.

#### CHISWICK BRIDGE

The entire structure is of reinforced concrete, comprising one 150-foot span, two 125-foot spans, and approach spans.

### CLEVELAND builders of bridges



THE CLEVELAND BRIDGE & ENGINEERING CO. LTD., DARLINGTON



## Artists' Oil Colours

THROUGH THE YEARS...

Before 1841, the pinnacle of oil colour packaging was the skin bladder from which the paint was squeezed through a hole pierced by a tack. It was William Winsor who changed all that. He produced a cylindrical glass tube with a plunger; but, although a great improvement, its limitations were soon apparent. So in 1845 he devised the first ever collapsible metal tube—subsequently to be applied not only to artists' colours but also to hundreds of other products familiar to-day. It was a great invention in an age of great inventions, typical of the progressiveness of Winsor & Newton seeking then, as now, new and better ways to produce new and better artists' materials. To-day they are exported to no fewer than 110 overseas markets and are generally acclaimed the finest in the world.

Winsor & Newton Limited, Wealdstone, Harrow, Middlesex.

Winsor & Newton Inc., 902 Broadway, New York, 10

Winsor & Newton (Pty.) Ltd., 605 Wingello House, Sydney, NSW

**Winsor & Newton**  
LTD.



## Don't laugh at Sir Joseph

*Sir Joseph — Paxton of course — had something in 1851.*

*It was called the Crystal Palace and unkind things have been said about it.*

*But, after all, what is better than a crystal palace (small letters please, Mr. Printer) for an exhibition building — or indeed any building which needs abundant light, and air?*

*The crystal palaces of today are motor car factories, engineering works, and hangars (like the Brabazon Assembly Hall at Filton with 177,640 square feet of glass mounted in the all aluminium Aluminex patent glazing framework).*

*Yes, Sir Joseph had the right idea. But there is now a better way of carrying it out.*

*That makes all the difference. Aluminex patent glazing consists of slim bars of aluminium cunningly extruded and formed to profiles and one or two simple fittings also in aluminium,*

*all patented by Williams & Williams. With these, architects design walls of glass and windows as big as football pitches. You'll see some interesting things done with Aluminex at the Festival of Britain Exhibition — for instance the special deep finned glazing bars on Basil Spence's Sea and Ships Pavilion.*



**The Aluminex Division of**

**WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS Limited**

RELIANCE WORKS, CHESTER



## For well-turned out men...



Whether you are a festival invader or a native—your armoury is incomplete without CHEVIOT After Shave: its masculine tang and smooth freshness give that clean, well-groomed feeling which invites you to sally forth with confidence.

You'll see CHEVIOT at the Festival and in the best chemists and stores identified by the wood stopper and cloth label.

Travel Size 4/9. Special Festival Twins (After Shave and Hair Oil) at 9/6 make an ideal gift.

# Cheviot

things for men

2-3 GOLDEN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1



The Finest Pipe  
that Money can Buy  
... and the Tobacco for it

The "Foursome" Pipe, skilfully fashioned in many beautiful shapes from old bruyere root is truly a pipe for the connoisseur.

### "FOURSOME" TOBACCO

This ripe tobacco is blended by experts to an old fashioned recipe: free from artificial flavours it provides a smoke of rich and rare enjoyment.

"Foursome" Pipes & "Foursome" Tobacco are for the discriminating smoker; they are obtainable only at high class tobacconists.

For address of nearest stockist write to the Robert Sinclair Tobacco Co. Ltd., Westgate Road, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1.



**Foursome**

Pipes and Tobacco

THE ROBERT SINCLAIR TOBACCO CO. LTD., "GLENHLYN" FACTORY, WESTGATE ROAD, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, 1.



"...but I must finish my Glen Mist first"

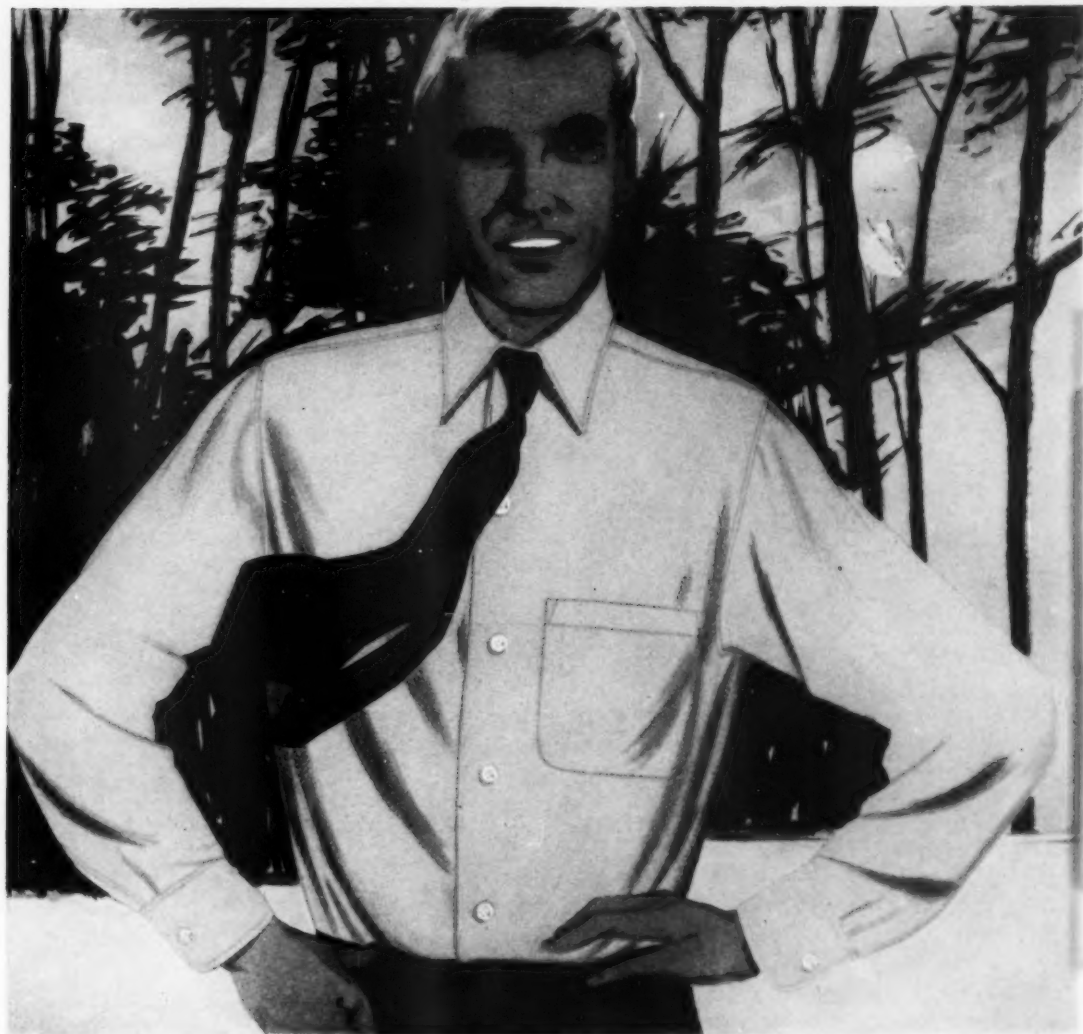
**'GLEN MIST'**  
*Liqueur*



A liqueur of exquisite flavour and bouquet compounded from special reserve Whiskies.



*"There's nothing to equal 'Viyella'"*



SHIRTS FOR ALL OUTDOOR OCCASIONS

**'Viyella'**

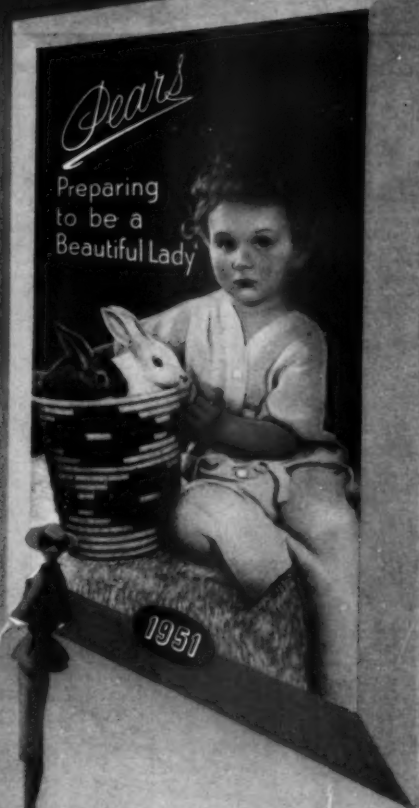
IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



Made by the makers of 'DAYELLA' and 'CLYDELLA'

WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LIMITED VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM and 36 OLD CHANGE, LONDON, E.C.4

Established 1789



*It was in 1789 that young Andrew Pears first introduced his Transparent Soap: a product which was destined to become a household word in nearly every country of the world. Today, the House of Pears is not only famous for its soap: new products have added to its stature. Nevertheless, that standard of perfection set by Andrew Pears is still an inherent part of every product which bears the name of Pears. Quality, rather than quantity, is still our guiding principle. That this is a worthy precept is proved by the fact that the House of Pears has prospered for over 150 years.*

*The House of*  
**PEARS**

**1789 - 1951**

Designed by A. & C. Pears Limited, London, E.C.4.